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SOUTH AFRICA

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

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SOUTH AFRICA.

PREFACE.

My object in this short preface is to explain to the reader that in offering to the public an abridgement of the work on South Africa which I published last year I have omitted, for the most part, those portions of the longer work which applied to the Cape Colony as a country inhabited by Europeans, and have retained generally that which has reference to the native races and to our intercourse with them. I have not followed any such rule absolutely, as I have, I think, still left enough to explain the social and political condition of the various Colonies and governmental departments into which South Africa is divided, and I have excluded one or two short chapters as to outlying tribes with whom English readers are not likely to be specially interested at present. In this way the book, as it will now appear, will concern itself

chiefly with the eastern portion of South Africa, —with Kafraria, Natal, and the Transvaal. The burning question in South Africa now is the treatment to be employed to the native tribes in those districts. As savages they are intelligent, as human beings they are healthy, as neighbours and fellow-countrymen they are pleasant when once they have been made accustomed to our ways. We cannot get rid of them. God forbid that we should wish to do so. And as we must govern them, our chief object should be to govern them for their own good. While we are reckoned only by thousands, they are to be reckoned by millions.

I have added one short chapter on our war with Zululand, written since the news of our first disaster was received. It will stand in the volume as Chapter XI.

March, 1879.

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CAPE COLONY
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CAPE COLONY
MIDLAND PROV.
EASTERN PROV.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN

SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

CAPETOWN; THE CAPITAL.

I HAD always heard that the entrance into Capetown, which is the capital of the Cape Colony, was one of the most picturesque things to be seen on the face of the earth. It is a town lying close down on the seashore, within the circumference of Table Bay so that it has the advantage of an opposite shore, which is always necessary to the beauty of a seashore town; and it is backed by the Table Mountain with its grand upright cliffs and the Lion with its head and rump, as a certain hill is called which runs from the Table Mountain round with a semicircular curve back towards the sea. The "Lion" certainly put me in mind of Landseer's lions, only that Landseer's lions lie straight. All this has given to Capetown a character for landscape beauty, which I had been told was to be seen at its best as you enter the harbour. But as we entered it early on one Sunday morning neither could the Table Mountain nor the Lion be seen because of the mist, and the opposite shore, with its hills towards The Paarl and Stellenbosch, was equally invisible.

Seen as I first saw it, Capetown was not an attractive port, and when I found myself standing at the gate of the dockyard for an hour and a quarter waiting for a Custom House officer to tell me that my things did not need examination,—waiting because it was Sunday morning,—I began to think that it was a very disagreeable place indeed. Twelve days afterwards I steamed out of the docks on my way eastward on a clear day, and then I could see what was then to be seen, and I am bound to say that the amphitheatre behind the place is very grand.

But Capetown in truth is not of itself a prepossessing town. It is hard to say what is the combination which gives to some cities their peculiar attraction, and the absence of which makes others unattractive. Neither cleanliness, nor fine buildings, nor scenery, nor even a look of prosperity will affect this,—nor will all of them combined always do so. Capetown is not specially dirty,—but it is somewhat ragged. The buildings are not grand, but there is no special deficiency in that respect. The scenery around is really fine, and the multiplicity of Banks and of Members of Parliament,—which may be regarded as the two most important institutions the Colonies produce,—seemed to argue prosperity. But the town is not pleasing to a stranger. It is as I have said ragged, the roadways are uneven and the pavements are so little continuous that the walker by night had better even keep the road. I did not make special enquiry as to the municipality, but it appeared to me that the officers of that body were not alert. I saw a market out in the open street which seemed to be rather amusing than ser-

viceable. To this criticism I do not doubt but that my friends at the Cape will object;—but when they do so I would ask whether their own opinion of their own town is not the same as mine. "It is a beastly place, you know," one Capetown gentleman said to me.

"Oh no!" said I, in that tone which a guest is obliged to use when the mistress of a house speaks ill of anything at her own table. "No, no; not that."

But he persisted. "A beastly place,"—he repeated. "But we have plenty to eat and plenty to drink, and manage to make out life very well. The girls are as pretty as they are anywhere else, and as kind;—and the brandy and water as plentiful."

The population is something over 30,000,—which when we remember that the place is more than two centuries old and that it is the capital of an enormous country, and the seat of the colonial legislature, is not great. Melbourne which is just two hundred years younger than Capetown contains above a quarter of a million of inhabitants. Melbourne was of course made what it is by gold;—but then so have there been diamonds to enhance the growth of Capetown. But the truth, I take it, is that a white working population will not settle itself at any place where it will have to measure itself against coloured labour. A walk through the streets of Capetown is sufficient to show the stranger that he has reached a place not inhabited by white men,—and a very little conversation will show him further that he is not speaking with an English-speaking population. The gentry no doubt are white and speak English. At any rate the Members of Parliament do so, and the clergymen, and the editors

—for the most part, and the good-looking young ladies; —but they are not the population. He will find that everything about him is done by coloured persons of various races, who among themselves speak a language which I am told the Dutch in Holland will hardly condescend to recognise as their own. Perhaps, as regards labour, the most valuable race is that of the Malays, and these are the descendants of slaves whom the early Dutch settlers introduced from Java. The Malays are so-called Mahomedans, and some are to be seen flaunting about the town in turbans and flowing robes. These, I understand, are allowed so to dress themselves as a privilege in reward for some pious work done,—a journey to Mecca probably. Then there is a Hottentot admixture, a sprinkling of the Guinea-coast negro, and a small but no doubt increasing Kafir element. But all this is leavened and brought into some agreement with European modes of action and thought by the preponderating influence of Dutch blood. So that the people, though idle, are not apathetic as savages, nor quite so indifferent as orientals. But yet there is so much of the savage and so much of the oriental that the ordinary Englishman does not come out and work among them. Wages are high and living, though the prices of provisions are apt to vary, is not costly. Nor is the climate averse to European labourers, who can generally work without detriment in regions outside the tropics. But forty years ago slave labour was the labour of the country, and the stains, the apathy, the unprofitableness of slave labour still remain.

The most striking building in Capetown is the Castle, which lies down close to the sea and which was

built by the Dutch,—in mud when they first landed, and in stone afterwards, though not probably as we see it now. It is a low edifice, surrounded by a wall and a ditch, and divided within into two courts in which are kept a small number of British troops. The barracks are without, at a small distance from the walls. In architecture it has nothing to be remarked, and as a defence would be now of no avail whatever. It belongs to the imperial Government, who thus still keep a foot on the soil as though to show that as long as British troops are sent to the Cape whether for colonial or imperial purposes, the place is not to be considered free from imperial interference. Round the coast of Simon's Bay, which is at the back or eastern side of the little promontory which constitutes the Cape of Good Hope, Great Britain possesses a naval station, and this is another imperial possession and supposed to need imperial troops for its defence. And from this possession of a naval station there arises the fiction that for its need British troops are retained in South Africa when they have been withdrawn from all our other self-governing Colonies. But we have also a station for ships of war at Sydney, and generally a larger floating force there than at Simon's Bay. But the protection of our ships at Sydney has not been made an excuse for having British troops in New South Wales.

About thirty years ago Dr. Gray was appointed the first bishop of Capetown and remained there as bishop till he died,—serving in his Episcopacy over a quarter of a century. He has been succeeded by Bishop Jones, who is now Metropolitan of South Africa to the entire

satisfaction of all the members of the Church. Bishop Gray inaugurated the building of a Cathedral, which is a large and serviceable church, containing a proper ecclesiastical throne for the Bishop and a stall for the Dean; but it is not otherwise an imposing building and certainly is anything but beautiful. That erected for the use of the Roman Catholics has been built with better taste. Near to the Cathedral,—behind it, and to be reached by a shady walk which is one of the greatest charms of Capetown, is the Museum, a handsome building standing on your right as you go up from the Cathedral. This is under the care of Mr. Trimen who is well known to the zoologically scientific world as a man specially competent for such work and whose services and society are in high esteem at Capetown. But I did not think much of his African wild beasts. There was a lion and there were two lionesses, —stuffed of course. The stuffing no doubt was all there; but the hair had disappeared, and with the hair all that look of martial ardour which makes such animals agreeable to us. There was, too, a hippopotamus who seemed to be moulting,—if a hippopotamus can moult,—very sad to look at, and a long since deceased elephant, with a ricketty giraffe whose neck was sadly out of joint. I must however do Mr. Trimen the justice to say that when I remarked that his animals seemed to have needed Macassar oil, he acknowledged that they were a "poor lot," and that it was not by their merits that the Capetown Museum could hope to be remembered. His South African birds and South African butterflies, with a snake or two here and there, were his strong points.

Under the same roof with the Museum is the public library, which is of its nature very peculiar and valuable. It would be invidious to say that there are volumes there so rare that one begrudges them to a distant Colony which might be served as well by ordinary editions as by scarce and perhaps unreadable specimens. But such is the feeling which comes up first in the mind of a lover of books when he takes out and handles some of the treasures of Sir George Grey's gift. For it has to be told that a considerable portion of the Capetown library,—or rather a small separate library itself numbering about 5,000 volumes,—was given to the Colony by that eccentric but most popular and munificent Governor. But why a MS. of Livy, or of Dante, should not be as serviceable at Capetown as in some gentleman's country house in England it would be hard to say; and the Shakespeare folio of 1623 of which the library possesses a copy,—with a singularly close cut margin,—is no doubt as often looked at, and as much petted and loved and cherished in the capital of South Africa, as it is when in the possession of a British Duke. There is also a wonderful collection on these shelves of the native literature of Africa and New Zealand. Perhaps libraries of greater value have been left by individuals to their country or to special institutions, but I do not remember another instance of a man giving away such a treasure in his lifetime and leaving it where in all human probability he could never see it again.

The remaining, or outer library, contains over thirty thousand volumes, of which about 5,000 were left by a Mr. Dessin more than a hundred years ago

to the Dutch Reformed Church in Capetown. These seem to have been buried for many years, and to have been disinterred and brought into use when the present public library was established in 1818. The public are admitted free, and ample comforts are supplied for reading,—such as warmth, seats, tables, and a handsome reading-room. A subscription of £1 per annum enables the subscriber to take a set of books home. I was told that the readers in Capetown are not very numerous. When I visited the place there were but two or three.

A little further up along the same shady avenue, and still on the right hand side, is the entrance to the Botanic Gardens. These, I was told, were valuable in a scientific point of view, but were, as regards beauty and arrangement, somewhat deficient, because funds were lacking. There is a Government grant and there are subscriptions, but the Government is stingy,—what Good Government ever was not stingy? —and the subscriptions are slender. As a public pleasure ground the Capetown gardens are not remarkable. As I walked up and down this somewhat dreary length I thought of the glory and the beauty and the perfect grace of the gardens at Sydney.

Opposite to the Museum and the Gardens is the Government House in which Sir Bartle Frere with his family had lately come to reside. In many Colonies, nay in most that I have visited, I have heard complaints that Government Houses have been too small. Seeing such hospitality as I have seen in them I could have fancied that Governors, unless with long private purses, must have found them too

large. They are always full. At Melbourne, in Victoria, an evil-natured Government has lately built an enormous palace which must ruin any Governor who uses the rooms placed at his disposal. When I was there the pleasant house at Toorak sufficed, and Lord Canterbury, who has now gone from us, was the most genial of hosts and the most sage of potentates. At Capetown the house was larger than Toorak, and yet not palatial. It seemed to me to be all that such a house should be;—but I heard regrets that there were not more rooms. I know no office in which it can be less possible for a man to make money than in administering the government of a constitutional Colony. In a Colony that has no constitution of its own,—in which the Governor really governs,—the thing is very different. In the one there is the salary and the house, and that is all. In a Crown Colony there is no House of Commons to interfere when this and the other little addition is made. We all know what coals and candles mean at home. The constitutional Governor has no coals and candles.

I should weary my reader were I to tell him of all the civilised institutions,—one by one,—which are in daily use in Capetown. There is a Custom House, and a Sailors' Home, and there are hospitals, and an observatory,—very notable I believe as being well placed in reference to the Southern hemisphere,—and a Government Herbarium and a lunatic asylum at Robben Island. Of Mr. Stone, the Astronomer Royal and lord of the Observatory, I must say one word in special praise. "Do you care for the stars?" he asked me. In truth I do not care for the stars. I

care, I think, only for men and women, and so I told him. "Then," said he, "I won't bother you to come to the Observatory. But if you wish to see stars I will show them to you." I took him at his word and did not then go to the Observatory. Afterwards I did make a special visit to the Observatory,—which is maintained by the imperial Government and not by the Colony,—and was shown all the wonders of the Southern Heavens.

There is a comfortable and hospitable club at Capetown, to which, as at all colonial clubs, admission is given to strangers presumed to be of the same social standing as the members. The hour of lunch seems to be the hour of the day at which these institutions are most in request. This is provided in the form of a table d'hôte, as is also a dinner later on in the day. This is less numerously attended, but men of heroic mould are thus enabled to dine twice daily.

Capetown would be no city without a railway. The Colony at present has three starting-points for railways from the coast, one of which runs out of Capetown, with a branch to Wynberg which is hardly more than a suburb and is but eight miles distant, and a second branch to Worcester which is intended to be carried up the country to the distant town of Graaf Reynet and so on through the world of Africa. The line to Wynberg is of infinite importance to the city as giving to the inhabitants easy means of access to a charming locality. Capetown itself is not a lovely spot on which to reside, but the district at the back of the Table Mountain where are Mowbray, Rondebusch, Wynberg and Constantia,—which district is reached

by the railway,—supplies beautiful sites for houses and gardens. There are bits of scenery which it would be hard to beat either in form or colour, so grand are the outlines of the mountain, and so rich and bountiful the verdure of the shrubs and timbers. It would be difficult to find a site for a house more charming than that occupied by the bishop, which is only six miles from town and hardly more than a mile distant from a railway station. Beyond Wynberg lies the grape district of Constantia so well known in England by the name of its wine;—better known, I think, forty years ago than it is now.

All these places, Rondebusch, Wynberg, Constantia, and the rest lie on that promontory which when we look at the map we regard as the Cape of Good Hope. The Dutch had once an idea of piercing a canal across the isthmus from sea to sea, from Table Bay to False Bay,—in which lies Simon's Bay where is our naval station,—and maintaining only the island so formed for its own purposes, leaving the rest of South Africa to its savagery. And, since the time of the Dutch, it has been suggested that if England were thus to cut off the Table Mountain with its adjacent land, England would have all of South Africa that it wants. The idea is altogether antagonistic to the British notion of colonization, which looks to a happy home for colonists or the protection of natives, rather than the benefit or glory of the Mother Country. But were such a cutting off to be effected, the morsel of land so severed would be very charming, and would demand I think a prettier town than Capetown.

Beyond and around Wynberg there is a little world

of lovely scenery. Simonstown is about twelve miles from Wynberg, the road passing by the now growing bathing-place of Kalk bay. It is to Kalk bay that the ladies of Capetown go with their children when in summer they are in search of fresh air, and sea breezes, and generally improved sanitary arrangements. Beyond Kalk bay are Simonstown and Simon's bay, where lives the British Commodore who has the command of these waters. The road, the whole way down, lies between the mountain and the sea. Beyond Simonstown I rode out for six or seven miles with the Commodore along the side of the hill and through the rocks till we could see the lighthouse at the extremity of the Cape. It is impossible to imagine finer sea scenery or a bolder coast than is here to be seen.

Altogether the scenery of the Promontory on which the Dutch landed, the southern point of which is the Cape of Good Hope, and on which stands Capetown, is hardly to be beaten for picturesque beauty by any landskip charms elsewhere within the same area.

I was taken down to Constantia where I visited one of the few grape growers among whom the vineyards of this district are divided. I found him with his family living in a fine old Dutch residence,—which had been built I was told by one of the old Dutch Governors when a Governor at the Cape was a very aristocratic personage. Here he keeps a few ostriches, makes a great deal of wine, and has around him as lovely scenery as the eye of man can desire. But he complained bitterly as to the regulations,—or want of regulations,—prevailing in regard to labour. "If an idle people could only be made to work for reasonable

wages the place would become a very Paradise!" This is the opinion as to labour which is left behind in all lands in which slavery has prevailed. The man of means, who has capital either in soil or money, does not actually wish for a return to slavery. The feelings which abolished slavery have probably reached his bosom also. But he regrets the control over his fellow creatures which slavery formerly gave him, and he does not see that whether a man be good or bad, idle by nature and habits or industrious, the only compulsion to work should come from hunger and necessity,—and the desire of those good things which industry and industry alone will provide.

I was taken to see two schools, the high school at Rondebusch, and a school in the town for coloured lads. At the high school the boys were away for their holidays and therefore I could see nothing but the outside material. I do not doubt but that lads are educated there quite as well as at similar institutions in England. It is under the guidance of a clergyman of the Church of England, and is thoroughly English in all its habits. I found a perfect menagery of interesting animals attached to it, which is an advantage which English schools seldom possess. The animals, which, though wild by nature, were at this place remarkably tame, had, fortunately for me, not gone home for their holidays,—so that, wanting the boys, I could amuse myself with them. I will not speak here of the coloured school, as I must, as I progress, devote a short chapter to the question of Kafir education.

In speaking of the Capital of the Colony I need

only further remark that it possesses a completed and adequate dock for the reception of large ships, and a breakwater for the protection of the harbour. The traffic from England to the Cape of Good Hope is now mainly conducted by two Steam Ship Companies, the Union and Donald Currie & Co., which carry the mails with passengers and cargo each way weekly. Many of these vessels are of nearly 3,000 tons burden, some even of more, and at Capetown they are brought into the dock so that passengers walk in and out from the quay without the disagreeable aid of boats. The same comfort has not as yet been afforded at any other port along the coast.

CHAPTER II.

THE LEGISLATURE AND EXECUTIVE.

It has come to be understood that the appropriate mode of governing a Colony is to have a King, Lords and Commons as we do at home. Where Englishmen,—or white men whether they be of English or other descent,—have gone to labour and have thus raised a community in a distant land under the British flag, the old constitutional mode of arranging things seems always to act well, though it may sometimes be rough at first, and at starting may be subject to difficulties. It has been set on foot by us, or by our Colonists, with a population perhaps not sufficient to give two members to an English borough,—and has then started with a full-fledged appanage of Governor, aide-de-camps, private secretaries, Legislative Council, Legislative Assembly, Prime Minister and Cabinet,—with a surrounding which one would have thought must have swamped so small a boat. But the boat has become almost at once a ship and has ridden safely upon the waves. The little State has borrowed money like a proud Empire and has at once had its stocks quoted in the share lists. There have been causes for doubt, but I do not remember an instance of failure. This has been so universally the result that the British Government at home have become

averse to Crown Colonies, and has of late invited her children to go out alone into the world, to enjoy their own earnings, and pay their own bills, and do as may seem good to them each in his own sight. I find that there are many in the Cape Colony who say that she undertook to govern herself in the proper parliamentary way not because she specially desired the independence to be thus obtained, but because the Colonial Office at home was anxious on the subject and put pressure on the Colony.

At any rate in 1872 the Cape began to rule itself. The process of ruling themselves rarely begins with Colonies all at once. The acme of independence is reached when a Colony levies and spends its own taxes and when the country is ruled by Ministers who are appointed because they have a parliamentary majority at their back and who go out of office when they are no longer so supported. There are various preliminary steps before this state of perfection be reached, and in no Colony, I think, have these various steps been more elaborated than at the Cape. In 1825 the Governor ruled almost as a despot. He was of course subject to the Secretary of State at home,—by whom he might be dismissed, or, if competent, would be promoted; but he was expected to be autocratic and imperious. I may say that he rarely fell short of the expectation. Lord Charles Somerset, who was the last of those Governors at the Cape, did and said things which are charming in the simplicity of their tyranny. In 1825 an Executive Council was appointed. These were, of course, nominees of the Government; but they divided the responsibility with

the Governor, and were a check upon the exercise of his individual powers. The next step, in 1834, was to a Legislative Council. These were to be the law-makers, but all of them were elected by the Governor. Six of the Council were the Governor's executive ministers, and the other six,—for the Council consisted of twelve,—were unofficial nominees.

But the existence of such a Council,—a little Parliament elected by the Crown,—created a desire for a popular Parliament, and the people of the Colony petitioned for a representative House of Assembly. Then there was much hesitation, one Secretary of State after another, and one Governor after another, struggling to produce a measure which should be both popular and satisfactory. For the element of colour, —the question as to white men and black men, which has been inoperative in Canada, in the Australias, and even in New Zealand,—was as early as in those days felt to create a peculiar difficulty in South Africa. But at length the question was decided in favour of the black man and a low franchise. Sir Harry Smith the then Governor expressed an opinion that "by showing to all classes that no man's station was in this free country,"—meaning South Africa,—"determined by the accident of his colour, all ranks of men might be stimulated to improve and maintain their relative position." The principle enunciated is broad, and seems, at the first hearing of it, to be excellent; but it would appear on examination to be almost as correct to declare to candidates for the household cavalry that the accident of height should have nothing to do with their chances. It may be open to argument whether

the Queen would not be as well defended by men five feet high as by those who are six,—but the six-feet men are wanted. There may be those who think that a Kafir Parliament would be a blessing;—but the white men in the Colony are determined not to be ruled by black men.* It was intended, no doubt, simply to admit a few superior Kafirs to the franchise,—a select body whose appearance at the hustings would do good to the philanthropic heart; but it has led to the question whether there may not be more Kafirs than European voters.—When it leads to the question whether there shall be Kafir members of Parliament, then there will be a revolution in the Colony. One or two the House might stand, as the House in New Zealand endures four or five Maoris who sit there to comfort the philanthropic heart; but should the number increase materially then there would be revolution. In New Zealand the number is prescribed and, as the Maoris are coming to an end, will never be increased. In the Cape Colony every electoral district might return a Kafir. I think those who know the Colony will agree with me when I say that the European would not consent to be so represented.

After much discussion, both at the Cape and in England, two Houses of Parliament both elective were

* I do not intend to suggest that any man should be excluded by his colour from the hustings. I am of opinion that no allusion should be made to colour in defining the franchise for voters in any British possession. But in colonies such as those of South Africa,—in which the bulk of the population is coloured,—the privilege should be conferred on black and white alike, with such a qualification as will admit only those who are fit.

established and met together for the first time in July, 1854. The franchise was then established on the basis which still prevails. To vote either for a member of the Legislative Council, or of the House of Assembly, a man must occupy land or a building alleged to be worth £25; or he must earn £50 per annum; or he must earn £25 per annum,—about 10s. a week,—and his diet. The English reader must understand that wages are higher in the Colony than in England, and that the labouring Kafir who works for wages frequently earns as much as the required sum. And the pastoral Kafir who pays rent for his land, does often occupy a tract worth more than £25. There are already districts in which the Kafirs who might be registered as voters exceed in number the European voters. And the number of such Kafirs is increasing from day to day.

But even yet parliamentary government had not been attained in the Cape. Under the Constitution, as established in 1854, the power of voting supplies had been given, but the manner in which the supplies should be used was still within the Governor's bosom. His ministers were selected by him as he pleased, and could not be turned out by any parliamentary vote. That is the system which is now in existence in the United States,—where the President may maintain his ministers in opposition to the united will of the nation. At the Cape, after 1854, the Governor's ministers could sit and speak either in one House or in the other,—but were not members of Parliament and could not vote.

The next and last step was not taken till 1872, and

was perhaps somewhat pressed on the Colony by the Home Ministers, who wished to assimilate the form of parliamentary constitution in all the colonies which were capable of enjoying it. The measure however was carried at the Cape by majorities in both Houses, —by a majority of 34 to 27 votes in the House of Assembly,—which on such a subject was a slender majority as showing the wish of the Colony, and by 11 votes against 10 in the Legislative Council. I think I am right in saying that two out of these eleven were given by gentlemen who thought it right to support the Government though in opposition to their own opinions. There were many who considered that in such a condition of things the measure should have been referred back to the people by a general dissolution. But so did not think the late Governor, Sir Henry Barkly, or the Secretary of State at home. The question was settled in favour of our old well-beloved form of constitutional government; and the Cape Colony became like to the Canadas and the Australias. The Governor has really little or nothing to say to the actual government of the country,—as the Sovereign has not with us. The Ministers are responsible, and must be placed in power or turned out of power as majorities may direct. And the majorities will of course be created by the will of the people, or, as it would be more fair to say, by the will of the voters.

But there are two points in which, with all these Colonies, the resemblance to England ceases. I have said that there were in the Cape Colony, Kings, Lords and Commons. With us, at home, the Lords

are hereditary. An hereditary Upper House in a Colony would be impossible, and if possible would be absurd. There are two modes of selecting such a body,—one that of election by the people as is the case in Victoria, and the other that of nomination by the Crown, as is the practice in New South Wales. At the Cape the more democratic method has been adopted. It may be a question whether, in regard to the special population of the country, the other plan would not have been preferable. The second difference is common to all our Colonies, and has reference to the power which is always named first and which, for simplicity, I have described as the King. With us the Crown has a veto on all parliamentary enactments, but is never called upon to exercise it. The Crown with us acts by its Ministers, who either throw out a measure they disapprove by the use of the majority at their back, or go out themselves. But in the Colonies the veto of the third party to legislation is not unfrequently exercised by the Secretary of State at home, and here there is a safeguard against intemperate legislation.

Such is the form of government at the Cape of Good Hope. Of all forms known to us it is perhaps the most liberal, as the franchise is low enough to enable the ordinary labourer to vote for members of both Houses. For in truth every working man in the Colony may without difficulty earn 10s. a week and his diet; and no small holder of land will occupy a plot worth less than £25. Had the matter in question been the best form for the maintenance of liberty and assurance of liberty among white people, I, at least,

should have nothing to say against it; but, seeing that the real people of the country is and will remain a coloured population, I cannot but think that there is room for doubt. I will not, as I said before, venture to enquire into the far distant future of the black races of South Africa. There are many who think that the black man should not only be free but should be, and by his nature is, the equal of the white man. As I am glad to see all political inequalities gradually lessened among men of European descent, so should I be glad to think that the same process should take place among all men. But not only has not that time come yet, but I cannot think that it has so nearly come as to justify us in legislating upon the supposition that it is approaching. I find that the very men who are the friends of the negro hold the theory but never entertain the practice of equality with the negro. The stanchest disciple of Wilberforce and Buxton does not take the negro into partnership, or even make him a private secretary. The conviction that the white man must remain in the ascendant is as clear in his mind as in that of his opponent; and though he will give the black man a vote in hope of this happy future, he is aware that when black men find their way into any Parliament or Congress that Parliament or Congress is to a degree injured in public estimation. A power of voting in the hands of negroes has brought the time-honoured constitution of Jamaica to an end. The same power in the Southern States of the American Union is creating a political confusion of which none of us can foretell the end, but as to which we are all convinced that in one way

or another a minority of white men will get the better of a majority of coloured men. In British South Africa the majority of coloured men is so great that the country has to be compared to India or Ceylon rather than to the Southern American States. When once the Kafir shall have learned what voting means there will be no withstanding him, should the system of voting which now prevails in the Cape Colony be extended over a South African Confederation. The Kafir is not a bad fellow. Of the black African races the South Eastern people whom we call Kafirs and Zulus are probably the best. They are not constitutionally cruel, they learn to work readily, and they save property. But they are as yet deficient in that intelligence which is needed for the recognition of any political good. There can be no doubt that the condition of the race has been infinitely improved by the coming of the white man; but, were it to be put to the vote to-morrow among the Kafirs whether the white man should be driven into the sea, or retained in the country, the entire race would certainly vote for the white man's extermination. This may be natural; but it is not a decision which the white man desires or by which he intends to abide.

As far as it has yet gone Parliamentary Government has worked well in the Cape Colony. There had been so long a period of training that a sufficient number of gentlemen were able to undertake the matter at once.

Mr. Molteno, who was Premier at the time of my visit, and who has been in parliamentary life for many tyears, having held a seat since the creation of the firs

House of Assembly in 1854, has been a very useful public servant, and thoroughly understands the nature of the work required of him; but I fancy that in a parliamentary constitutional government things cannot go quite straight till there has been at least one change,—till a Minister has been made to feel that any deviation from responsibility may bring upon him at a moment's notice a hostile majority. We at home talk about a strong Government; but a very strong Government is likely to be a fainéant Government, and is rarely a faithful Government. A Minister should have before him a lively dread.

I cannot finish these remarks without saying that the most sensible speech I heard in the House was from Mr. Saul Solomon. Mr. Solomon has never been in the Government, and rarely in opposition, but he has been perhaps of as much use to the Colony as any living man. He is one who certainly should be mentioned as a very remarkable personage, having risen to high honours in an occupation perhaps of all the most esteemed among men, but for which he must have seemed by nature to be peculiarly ill adapted. He is a man of very small stature,—so small that on first seeing him the stranger is certainly impressed with the idea that no man so small has ever been seen by him before. His forehead however is fine, and his face full of intelligence. With all this against him Mr. Solomon has gone into public life, and as a member of Parliament in the Cape Colony has gained a respect above that of Ministers in office. It is not too much to say that he is regarded on both sides as a safe adviser; and I believe that it would be hardly possible to pass any mea-

sure of importance through the Cape Legislature to which he offered a strenuous opposition. He reminded me of two other men whom it has been my privilege to know, and who have been determined to seize and wear parliamentary honours in the teeth of misfortunes which would have closed at any rate that profession against men endowed with less than Herculean determination. I mean Mr. Fawcett, who in our own House at home has completely vanquished the terrible misfortune of blindness, and my old friend John Robertson of Sydney,—Sir John I believe he is now,—who for many years presided over the Ministry in New South Wales, leading the debates in a parliamentary chamber, without a palate to his mouth. I regard these three men as great examples of what may be done by perseverance to overcome the evils which nature or misfortune have inflicted.

The people of Capetown think of the two chambers in which the two Houses sit with something of shame, declaring that they are not at all what they ought to be,—that they are used as makeshifts, and that there has never yet been time, or perhaps money at hand, for constructing proper Houses of Parliament. Had I not heard this I should have thought that each of them was sufficiently commodious and useful, if not quite sufficiently handsome or magnificent.

CHAPTER III.

PORT ELIZABETH AND GRAHAMSTOWN.

From Capetown I went on by sea to Port Elizabeth or Algoa Bay, thus travelling from the Western to the Eastern Province,—leaving the former when I had as yet seen but little of its resources, because it was needful that I should make my tour through Natal and the Transvaal before the rainy season had commenced. Persons well instructed in their geography will know that Algoa Bay and Port Elizabeth signify the same seaport,—as one might say that a ship hailed from the Clyde or from Glasgow. The Union Steam Ship Company sends a first-class steamer once a month from Southampton to Algoa Bay, without touching at Capetown.

Port Elizabeth, as I walked away from the quay up to the club where I took up my residence, seemed to be as clean, as straight, and as regular as a first class American little town in the State of Maine. All the world was out on a holyday. It was the birthday of the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Port-Elizabethians observed it with a loyalty of which we know nothing in England. Flags were flying about the ships in the harbour, and every shop was closed in the town. I went up alone with my baggage to the club, and felt

desolate. But everybody I met was civil, and I found a bedroom ready for me such as would be an Elysium, in vain to be sought for in a first class London hotel. My comfort, I own, was a little impaired by knowing that I had turned a hospitable South African out of his own tenement. On that first day I was very solitary, as all the world was away doing honour somewhere to the Duke of Edinburgh.

The land round the town is not of a valuable nature. There seems to be an unlimited commonage of grass, but of so poor and sour a kind that it will not fatten and will hardly feed cattle. For sheep it is of no use whatever. This surrounds the town, and when the weather is cool and the air sweet, as it was when I visited the place, even the land round Port Elizabeth is not without its charms. But I can understand that it would be very hot in summer, and that then the unshaded expanse would not be attractive. There is not a tree to be seen.

The town is built on a steep hill rising up from the sea, and is very neat. The town hall is a large handsome building, putting its rival and elder sister Capetown quite to shame. I was taken over a huge store in which, it seemed to me, that every thing known and wanted in the world was sold, from American agricultural implements down to Aberdeen red herrings. The library and reading room, and public ball room or concert hall, were perfect. The place contains only 15,000 inhabitants, but has every thing needed for instruction, civilization and the general improvement of the human race. It is built on the lines of one of those marvellous American little towns in which phi-

lanthropy and humanity seem to have worked together to prevent any rational want.

Ostrich feathers and wool are the staples of the place. I witnessed a sale of feathers and was lost in wonder at the ingenuity of the auctioneer and of the purchasers. They seemed to understand each other as the different lots were sold, with an average of 30 seconds allowed to each lot. To me it was simply marvellous, but I gathered that the feathers were sold at prices varying from £5 to £25 a pound. They are sold by the pound, but in lots which may weigh perhaps not more than a few ounces each. I need only say further of Port Elizabeth that there are churches, banks, and institutions fit for a town of ten times its size,—and that its club is a pattern club, for all Colonial towns.

Twenty miles north-west of Port Elizabeth is the pleasant little town of Uitenhage,—which was one of the spots peopled by the English emigrants who came into the Eastern Province in 1820. It had previously been settled and inhabited by Dutch inhabitants in 1804, but seems to have owed its success to the coming of the English,—and is now part of an English, as distinct from a Dutch Colony. It is joined to Port Elizabeth by a railway which is being carried on to the more important town of Graff Reynet. It is impossible to imagine a more smiling little town than Uitenhage, or one in which the real comforts of life are more accessible. There is an ample supply of water. The streets are well laid out, and the houses well built. And it is surrounded by a group of mountains, at thirty miles distance, varying

from 3,000 to 6,000 feet in height, which give a charm to the scenery around. It has not within itself much appearance of business, but everything and everybody seems to be comfortable. I was told that it is much affected by well-to-do widows who go thither to spend the evenings of their lives and enjoy that pleasant tea-and-toast society which is dear to the widowed heart. Timber is generally scarce in South Africa;—but through the streets of Uitenhage there are lovely trees, which were green and flowering when I was there in the month of August, warning me that the spring and then the heats of summer were coming on me all too soon.

During the last few years a special industry has developed itself at Uitenhage,—that of washing wool by machinery. As this is all carried on, not in stores or manufactories within the place, but at suburban mills placed along the banks of the river Swartzcop outside the town, they do not affect the semi-rural and widow-befitting aspect of the place. I remarked to the gentleman who was kindly driving me about the place that the people I saw around me seemed to be for the most part coloured. This he good-humouredly resented, begging that I would not go away and declare that Uitenhage was not inhabited by a white population. I have no doubt that my friend has a large circle of white friends, and that Uitenhage has a pure-blooded aristocracy. Were I to return there, as I half promised, for the sake of meeting the charming ladies whom he graciously undertook to have gathered together for my gratification, I am sure that I should have found this to be the case. But still I maintain

that the people are a coloured people. I saw no white man who looked as though he earned his bread simply with his hands. I was driven through a street of pleasant cottages, and in asking who lived in the best looking of the lot I was told that he was an old Hottentot. The men working at the washing machines were for the most part Kafirs,—earning on an average 3*s.* 6*d.* a day. It is from such evidence as this that we have to form an opinion whether the so called savage races of South Africa may or may not ultimately be brought into habits of civilization. After visiting one of the washing mills and being driven about the town we returned to Port Elizabeth to dine.

Starting from Port Elizabeth I had to commence the perils of South African travel. These I was well aware would not come from lions, buffaloes, or hippopotamuses,—nor even, to such a traveller as myself, from Kafirs or Zulus,—but simply from the length, the roughness and the dustiness of roads. I had been told before I left England that a man of my age ought not to make the attempt because the roads were so long, so rough,—and so dusty. In travelling round the coast there is nothing to be dreaded. The discomforts are simply of a marine nature, and may easily be borne by an old traveller. The terrible question of luggage does not disturb his mind. He may carry what he pleases and revel in clean shirts. But when he leaves the sea in South Africa every ounce has to be calculated. When I was told at Capetown that on going up from Natal to the Transvaal I should be charged 4s. extra for every pound I carried, I at once made up my mind to leave my bullock trunk at

Government House. At Port Elizabeth a gentleman was very kind in planning my journey for me thence up to Grahamstown, King Williamstown, &c.,—but, on coming into my bed room, he strongly recommended me to leave my portmanteau and dispatch box behind me, to be taken on, somewhither, by water, and to trust myself to two bags. So I tied on addresses to the tabooed receptacles of my remaining comforts, and started on my way with a very limited supply of wearing apparel. In the selection which one is driven to make with an agonized mind,—when the bag has been stamped full to repletion with shirts, boots, and the blue books which are sure to be accumulated for the sake of statistics, the first thing to be rejected is one's dress suit. A man can live without a black coat, waistcoat, and trousers. But so great is colonial hospitality wherever the traveller goes, and so similar are colonial habits to those at home, that there will always come a time,—there will come many times,—in which the traveller will feel that he has left behind him the very articles which he most needed, and that the blue books should have been made to give way to decent raiment. These are difficulties which at periods become almost heartbreaking. Nevertheless I made the decision and rejected the dress suit. And I trusted myself to two pair of boots. And I allowed my treasures to be taken from me, with a hope that I might see them again some day in the further Colony of Natal.

From Port Elizabeth there is a railway open on the road to Grahamstown as far as a wretched place called Sand Flat. From thence we started in a mail cart,—or Cobb's omnibus as it is called. The whole distance

to Grahamstown is about 70 miles, and the journey was accomplished in eleven hours. The country through which we passed is not favourable for agriculture or even for pasture. Much of it was covered with bush, and on that which is open the grass is too sour for sheep. It is indeed called the Zuurveld, or sour-field country. But as we approached Grahamstown it improved, and farming operations with farmsteads,—at long distances apart,—came in view. For some miles round Port Elizabeth there is nothing but sour grass and bush, and the traveller inspecting the country is disposed to ask where is the fertility and where the rural charms which produced the great effort at emigration in 1820, when 5,000 persons were sent out from England into this district. The Kafirs had driven out the early Dutch settlers, and the British troops had driven out the Kafirs. But the country remained vacant, and £50,000 was voted by Parliament to send out what was then a Colony in itself, that the land might be occupied. But it is necessary to travel forty or fifty miles from Port Elizabeth, or Algoa Bay, before the fertility is discovered.

Grahamstown when it is reached is a smiling little town lying in a gentle valley on an elevated plateau 1,700 feet above the sea. It contains between eight and nine thousand inhabitants, of whom a third are coloured. The two-thirds are almost exclusively British, the Dutch element having had little or no holding in this small thriving capital of the Eastern Province. For Grahamstown is the capital of the East, and there are many there who think that it should become a Capital of a Colony, whether by

separation of the East from the West, or by a general federation of South African States;—in which case the town would, they think, be more eligible than any other for all the honours of government and legislation. I do not know but that on the whole I am inclined to agree with them. I think that if there were an united South Africa, and that a site for a capital had to be chosen afresh, as it was chosen in Canada, Grahamstown would receive from an outside commission appointed to report on the matter, more votes than any other town. But I am far from thinking that Grahamstown will become the capital of a South African Confederation.

In truth Grahamstown is a very pretty town, and seen, as it is on all sides, from a gentle eminence, smiles kindly on those who enter it. The British troops who guarded the frontier from our Kafir enemies were formerly stationed here. As the Kafirs have been driven back eastwards, so have the troops been moved in the same direction and they are now kept at King Williamstown about 50 miles to the North East of Grahamstown, and nearer to the Kei river, which is the present boundary of the Colony;—or was till the breaking out of the Kafir disturbance in 1877. The barracks at Grahamstown still belong to the Imperial Government, as does the castle at Capetown, and are let out for various purposes. Opening from the barrack grounds are the public gardens which are pretty and well kept. Grahamstown altogether gives the traveller an idea of a healthy, well-conditioned, prosperous little town, in which it would be no misfortune to be called upon to live.

I was taken from Grahamstown to see an ostrich farm about fifteen miles distant. The establishment belongs to Mr. Douglas, who is I believe among the ostrich farmers of the Colony about the most successful, and who was if not the first, the first who did the work on a large scale. He is, moreover, the patentee for an egg-hatching machine, or incubator, which is now in use among many of the feather-growers of the district. Mr. Douglas occupies about 1,200 acres of rough ground, formerly devoted to sheep-farming. The country around was all used not long since as sheep walks, but seems to have so much deteriorated by changes in the grasses as to be no longer profitable for that purpose. But it will feed ostriches.

At this establishment I found about 300 of those birds, which, taking them all round, young and old, were worth about £30 a piece. Each bird fit for plucking gives two crops of feathers a year, and produces, on an average, feathers to the value of £15 per annum. The creatures feed themselves unless when sick or young, and live upon the various bushes and grasses of the land. The farm is divided out into paddocks, and, with those which are breeding, one cock with two hens occupies each paddock. The young birds,—for they do not breed till they are three years old,—or those which are not paired, run in flocks of thirty or forty each. They are subject to diseases which of course require attention, and are apt to damage themselves, sometimes breaking their own bones, and getting themselves caught in the wire fences. Otherwise they are hardy brutes, who can stand much heat and cold, can do for long periods

without water, who require no delicate feeding, and give at existing prices ample returns for the care bestowed upon them.

But, nevertheless, ostrich farming is a precarious venture. The birds are of such value, a full grown bird in perfect health being worth as much as £75, that there are of course risks of great loss. And I doubt whether the industry has, as yet, existed long enough for those who employ it to know all its conditions. The two great things to do are to hatch the eggs, and then to pluck or cut the feathers, sort them, and send them to the market. I think I may say that ostrich farming without the use of an incubator can never produce great results. The birds injure their feathers by sitting and at every hatching lose two months. There is, too, great uncertainty as to the number of young birds which will be produced, and much danger as to the fate of the young bird when hatched. An incubator seems to be a necessity for ostrich farming. Surely no less appropriate word was ever introduced into the language, for it is a machine expressly invented to render unnecessary the process of incubation. The farmer who devotes himself to artificial hatching provides himself with an assortment of dummy eggs,—consisting of eggshells blown and filled with sand,—and with these successfully allures the hens to lay. The animals are so large and the ground is so open that there is but little difficulty in watching them and in obtaining the eggs. As each egg is worth nearly £5 I should think that they would be open to much theft when the operation becomes more general, but as yet there has not come

up a market for the receipt of stolen goods. When found they are brought to the head quarters and kept till the vacancy occurs for them in the machine.

The incubator is a low ugly piece of deal furniture standing on four legs, perhaps eight or nine feet long. At each end there are two drawers in which the eggs are laid with a certain apparatus of flannel, and these drawers by means of screws beneath them are raised or lowered to the extent of two or three inches. The drawer is lowered when it is pulled out, and is capable of receiving a fixed number of eggs. I saw, I think, fifteen in one. Over the drawers and along the top of the whole machine there is a tank filled with hot water, and the drawer when closed is screwed up so as to bring the side of the egg in contact with the bottom of the tank. Hence comes the necessary warmth. Below the machine and in the centre of it a lamp, or lamps, are placed which maintain the heat that is required. The eggs lie in the drawer for six weeks, and then the bird is brought out.

All this is simple enough, and yet the work of hatching is most complicated and requires not only care but a capability of tracing results which is not given to all men. The ostrich turns her egg frequently, so that each side of it may receive due attention. The ostrich farmer must therefore turn his eggs. This he does about three times a day. A certain amount of moisture is required, as in nature moisture exudes from the sitting bird. The heat must be moderated according to circumstances or the yolk becomes glue and the young bird is choked. Nature has to be followed most minutely, and must be observed and understood before it can be

followed. And when the time for birth comes on the ostrich farmer must turn midwife and delicately assist the young one to open its shell, having certain instruments for the purpose. And when he has performed his obstetrical operations he must become a nursing mother to the young progeny who can by no means walk about and get his living in his earliest days. The little chickens in our farm yards seem to take the world very easily; but they have their mother's wings, and we as yet hardly know all the assistance which is thus given to them. But the ostrich farmer must know enough to keep his young ones alive, or he will soon be ruined,—for each bird when hatched is supposed to be worth £10. The ostrich farmer must take upon himself all the functions of the ostrich mother, and must know all that instinct has taught her, or he will hardly be successful.

The birds are plucked before they are a year old, and I think that no one as yet knows the limit of age to which they will live and be plucked. I saw birds which had been plucked for sixteen years and were still in high feather. When the plucking time has come the necessary number of birds are enticed by a liberal display of mealies,—as maize or Indian corn is called in South Africa,—into a pen one side of which is moveable. The birds will go willingly after mealies, and will run about their paddocks after any one they see, in the expectation of these delicacies. When the pen is full the moveable side is run in, so that the birds are compressed together beyond the power of violent struggling. They cannot spread their wings or make the dart forward which is customary to them

when about to kick. The men go in among them, and taking up their wings pluck or cut their feathers. Both processes are common but the former I think is most so, as being the more profitable. There is a heavier weight to sell when the feather is plucked; and the quill begins to grow again at once, whereas the process is delayed when nature is called upon to eject the stump. I did not see the thing done, but I was assured that the little notice taken by the animal of the operation may be accepted as proof that the pain, if any, is slight. I leave this question to the decision of naturalists and anti-vivisectors.

The feathers are then sorted into various lots, the white primary outside rim from under the bird's wing being by far the most valuable,—being sold, as I have said before, at a price as high as £25 a pound. The sorting does not seem to be a difficult operation and is done by coloured men. The produce is then packed in boxes and sent down to be sold at Port Elizabeth by auction.

As far as I saw all labour about the place was done by black men except that which fell to the lot of the owner and two or three young men who lived with him and were learning the work under his care. These black men were Kafirs, Fingos, or Hottentots—so called, who lived each in his own hut with his wife and family. They received 26s. a month and their diet,—which consisted of two pounds of meat and two pounds of mealies a day each. The man himself could not eat this amount of food, but would no doubt find it little enough with his wife and children. With this he has permission to build his hut about the place, and

burn his master's fuel. He buys coffee if he wants it from his master's store, and in his present condition generally does want it. When in his hut he rolls himself in his blanket, but when he comes out to his work attires himself in some more or less European apparel according to regulation. He is a good humoured fellow, whether by nature a hostile Kafir, or a submissive Fingo, or friendly Basuto, and seems to have a pleasure in being enquired into and examined as to his Kafir habits. But, if occasion should arise, he would probably be a rebel. On this very spot where I was talking to him, the master of the farm had felt himself compelled during the last year,—1876—to add a couple of towers to his house so that in the event of an attack he might be able to withdraw his family from the reach of shot, and have a guarded platform from whence to fire at his enemies. Whether or not the danger was near as he thought it last year I am unable to say; but there was the fact that he had found it necessary so to protect himself only a few months since within twenty miles of Grahamstown! Such absence of the feeling of security must of course be injurious if not destructive to all industrial operations.*

I may add with regard to ostrich farming that I have heard that 50 per cent. per annum on the capital invested has been not uncommonly made. But I have heard also that all the capital invested has not been unfrequently lost. It must be regarded as a precarious business and one which requires special adaptation in

* I think I may say that the Kafir rebellion which took place subsequently to the writing of these pages, shows that there was no danger for any portion of the colony so far west as Grahamstown. All danger from Kafir rebellion has now, I think, been finally stamped out.

the person who conducts it. And to this must be added the fact that it depends entirely on a freak of fashion. Wheat and wool, cotton and coffee, leather and planks men will certainly continue to want, and of these things the value will undoubtedly be maintained by competition for their possession. But ostrich feathers may become a drug. When the nurse-maid affects them the Duchess will cease to do so.

Grahamstown is served by two ports. There is the port of Port Elizabeth in Algoa Bay which I have already described as a thriving town and one from which a railway is being made across the country, with a branch to Grahamstown. All the mail steamers from England to Capetown come on to Algoa Bay, and there is also a direct steamer from Plymouth once a month. The bulk of the commerce for the whole adjacent district comes no doubt to Port Elizabeth. But the people of Grahamstown affect Port Alfred, which is at the mouth of the Kowie river and only 35 miles distant from the Eastern Capital. I was therefore taken down to see Port Alfred.

I went down on one side of the river by a four-horsed cart as far as the confluence of the Mansfield, and thence was shewn the beauties of the Kowie river by boat. I was perhaps more taken with the country which I saw than with the harbour, and was no longer at a loss to know where was the land on which the English settlers of 1820 were intended to locate themselves. We passed through a ruined village called Bathurst,—a village ruined while it was yet young, than which nothing can be more painful to behold. Houses had been built again, but almost every house

had at one time,—that is in the Kafir war of 1850,—been either burnt or left to desolation. And yet nothing can be more attractive than the land above Bathurst, either in regard to picturesque situation or fertility. The same may be said of the other bank of this river. It is impossible to imagine a fairer district to a farmer's eye. It will grow wheat, but it will also grow on the slopes of the hills, cotton and coffee. It is all possessed, and generally all cultivated;—but it can hardly be said to be inhabited by white men, so few are they and so far between. A very large proportion of the land is let out to Kafirs who pay a certain sum for certain rights and privileges. He is to build his hut and have enough land to cultivate for his own purposes, and grass enough for his cattle;—and for these he contracts to pay perhaps £10 per annum, or more, or less, according to circumstances. I was assured that the rent is punctually paid.

No one wants to banish the Kafirs. Situated as the country is and will be, it cannot exist without Kafirs, because the Kafirs are the only possible labourers. To utilize the Kafir and not to expel him must be the object of the white man. Speaking broadly it may be said of the Colony, or at any rate of the Eastern district, that it has no white labourers for agricultural purposes. The Kafir is as necessary to the Grahamstown farmer as is his brother negro to the Jamaica sugar grower. But, for the sake both of the Kafir and of the white man, some further assurance of security is needed. I am inclined to think that more evil is done both to one and the other by ill defined fear than by actual danger.

Along the coast of the Colony there are various sea ports, none of which are very excellent as to their natural advantages, but each of which seems to have a claim to consider itself the best. There is Cape-town with its completed docks, and Simon's Bay on the other side of the Cape promontory which is kept exclusively for our men of war. Then the first port, eastwards, at which the steamers call is Mossel Bay. These are the chief harbours of the Western Province. On the coast of the Eastern Province there are three ports between which a considerable jealousy is maintained, Port Elizabeth, Port Alfred, and East London. And as there is rivalry between the West and East Provinces, so is there between these three harbours. Port Elizabeth I had seen before I came up to Grahamstown. From Grahamstown I travelled to Port Alfred, taken thither by two patriotic hospitable and well-instructed gentlemen who thoroughly believed that the commerce of the world was to flow into Grahamstown *viâ* Port Alfred, and that the overflowing produce of South Africa will, at some not far distant happy time, be dispensed to the various nations from the same favoured harbour. "Statio benefida carinis," was what I heard all the way down, —or rather promises of coming security and marine fruitfulness which are to be results of the works now going on. It was all explained to me,—how ships which now could not get over the bar would ride up the quiet little river in perfect safety, and take in and discharge their cargoes on comfortable wharves at a very minimum of expense. And then, when this should have been completed, the railway from the

Kowie's mouth up to Grahamstown would be a certainty, even though existing governments had been so shortsighted as to make a railway from Port Elizabeth to Grahamstown,—carrying goods and passengers ever so far out of their proper course.

It is a matter on which I am altogether unable to speak with any confidence. Neither at Port Elizabeth, or at the mouth of the Kowie where stands Port Alfred, or further eastwards at East London of which I must speak in a coming chapter, has Nature done much for mariners, and the energy shown to overcome obstacles at all these places has certainly been very great. The rivalry between places which should act together as one whole is distressing;—but the industry of which I speak will surely have the results which industry always obtains. I decline to prophesy whether there will be within the next dozen years a railway from Port Alfred to Grahamstown, — or whether the goods to be consumed at the Diamond Fields and in the Orange Free State will ever find their way to their destinations by the mouth of the Kowie;—but I think I can foresee that the enterprise of the people concerned will lead to success.

CHAPTER IV.

BRITISH KAFRARIA.

It is not improbable that many Englishmen who have not been altogether inattentive to the course of public affairs as affecting Great Britain may be unaware that we once possessed in South Africa a separate colony called British Kafraria, with a governor of its own, and a form of government altogether distinct from that of its big brother the Cape Colony. Such however is the fact, though the territory did not, perhaps, attract much notice at the time of its annexation. Some years after the Kafir war which may have the year 1850 given to it as its date, and after the wonderful Kafir famine which took place in 1857, —the famine which the natives created for themselves by destroying their own cattle and their own food,— British Kafraria was made a separate colony and was placed under the rule of Colonel Maclean. It was not intended that the country should be taken away from the Kafirs;—but only the rule over the country, and the privilege of living in accordance with their own customs. Gradually and piecemeal they were to be introduced to what we call civilization. Gradually and piecemeal the work is still going on,—and so progressing that there cannot be a doubt that as far as their material condition is concerned we have done well with

the Kafirs. The Kafir Chiefs may feel,—certainly do feel,—that they have been aggrieved.* They have been as it were knocked about, humiliated and degraded, and, as far as British Kafraria is concerned, made ridiculous in the eyes of their own people. But the people themselves have been relieved from the force of a grinding tyranny. They increase and multiply because they are no longer driven to fight and be slaughtered in the wars which the Chiefs were continually waging for supremacy among each other. What property they acquire they can hold without fear of losing it. They are no longer subject to the terrible superstitions which their Chiefs have used for keeping them in subjection. Their huts are better, and their food more constantly sufficient. Many of them work for wages. They are partially clothed,—sometimes with such grotesque partiality as quite to justify the comical stories which we have heard at home as to Kafir full dress. In the towns they are about as well clad as the ordinary Irish beggar,—and as the traveller recedes from the towns he perceives that this raiment gradually gives way to blankets and red clay. But to have got so far as the Irish beggar condition in twenty years is very much, and the custom is spreading itself. The Kafir who has assiduously worn breeches for a year does feel, not a moral but a social shame, at going without them. As I have no doubt whatever that the condition of these people has been improved by our coming, and that British rule has been on the whole

* Shall I be excused if I attempt to explain to some who have only cursorily looked into South African affairs, that these Kafirs have no political or social relations with the Zulus with whom we are at present (1879) at war.

beneficent to them, I cannot but approve of the annexation of British Kafraria.

The difficult question meets one at every corner in South Africa. What is the duty of the white man in reference to the original inhabitant? The Kafir Chief will say that it is the white man's duty to stay away and not to touch what does not belong to him. The Dutch Colonist will say that it is the white man's duty to make the best he can of the good things God has provided for his use,—and that as the Kafir in his natural state is a bad thing he should either be got rid of, or made a slave. In either assertion there is an intelligible purpose capable of a logical argument. But the Briton has to go between the two, wavering much between the extremes of philanthropy and expansive energy. He knows that he has to get possession of the land and use it, and is determined that he will do so;—but he knows also that it is wrong to take what does not belong to him, and wrong also to treat another human being with harshness. And therefore with one hand he waves his humanitarian principles over Exeter Hall, while with the other he annexes Province after Province. As I am myself a Briton I am not a fair critic of the proceeding;—but it does seem to me that he is upon the whole beneficent, though occasionally unjust.

Starting from Grahamstown on a Cape cart I entered British Kafraria somewhere between that town and Fort Beaufort. A "Cape cart" is essentially a South African vehicle, and is admirably adapted for the somewhat rough roads of the country. Its great merit is that it travels on only two wheels;—but then

so does our English gig. But the English gig carries only two passengers while the Cape cart has room for four,—or even six. The Irish cart no doubt has both these merits,—carries four and runs on two wheels; but the wheels are necessarily so low that they are ill adapted for passing serious obstructions. And the Cape cart can be used with two horses, or four as the need may be. A one-horse vehicle is a thing hardly spoken of in South Africa, and would meet with more scorn than it does even in the States. But the chief peculiarity of the Cape cart is the yoke of the horses, which is somewhat similar in its nature to that of the curricle which used to be very dangerous and very fashionable in the days of George IV. With us a pair of horses is now always connected with four wheels, and with the idea of security which four wheels give. Though the horse may tumble down the vehicle stands. It was not so with the curricle. When a horse fell, he would generally bring down, his comrade horse with him. But with the Cape cart the bar, instead of passing over the horse's back, passes under the horses' necks, with straps appended to the collars. I have never seen a horse fall with one of them;—but I can understand that when such an accident happens the falling horse should not bring the other animal down with him. The advantage of having two high wheels,—and only two,—need not be explained to any traveller.

I had intended sleeping at Fort Beaufort and on going from thence up the Catsberg Mountain. But I was prevented by the coming of a gentleman, a Wesleyan minister, who was very anxious that I should

see the Kafir school at Healdtown, over which he presided. From first to last through my tour I was subject to the privileges and inconveniences of being known as a man who was going to write a book. I never said as much to any one in South Africa,—or even admitted it when interrogated. I could not deny that I possibly might do so, but I always protested that my examiner had no right to assume the fact. All this, however, was quite vain as coming from one who had written so much about other Colonies, and was known to be so inveterate a scribbler as myself. Then the argument, though never expressed in plain words, would take, in suggested ideas, the following form. "Here you are in South Africa, and you are going to write about us. If so I,—or we, or my or our Institution,—have an absolute claim to a certain portion of your attention. You have no right to pass our town by, and then to talk of the next town merely because such an arrangement will suit your individual comfort!" Then I would allege the shortness of my time. "Time indeed! Then take more time. Here am I, or here are we, doing our very best; and we don't intend to be passed by because you don't allow yourself enough of time for your work." When all this was said on behalf of some very big store, or perhaps in favour of a pretty view, or—as has been the case,—in pride at the possession of a little cabbage garden, I have been apt to wax wroth and to swear that I was my own master;—but a Kafir missionary school, to which some earnest Christian man, with probably an earnest Christian wife, devotes a life in the hope of making fresh water flow through

the dry wilderness, has claims, however painful they may be at the moment. This gentleman had come into Fort Beaufort on purpose to catch me. And as he was eloquent, and as I did feel a certain duty, I allowed myself to be led away by him. I fear that I went ungraciously, and I know that I went unwillingly. It was just four o'clock, and having had no luncheon, I wanted my dinner. I had already established myself in a very neat little sitting-room in the Inn, and had taken off my boots. I was tired and dusty, and was about to wash myself. I had been on the road all day, and the bed-room offered to me was sweet and clean;—and there was a pretty young lady at the Inn who had given me a cup of tea to support me till dinner should be ready. I was anxious also about the Catsberg Mountain, which under the minister's guidance I should lose, at any rate for the present. I spoke to the minister of my dinner;—but he assured me that an hour would take me out to his place at Healdtown. He clearly thought,—and clearly said,—that it was my duty to go, and I yielded. He promised to convey me to the establishment in an hour,—but it was two hours and a half before we were there. He allured me by speaking of the beauty of the road,—but it was pitch dark all the way. It was eight o'clock before my wants were supplied, and by that time I hated Kafir children thoroughly.

Of Healdtown and Lovedale,—a much larger Kafir school,—I will speak in the next chapter, which shall be exclusively educational. Near to Lovedale is the little town of Alice, in which I stayed two days with the hospitable doctor. I have spoken before of the

Kafir scare of 1876, during which it was certainly the general opinion at Grahamstown that there was about to be a general rising among the natives, and that it would behove all Europeans in the Eastern Province to look well to their wives and children and homesteads. I have described the manner in which my friend at the ostrich farm fortified his place with turrets, and I had heard of some settlers further east who had left their homes in the conviction that they were no longer safe. Gentlemen at Grahamstown had assured me that the danger had been as though men ware going about a powder magazine with lighted candles. Here, at Alice, we were in the centre of the Kafirs. A farmer whom I visited owned the land down to the Chumie river which was at our feet, and on the other side there was a wide district which had been left by Government to the Kafirs when we annexed the land,—a district in which the Kafirs live after their old fashion. This man had his wife and children within a mile or two of hordes of untamed savages. When I asked him about the scare of last year, he laughed at it. Some among his neighbours had fled;—and had sold their cattle for what they would fetch. But he, when he saw that Kafirs were buying the cattle thus sold, was very sure that they would not buy that which they could take without price if war should come. But the Kafirs around him, he said, had no idea of war; and, when they heard of all that the Europeans were doing, they had thought that some attack was to be made on them.*

* This conversation occurred and the above words were written before the disturbance of 1877. But the Kafirs here spoken of were

King Williamstown was the capital of British Kaffraria, and is now the Head Quarters of a considerable British force.* This perhaps will be the best place in which to say a few words on the question of keeping British troops in the Cape Colony. It is held to be good colonial doctrine that a Colony which governs itself, which levies and uses its own taxes, and which does in pretty nearly all things as seems good to itself in its own sight, should pay its own bills;—and among other bills any bill that may be necessary for its own defence. Australia has no British soldiers,—not an English redcoat; nor has Canada, though Canada be for so many miles flanked by a country desirous of annexing it. My readers will remember too that even while the Maoris were still in arms the last regiment was withdrawn from New Zealand,—so greatly to the disgust of New Zealand politicians that the New Zealand Minister of the day flew out almost in mutiny against our Secretary of State at the time. But the principle was maintained, and the measure was carried, and the last regiment was withdrawn. But at that time ministerial responsibility and parliamentary government had not as yet been established in the Cape Colony, and there were excuses for British soldiers at the Cape which no longer existed in New Zealand.

Now parliamentary government and ministerial responsibility are as strong at Capetown as at Wellington, but the British troops still remain in the Cape Colony.

the very Gaikas who were expected to join the Galekas in their rebellion. That some of the Galekas did so is true, but only in small numbers, and not with their hearts in the cause.

* This was written in 1877.

There will be, I think, when this book is published, more than three regiments in the Colony or employed in its defence. The parliamentary system began only in 1872, and it may be alleged that the withdrawal of troops should be gradual. It may be alleged also that the present moment is peculiar, and that the troops are all this time specially needed. It should, however be remembered that when the troops were finally withdrawn from New Zealand, disturbance among the Maoris was still rampant there.

Then comes the question whether the Cape Colony should be made an exception, and if so why. I am inclined to think that no visitor travelling in the country with his eyes open, and with capacity for seeing the things around him, would venture to say that the soldiers should be withdrawn now, at this time. Looking back at the nature of the Kafir wars, looking round at the state of the Kafir people, knowing as he would know that they are armed not only with assegais but with guns, and remembering the possibilities of Kafir warfare, he would hesitate to leave a quarter of a million of white people to defend themselves against a million and a half of warlike hostile Natives. The very withdrawal of the troops might itself too probably cause a prolonged cessation of that peace to which the Kafir Chiefs have till lately felt themselves constrained by the presence of the red coats, and for the speedy re-establishment of which the continued presence of the red coats is thought to be necessary. The capable and clearsighted stranger of whom I am speaking would probably decline to take such responsibility upon himself, even though he were as strong in the theory of

colonial self-defence as was Lord Granville when he took the soldiers away from New Zealand.

But it does not follow that on that account he should think that the Cape Colony should be an exception to a rule which as to other Colonies has been found to be sound. It may be wise to keep the soldiers in the Colony, but have been unwise to saddle the Colony with full parliamentary institutions before it was able to bear their weight. "If the soldiers be necessary, then the place was not ripe for parliamentary institutions." That may be a very possible opinion as to the affairs of South Africa generally.

I am again driven to assert the difference between South Africa and Canada, or Australia, or New Zealand. South Africa is a land peopled with coloured inhabitants. Those other places are lands peopled with white men. I will not again vex my reader with numbers—not now at least. He will perhaps remember the numbers, and bethink himself of what has to be done before all those negroes can be assimilated and digested and made into efficient parliamentary voters, who shall have civilization, and the good of their country, and "God save the Queen" generally at their hearts' core. A mistake has perhaps been made;—but I do not think that because of that mistake the troops should be withdrawn from the Colony.

I cannot, however, understand why they should be kept at Capetown, to the safety of which they are no more necessary than they would be to that of Sydney or Melbourne. It is alleged that they can be moved more easily from Capetown, than they might be from any inland depot. But we know that if wanted at all

they will be wanted on the frontier,—say within fifty miles of the Kei river, which is the present boundary of the Colony. If the Kafirs east of the Kei can be kept quiet, there will be no rising of those to the west of the river. It was the knowledge that there were troops at King Williamstown, not that there were troops at Capetown, which operated so long on the minds of Kreli and other Transkeian Kafirs. And now that disturbance has come all the troops are sent to the frontier. If this be so, it would seem that British Kafraria is the place in which they should be located. But Capetown has been Head Quarters since the Colony was a Colony, and Head Quarters are never moved very easily. It is right that I should add that the Colony pays £10,000 a year to the mother country in aid of the cost of the troops. I need hardly say that that sum does not go far towards covering the total expense of two or more regiments on foreign service.

Another difficulty is apt to arise,—which I fear will now be found to be a difficulty in South Africa. If imperial troops be used in a Colony which enjoys parliamentary government, who is to be responsible for their employment? The Parliamentary Minister will expect that they shall be used as he may direct;—but so will not the authorities at home! In this way there can hardly fail to be difference of opinion between the Governor of the Colony and his responsible advisers.*

* Since these words were written the difficulties foretold have occurred, and have, to a great degree, been solved by the resolution of our premier to take upon himself an authority which was hardly constitutional according to the theory of Colonial Constitutions, but which was required by the very condition of things of which I have spoken above.

When I was at King Williamstown I was invited to hold a conference with two or three Kafir chiefs, especially with Sandilli, whose son I had seen at school, and who was the heir to Gaika, one of the great kings of the Kafirs, being the son of Gaika's "great wife," and brother to Makomo the Kafir who in the last war had done more than Kafir had ever done before to break the British power in South Africa. It was Makomo who had been Sir Harry Smith's too powerful enemy,—and Sandilli, who is still living in the neighbourhood of King Williamstown, was Makomo's younger but more royal brother. I expressed, of course, great satisfaction at the promised interview, but was warned that Sandilli might not improbably be too drunk to come.

On the morning appointed about twenty Kafirs came to me, clustering round the door of the house in which I was lodging,—but they declined to enter. I therefore held my levee out in the street. Sandilli was not there. The reason for his absence remained undivulged, but I was told that he had sent a troop of cousins in his place. The spokesman on the occasion was a chief named Siwani, who wore an old black coat, a flannel shirt, a pair of tweed trousers and a billycock hat,—comfortably and warmly dressed,—with a watch-key of ordinary appearance ingeniously inserted into his ear as an ornament. An interpreter was provided; and, out in the street, I carried on my colloquy with the dusky princes. Not one of them spoke but Siwani, and he expressed utter dissatisfaction with everything around him. The Kafirs, he said, would be much better off if the English would go away

and leave them to their own customs. As for himself, though he had sent a great many of his clansmen to work on the railway,—where they got as he admitted good wages,—he had never himself received the allowance per head promised him. "Why not appeal to the Magistrate?" I asked. He had done so frequently, he said, but the Magistrate always put him off, and then, personally, he was treated with very insufficient respect. This complaint was repeated again and again. I, of course, insisted on the comforts which the Europeans had brought to the Kafirs,—trousers, for instance,—and I remarked that all the royal princes around me were excellently well clad. The raiment was no doubt of the Irish beggar kind, but still admitted of being described as excellent when compared in the mind with red clay and a blanket. "Yes,—by compulsion," he said. "We were told that we must come in and see you, and therefore we put on our trousers. Very uncomfortable they are, and we wish that you and the trousers and the magistrates, but above all the prisons, would go—away out of the country together." He was very angry about the prisons, alleging that if the Kafirs did wrong the Kafir Chiefs would know how to punish them. None of his own children had ever gone to school,—nor did he approve of schools. In fact he was an unmitigated old savage, on whom my words of wisdom had no effect whatever, and who seemed to enjoy the opportunity of unburdening his resentment before a British traveller. It is probable that some one had given him to understand that I might possibly write a book when I returned home.

When, after some half hour of conversation, he declared that he did not want to answer any more questions, I was not sorry to shake hands with the prominent half-dozen, so as to bring the meeting to a close. But suddenly there came a grin across Siwani's face,—the first look of good humour which I had seen,—and the interpreter informed me that the Chief wanted a little tobacco. I went back into my friend's house and emptied his tobacco pot, but this, though accepted, did not seem to give satisfaction. I whispered to the interpreter a question, and on being told that Siwani would not be too proud to buy his own tobacco, I gave the old beggar half a crown. Then he blessed me, as an Irish beggar might have done, grinned again and went off with his followers. The Kafir boy or girl at school and the Kafir man at work are pleasing objects; but the old Kafir chief in quest of tobacco,—or brandy,—is not delightful.

From King Williamstown I went to East London by railway and there waited till the ship came which was to take me on to Natal. East London is another of those ports which stubborn Nature seems to have made unfit for shipping, but which energy and enterprise are determined to convert to good purposes. As Grahamstown believes in Port Alfred, so does King Williamstown believe in East London, feeling sure that the day will come when no other harbour along the coast will venture to name itself in comparison with her. And East London has as firm a belief in herself, with a trustworthy reliance on a future day when the commerce of nations will ride in safety within her at present ill-omened bar. I had heard much of

East London and had been warned that I might find it impossible to get on board the steamer even when she was lying in the roads. At Port Elizabeth it had been suggested to me that I might very probably have to come back there because no boat at East London would venture to take me out. The same thing was repeated to me along my route, and even at King Williamstown. But not the less on that account, when I found myself in British Kafraria, of which East London is the port, was I assured of all that East London would hereafter perform. No doubt there was a perilous bar. The existence of the bar was freely admitted. No doubt the sweep of the sea in upon the mouth of the Buffalo river was of such a nature as to make all intercourse between ships and the shore both difficult and disagreeable. No doubt the coast was so subject to shipwreck as to have caused the insurance on ships to East London to be abnormally high. All these evils were acknowledged, but all these evils would assuredly be conquered by energy, skill, and money. It was thus that East London was spoken of by the friends who took me there in order that I might see the works which were being carried on with the view of overcoming Nature.

At the present moment East London is certainly a bad spot for shipping. A vessel had broken from her anchor just before my arrival and was lying on the shore a helpless wreck. There were the fragments to be seen of other wrecks; and I heard of many which had made the place noted within the last year or two. Such was the character of the place. I was told by more than one voice that vessels were sent there on

purpose to be wrecked. Stories which I heard made me believe in Mr. Plimsoll more than I had ever believed before. "She was intended to come on shore," was said by all voices that day in East London as to the vessel that was still lying among the breakers, while men were at work upon her to get out the cargo. "They know that ships will drag their anchor here; so, when they want to get rid of an old tub, they send her to East London." On the second day after my arrival the vessel that was to carry me on to Natal steamed into the roads. It had been a lovely morning and was yet early,—about eleven o'clock. I hurried down with a couple of friends to the man in authority who decides whether communication shall or shall not be had between the shore and the ship, and, he, cocking a telescope to his eye, declared that even though the Governor wanted to go on board he would not let a boat stir that day. In my ill-humour I asked him why he would be more willing to risk the Governor's life than that of any less precious individual. I own I thought he was a tyrant,—and perhaps a Sabbatarian, as it was on a Sunday. But in half an hour the wind had justified him, even to my uneducated intelligence. During the whole of that day there was no intercourse possible between the ships and the shore. A boat from a French vessel tried it, and three men out of four were drowned! Early on the following day I was put on board the steamer in a life-boat.

But it is yet on the cards that the East Londoners may prevail. Under the auspices of Sir John Coode a breakwater is being constructed with the purpose of protecting the river's mouth from the prevailing winds,

and the river is being banked and altered so that the increased force of the water through a narrowed channel may scour away the sand. If these two things can be done then ships will enter the Buffalo river and ride there in delicious ease, and the fortune of the place will be made. I went to see the works and was surprised to find operations of such magnitude going on at a place which apparently was so insignificant. A breakwater was being constructed out from the shore,—not an isolated sea wall as is the breakwater at Plymouth and at Port Elizabeth,—but a pier projecting itself in a curve from one of the points of the river's mouth so as to cover the other when completed. On this £120,000 had already been spent, and a further sum of £80,000 is to be spent. It is to be hoped that it will be well expended,—for which the name of Sir John Coode is a strong guarantee.

CHAPTER V.

KAFIR SCHOOLS.

THE question of Kafir education is perhaps the most important that has to be solved in South Africa,—and certainly it is the one as to which there exists the most violent difference of opinion among those who have lived in South Africa. A traveller in the land by associating exclusively with one set of persons would be taught to think that here was to be found a certain and quick panacea for all the ills and dangers to which the country is subjected. Here lies the way by which within an age or two the population of the country may be made to drop its savagery and Kafirdom and blanket-loving vagabondism and become a people as fit to say their prayers and vote for members of parliament as the ordinary English Christian constituent. "Let the Kafir be caught young and subjected to religious education, and he will soon become so good a man and so docile a citizen that it will be almost a matter of regret that more of us were not born Kafirs." That is the view of the question which prevails with those who have devoted themselves to Kafir education,—and of them it must be acknowledged that their efforts are continuous and energetic.

Another traveller falling into another and a different set will be told by his South African associates that

the Kafir is a very good fellow, and may be a very good servant, till he has been taught to sing psalms and to take pride in book learning;—but that then he becomes sly, a liar and a thief. "He is a Kafir still," a gentleman said to me, "but a Kafir with the addition of European cunning without a touch of European conscience." As far as I could observe, the merchants and shopkeepers who employ Kafirs about their stores, and persons who have Kafirs about their houses, do eschew the school Kafir. The individual Kafir when taken young and raw out of his blanket, put into breeches and subjected to the general dominion of a white master, is wonderfully honest, and, as far as he can speak at all, he speaks the truth. There can I think be no question about his virtues. You may leave your money about with perfect safety; you may leave food,—and even drink in his way and they will be safe. "Is there any housebreaking or shoplifting?" I asked a tradesman in King Williamstown. He declared that there was nothing of the kind known,—unless it might be occasionally in reference to a horse and saddle. A Kafir would sometimes be unable to resist the temptation of riding back into Kafirdom, the happy possessor of a steed. But let a lad have passed three or four years at a Kafir school, and then he would have become a being very much altered for the worse and not at all fit to be trusted among loose property.

For myself I found it hard to form an opinion between the two. I do believe most firmly in education. I should cease to believe in any thing if I did not believe that education if continued will at least

civilize. I can conceive no way of ultimately overcoming and dispelling what I must call the savagery of the Kafirs, but by education. And when I see the smiling, oily, good humoured, docile, naturally intelligent but still wholly uneducated black man trying to make himself useful and agreeable to his white employers, I still recognise the Savage. And the white man in many cases does not want him to be better. He is no more anxious that his Kafir should reason than he is that his horse should talk. It requires an effort of genuine philanthropy to desire that those beneath us should become more nearly equal to us. The man who makes his money by employing Kafir labour is apt to regard the commercial rather than the philanthropic side of the question. I refuse therefore to adopt his view of the matter. A certain instinct of independence, which in the eyes of the employer of labour always takes the form of rebellion, is one of the first and finest effects of education. The Kafir who can argue a question of wages with his master has already become objectionable to his master.

But again the education of the educated Kafir is very apt to "fall off." So much I have not only heard asserted generally by those who are antikafir-educational in their sympathies, but admitted also by many of those who have been themselves long exercised in Kafir education. And, in regard to religious teaching, we all know that the singing of psalms is easier than the keeping of the ten commandments. When we find much psalm-singing and at the same time a conspicuous breach of what has to us been a very sacred commandment, we are apt to regard the

delinquent as a hypocrite. And the Kafir at school no doubt learns something of that doctrine,—which in his savage state was wholly unknown to him, but with which the white man is generally more or less conversant,—that speech has been given to men to enable them to conceal their thoughts. I can understand therefore why the employer of labour should prefer the unsophisticated Kafir, and am by no means sure that if I were looking out for black labour in order that I might make money out of it, I should not eschew the Kafir from the schools.

The difficulty arises probably from our impatience. Nothing will satisfy us unless we find a bath in which we may at once wash the blackamoor white, or a mill and oven in which a Kafir may be ground and baked instantly into a Christian. That much should be lost, —should "fall off" as they say,—of the education imparted to them is natural. Among those of ourselves who have spent, perhaps, nine or ten years of our lives over Latin and Greek, how much is lost! Perhaps I might say how little is kept! There is need of very much patience. Those who expect that a Kafir boy, because he has been to school, should come forth the same as a white lad, all whose training since, and from long previous to his birth, has been a European training, will of course be disappointed. But we may, I think, be sure that no Kafir pupil can remain for years or even for months among European lessons and European habits, without carrying away with him to his own people, when he goes, something of a civilizing influence.

My friend the Wesleyan Minister, who by his elo-

quence prevailed over me at Fort Beaufort in spite of my weariness and hunger, took me to Healdtown, the Institution over which he himself presides. I had already seen Kafir children and Kafir lads under tuition at Capetown. I had visited Miss Arthur's orphanage and school, where I had found a most interesting and cosmopolitan collection of all races, and had been taken by the Bishop of Capetown to the Church of England Kafir school at Zonnebloom. I had been assured that up to a certain point the Kafir quite holds his own with the European. At Zonnebloom a master carpenter was one of the instructors of the place, and, as I thought, by no means the least useful. The Kafir lad may perhaps forget the names of the "five great English poets with their dates and kings," by recapitulating which he has gained a prize at Lovedale,—or may be unable some years after he has left the school to give an "Outline of Thomson's Seasons," but when he has once learned how to make a table stand square upon four legs he has gained a power of helping his brother Kafirs which will never altogether desert him.

At Healdtown I found something less than 50 resident Kafir boys and young men, six of whom were in training as students for the Wesleyan Ministry. Thirteen Kafir girls were being trained as teachers, and two hundred day scholars attended from the native huts in the neighbourhood,—one of whom took her place on the school benches with her own little baby on her back. She did not seem to be in the least inconvenienced by the appendage. I was not lucky in my hours at Healdtown as I arrived late in the even-

ing, and the tuition did not begin till half-past nine in the morning, at which time I was obliged to leave the place. But I had three opportunities of hearing the whole Kafir establishment sing their hymns. The singing of hymns is a thoroughly Kafir accomplishment and the Kafir words are soft and melodious. Hymns are very good, and the singing of hymns, if it be well done, is gratifying. But I remember feeling in the West Indies that they who devoted their lives to the instruction of the young negroes thought too much of this pleasant and easy religious exercise, and were hardly enough alive to the expediency of connecting conduct with religion. The black singers of Healdtown were, I was assured, a very moral and orderly set of people; and if so the hymns will not do them any harm.

I was glad to find that the Kafir-scholars at Healdtown among them paid £200 per annum towards the expense of the Institution. The Government grants £700, and the other moiety of the total cost—which amounts to £1,800,—is defrayed by the Wesleyan missionary establishment at home. As the Kafir contribution is altogether voluntary, such payment shows an anxiety on the part of the parents that their children should be educated. As far as I remember nothing was done at Healdtown to teach the children any trade. It is altogether a Wesleyan missionary establishment, combining a general school in which religious education is perhaps kept uppermost, with a training college for native teachers and ministers. I cannot doubt but that its effect is salutary. It has been built on a sweet healthy spot up among the hills,

and nothing is more certain than the sincerity and true philanthropy of those who are engaged upon its work.

My friend who had carried me off from Fort Beaufort kept his word like a true man the next morning, in allowing me to start at the time named, and himself drove me over a high mountain to Lovedale. How we ever got up and down those hill sides with a pair of horses and a vehicle, I cannot even yet imagine;—but it was done. There was a way round, but the minister seemed to think that a straight line to any place or any object must be the best way, and over the mountain we went. Some other Wesleyan minister before his days, he said, had done it constantly and had never thought anything about it. The horses did go up and did go down; which was only additional evidence to me that things of this kind are done in the Colonies which would not be attempted in England.

On my going down the hill towards Lovedale, when we had got well out of the Healdtown district, an argument arose between me and my companion as to the general effect of education on Kafir life. He was of opinion that the Kafirs in that locality were really educated, whereas I was quite willing to elicit from him the sparks of his enthusiasm by suggesting that all their learning faded as soon as they left school. "Drive up to that hut," I said, picking out the best looking in the village, "and let us see whether there be pens, ink and paper in it." It was hardly a fair test, because such accommodation would not be found in the cottage of many educated Englishmen. But again, on the other side, in my desire to be fair I had selected something better than a normal hut. We

got out of our vehicle, undid the latch of the door,—which was something half way between a Christian doorway and the ordinary low hole through which the ordinary Kafir creeps in and out,—and found the habitation without its owners. But an old woman in the kraal had seen us, and had hurried across to exercise hospitality on behalf of her absent neighbours. Our desire was explained to her and she at once found pens and ink. With the pens and ink there was probably paper, on which she was unable to lay her hand. I took up, however, an old ragged quarto edition of St. Paul's epistles,—with very long notes. The test as far as it was carried certainly supported my friend's view.

Lovedale is a place which has had and is having very great success. It has been established under Presbyterian auspices but is in truth altogether undenominational in the tuition which it gives. I do not say that religion is neglected, but religious teaching does not strike the visitors as the one great object of the Institution. The schools are conducted very much like English schools,—with this exception, that no classes are held after the one o'clock dinner. The Kafir mind has by that time received as much as it can digest. There are various masters for the different classes, some classical, some mathematical, and some devoted to English literature. When I was there there were eight teachers, independent of Mr. Buchanan who was the acting Head or President of the whole Institution. Dr. Stewart, who is the permanent Head, was absent in central Africa. At Lovedale, both with the boys and girls black and white are mixed when in school without any

respect of colour. At one o'clock I dined in hall with the establishment, and then the coloured boys sat below the Europeans. This is justified on the plea that the Europeans pay more than the Kafirs and are entitled to a more generous fare,—which is true. The European boys would not come were they called upon to eat the coarser food which suffices for the Kafirs. But in truth neither would the Europeans frequent the schools if they were required to eat at the same table with the natives. That feeling as to eating and drinking is the same in British Kafraria as it was with Shylock in Venice. The European domestic servant will always refuse to eat with the Kafir servant. Sitting at the high table,—that is the table with the bigger of the European boys, I had a very good dinner.

At Lovedale there are altogether nearly 400 scholars, of whom about 70 are European. Of this number about 300 live on the premises and are what we call boarders. The others are European day scholars from the adjacent town of Alice who have gradually joined the establishment because the education is much better than anything else that can be had in the neighbourhood. There are among the boarders thirty European boys. The European girls were all day scholars from the neighbourhood. The coloured boarders pay £6 per annum, for which everything is supplied to them in the way of food and education. The lads are expected to supply themselves with mattresses, pillows, sheets, and towels. I was taken through the dormitories, and the beds are neat enough with their rug coverings. I did not like to search further by dis-

placing them. The white boarders pay £40 per annum. The Kafir day scholars pay but 30*s.*, and the European day scholars 60*s.* per annum. In this way £2,650 is collected. Added to this is an allowance of £2,000 per annum from the Government. These two sources comprise the certain income of the school, but the Institution owns and farms a large tract of land. It has 3,000 acres, of which 400 are cultivated, and the remainder stocked with sheep. Lovedale at present owns a flock numbering 2,000. The native lads are called upon to work two hours each afternoon. They cut dams and make roads, and take care of the garden. Added to the school are workshops in which young Kafirs are apprenticed. The carpenters' department is by far the most popular, and certainly the most useful. Here they make much of the furniture used upon the place, and repair the breakages. The waggon makers come next to the carpenters in number; and then, at a long interval, the blacksmiths. Two other trades are also represented,—printing namely, and bookbinding. There were in all 27 carpenters with four furniture makers, 16 waggon makers, 8 blacksmiths, 5 printers, and 2 bookbinders;—all of whom seemed to be making efficient way in their trades.

This direction of practical work seems to be the best which such an Institution can take. I asked what became of these apprentices and was told that many among them established themselves in their own country as master tradesmen in a small way, and could make a good living among their Kafir neighbours. But I was told also that they could not often find

employment in the workshops of the country unless the employers used nothing but Kafir labour. The white man will not work along with the Kafir on equal terms. When he is placed with Kafirs he expects to be "boss," or master, and gradually learns to think that it is his duty to look on and superintend, while it is the Kafir's duty to work under his dictation. The white bricklayer may continue to lay his bricks while they are carried for him by a black hodsman, but he will not lay a brick at one end of the wall while a Kafir is laying an equal brick at the other.

But in this matter of trades the skill when once acquired will of course make itself available to the general comfort and improvement of the Kafir world around. I was at first inclined to doubt the wisdom of the printing and bookbinding, as being premature; but the numbers engaged in these exceptional trades are not greater perhaps than Lovedale itself can use. I do not imagine that a Kafir printing press will for many years be set up by Kafir capital and conducted by Kafir enterprise. It will come probably, but the Kafir tables and chairs and the Kafir waggons should come first. At present there is a "Lovedale News," published about twice a month. "It is issued," says the Lovedale printed Report, "for circulation at Lovedale and chiefly about Lovedale matters. The design of this publication was to create a taste for reading among the native pupils." It has been carried on through twelve numbers, says the report, "with a fair prospect of success and rather more than a fair share of difficulties." The difficulties I can well imagine, which generally amount to this in the establishment

of a newspaper,—that the ambitious attempt so often costs more than it produces. Mr. Theal is one of the masters of Lovedale, and his History of South Africa was here printed;—but not perhaps with so good a pecuniary result as if it had been printed elsewhere. I was told by the European foreman in the printing establishment that the Kafirs learned the art of composition very readily, but that they could not be got to pull off the sheets fairly and straightly. As to the bookbinding, I am in possession of one specimen which is fair enough. The work is in two volumes and it was given to me at Capetown;—but unfortunately the two volumes are of different colours.

In the younger classes among the scholars the Kafirs were very efficient. None of them, I think, had reached the dignity of Greek or Natural Philosophy, but some few had ascended to algebra and geometry. When I asked what became of all this in after life there was a doubt. Even at Lovedale it was acknowledged that after a time it "fell off,"—or in other words that much that was taught was afterwards lost. Out in the world, as I have said before, among the Europeans who regard the Kafir simply as a Savage to whom pigeon-English has to be talked, it is asserted broadly that all this education leads to no good results,—that the Kafir who has sung hymns and learned to do sums is a savage to whose natural and native savagery additional iniquities have been added by the ingenuity of the white philanthropist. To this opinion I will not accede. That such a place as Lovedale should do evil rather than good is to my thinking impossible.

To see a lot of Kafir lads and lasses at school is of course more interesting than to inspect a seminary of white pupils. It is something as though one should visit a lion tamer with a group of young lions around him. The Kafir has been regarded at home as a bitter and almost terrible enemy who, since we first became acquainted with him in South Africa, has worked us infinite woe. I remember when a Kafir was regarded as a dusky demon and there was a doubt whether he could ever be got under and made subject to British rule;—whether in fact he would not in the long run be too much for the Britons. The Kafir warrior with his assegai and his red clay, and his courageous hatred, was a terrible fellow to see. And he is still much more of a Savage than the ordinary negro to whom we have become accustomed in other parts of the world. It was very interesting to see him with a slate and pencil, wearing his coarse clothing with a jaunty happy air, and doing a sum in subtraction. I do not know whether an appearance of good humour and self-satisfaction combined does not strike the European more than any other Kafir characteristic. He never seems to assert that he is as good as a white man,—as the usual negro will do whenever the opportunity is given to him,—but that though he be inferior there is no reason why he should not be as jolly as circumstances will admit. The Kafir girl is the same when seen in the schools. Her aspect no doubt will be much altered for the worse when she follows the steps of her Kafir husband as his wife and slave. But at Lovedale she is comparatively smart, and gay-looking. Many of these pupils while still at school

reach the age at which young people fall in love with each other. I was told that the young men and young women were kept strictly apart; but nevertheless, marriages between them on their leaving school are not uncommon,—nor unpopular with the authorities. It is probable that a young man who has been some years at Lovedale will treat his wife with something of Christian forbearance.

CHAPTER VI.

CONDITION OF THE CAPE COLONY.

As I have now finished the account of my travels in the two Provinces or divisions of the Cape, and am about to go on to Natal, I will say a few words first as to the produce of the Colony I am leaving.

In the Cape Colony, as in Australia, wool has been for many years the staple of the country;—and, as in Australia the importance or seeming importance of the staple produce has been cast into the shade by the great wealth of the gold which has been found there, so in South Africa has the same been done by the finding of diamonds. Up to the present time, however, the diamond district has not in truth belonged to the Cape Colony. But the actual political possession of the land in which the diamonds or gold have been found has had little to do with the wealth which has flowed into the different Colonies from the finding of the treasures. That in each case has come from the greatly increased consumption created by the finders. Men finding gold and diamonds eat and drink a great deal. The persons who sell such articles are enriched,—and the articles are subject to taxation, and so a public revenue is raised. It is hence that the wealth comes rather than from the gold and diamonds themselves. Had it been possible that the possession of the land round the Kimberley mines

should have been left in the hands of the native tribes, there would have been but little difference in the money result. The flour, the meat, the brandy, and the imported coats and boots would still have been carried up to Kimberley from the Cape Colony.

But of the Colony itself wool has been the staple,—and among its produce the next most interesting are its wheat, its vines, and its ostriches. In regard to wool I find that the number of wooled sheep in the Cape Colony has considerably increased during the last ten years. I say wooled sheep, because there is a kind of sheep in the Colony, native to the land, which bear no wool and are known by their fat tails and lob ears. As they produce only mutton I take no reckoning of them here. In 1875 there were 9,986,240 wooled sheep in the Colony producing 28,316,181 pounds of wool, whereas in 1865 there were only 8,370,179 sheep giving 18,905,936 pounds of wool. This increase in ten years would seem to imply a fair progress,—especially as it applies not only to the number of sheep in the Colony, but also to the amount of wool given by each sheep; but I regret to say that during the latter part of that period of ten years there has been a very manifest falling off. I cannot give the figures as to the Cape Colony itself, as I have done with the numbers for 1865 and 1857;—but from the ports of the Cape Colony there were exported—

In 1871,	46,279,639	pounds of wool, value	£2,191,233
In 1872,	48,822,562	,, ,,	£3,275,150
In 1873,	40,393,746	,, ,,	£2,710,481
In 1874,	42,620,481	,, ,,	£2,948,571
In 1875,	40,339,674	,, ,,	£2,855,899
In 1876,	34,861,339	,, ,,	£2,278,942

These figures not only fail to shew that ratio of increase without which a colonial trade cannot be said to be in a healthy condition; but they exhibit also a very great decrease,—the falling off in the value of wool from 1872 to 1876 being no less than £1,048,208, or nearly a third of the whole. They whom I have asked as to the reason of this, have generally said that it is due to the very remunerative nature of the trade in ostrich feathers, and have intimated that farmers have gone out of wool in order that they might go into feathers. To find how far this may be a valid excuse we must enquire what has been the result of ostrich farming during the period. What was the export of ostrich feathers for each of the ten consecutive years, I have no means of saying. In 1865 there were but 80 tame ostriches kept by farmers in the Colony, though no doubt a large amount of feathers from wild ostriches was exported. In 1875, 21,751 ostriches were kept, and the total value of feathers exported was £306,867, the whole amount coming from ostriches thus being less by £700,000 than the falling off in the wool. Had the Colony been really progressing, a new trade might well have been developed to the amount above stated without any falling off in the staple produce of the country. The most interesting circumstance in reference to the wool and sheep of the country is the fact that the Kafirs own 1,109,346 sheep, and that they produced in 1875 2,249,000 pounds of wool.

It is certainly the case that the wools of the Cape Colony are very inferior to those of Australia. I find from the Prices Current as published by a large wool-

broker in London for the year 1877, that the average prices through the year realized by what is called medium washed wool were for Australian wools,—taking all the Australian Colonies together,—something over 1*s.* 6*d.* a pound, whereas the average price for the same class of wool from the Cape Colony was only something over 1*s.* 1*d.* a pound. There has been a difference of quite 5*d.* a pound; or about 40 per cent. in favour of the Australian article. "There is no doubt," says my friend who furnished me with this information, "that valuable and useful as are Cape wools they are altogether distanced by the fine Australian. Breeding has to do with this. So has climate and country." For what is called Superior washed wool, the Victorian prices are fully a shilling a pound higher than those obtained by the growers of the Cape, the average prices for the best of the class being 2*s.* 6*d.* for Victorian, and 1*s.* 6*d.* a pound for Cape Colony wool.

Perhaps the fairest standard by which to test the prosperity of a new country is its capability of producing corn,—especially wheat. It is by its richness in this respect that the United States have risen so high in the world. Australia has not prospered so quickly, and will never probably prosper so greatly, because on a large portion of her soil wheat has not been grown profitably. The first great question is whether a young country can feed herself with bread. The Cape Colony has obtained a great reputation for its wheat, and does I believe produce flour which is not to be beaten anywhere on the earth. But she is not able to feed herself. In 1875, she imported wheat and flour to the

value, including the duty charged on it, of £126,654. In reaching this amount I have deducted £2,800 the value of a small amount which was exported. This is more than 10*s.* per annum for each white inhabitant of the country, the total white population being 236,783. The deficiency is not very large; but in a Colony the climate of which is in so many respects adapted to wheat there should be no deficiency. The truth is that it is altogether a question of artificial irrigation. If the waters from the mountains can be stored and utilized, the Cape will run over with wheat.

I find that in the whole Colony there were in 1875 about 80,000,000 acres of land in private hands;—that being the amount of land which has been partly or wholly alienated by Government. I give the number of acres in approximate figures because in the official return it is stated in morgen. The morgen is a Dutch measure of land and comprises a very little more, but still little more than two acres. Out of this large area only 550,000 acres or less than 1-14th are cultivated. It is interesting to know that more than a quarter of this, or 150,000 acres are in the hands of the native races and are cultivated by them;—cultivated by them as owners and not as servants. In 1875 there were 28,416 ploughs in the Cape Colony, and of these 9,179, nearly a third, belonged to the Kafirs or Hottentots.

In 1855 there were 55,300,025 vines in the Colony, and in 1875 this number had increased to 69,910,215. The increase in the production of wine was about in the same proportion. The increase in the distilling of brandy was more than proportionate. The wine had risen from 3,237,428 gallons to 4,485,665, and the

brandy from 430,955 to 1,067,832 gallons. I was surprised to find how very small was the exportation of brandy, the total amount sent away, and noted by the Custom House as exported, being 2,910 gallons. No doubt a comparatively large quantity is sent to the other districts of South Africa by inland carriage, so that the Custom House knows nothing about it. But the bulk of this enormous increase in brandy has been consumed in the Colony, and must therefore have had its evil as well as its good results. Of the brandy exported by sea by far the greatest part is consumed in South Africa, the Portuguese at Delagoa Bay taking nearly half. Great Britain, a country which is fond of brandy, imports only 695 gallons from her own brandy-making Colony. As the Cape brandy is undoubtedly made from grapes, and as the preference for grape-made brandy is equally certain, the fact I fear tells badly for the Cape manufacture. It cannot be but that they might make their brandy better. Of wine made in the Colony 60,973 gallons were exported in 1875, or less than 1-7th of the amount produced. This is a very poor result, seeing that the Cape Colony is particularly productive in grapes and seems to indicate that the makers of wine have as yet been hardly more successful in their manufacture, than the makers of brandy. Much no doubt is due to the fact that the merchants have not as yet found it worth their while to store their wines for any lengthened period.

At the time of my visit ostrich feathers were the popular produce of the Colony. Farmers seemed to be tired of sheep,—tired at least of the constant care which sheep require, to be diffident of wheat, and

down-hearted as to the present prices of wine. It seemed to me that in regard to all these articles there was room for increased energy. As to irrigation, which every one in the Colony feels to be essential to agricultural success in the greater part not only of the Colony but of South Africa generally, the first steps must I think be taken by the governments of the different districts.

The total population of the Colony is 720,984. Of these less than a third, 209,136, are represented as living on agriculture, which in such a Colony should support more than half the people. The numbers given include of course men, women, and children. Of this latter number, less than a third again, or 60,458, are represented as being of white blood,—or Dutch and English combined. I believe about two-thirds of these to be Dutch,—though as to that I can only give an opinion. From this it would result that the residue, perhaps about 20,000 who are of English descent, consists of the farmers themselves and their families. Taking four to a family, this would give only 5,000 English occupiers of land. There is evidently no place for an English agricultural labourer in a Colony which shows such a result after seventy years of English occupation.

It is stated in the Blue Book of the Colony for 1876,—which no doubt may be trusted implicitly,—that the average daily hire for an agricultural labourer in the Colony is 3*s*. for a white man, and 2*s*. for a coloured man, with diet besides. But I observe also that in some of the best corn districts,—especially in Malmsbury,—no entry is made as to the wages of European

agricultural labourers. Where such wages are paid, it will be found that they are paid to Dutchmen.

Taking the whole of the Colony I find that the wages of carpenters, masons, tailors, shoemakers, and smiths average 9*s.* a day for white men and 6*s.* for coloured men. This is for town and country throughout. In some places wages as high as 15*s.* a day has been paid for white workmen, and as high as 8*s.*—9*s.*—and even 10*s.* for coloured. The European artizan is no doubt at present more efficient than the native, and when working with the native, works as his superintendent or Boss. For tradesmen such as these,—men who know their trades and can eschew drink,—there is a fair opening in South Africa, as there is in almost all the British Colonies.

The price of living for a working man is, as well as I can make a calculation on the subject, nearly the same as in England, but with a slight turn in favour of the Colony on account of the lower price of meat. Meat is about 6*d.* a pound; bacon, 1*s.* 5*d.* Bread is 4*d.* a pound; tea, 3*s.* 10*d.*, coffee, 1*s.* 4*d.* Butter, fresh, 1*s.* 10*d.*; salt, 1*s.* 6*d.* Ordinary wine per gallon,—than which a workman can drink no more wholesome liquor,—is 6*s.* In the parts of the Colony adjacent to Capetown it may be bought for 2*s.* and 3*s.* a gallon. The colonial beer is 5*s.* a gallon. Whether it be good or bad I omitted to enable myself to form an opinion. Clothing, which is imported from England, is I think cheaper than in England. This I have found to be the case in the larger Colonies generally, and I must leave those who are learned in the ways of Commerce to account for the phenomenon. I will give the

list, as I found it in the Blue Book of the Cape Colony, for labourers' clothing. Shirts, 30*s.* 5*d.* per dozen. Shoes, 10*s.* per pair. Jackets, 15*s.* each; waistcoats, 7*s.* each; trousers, 11*s.* 6*d.* per pair. Hats, 5*s.* 6*d.* each. In these articles so much depends on quality that it is hard to make a comparison. In South Africa I was forced to buy two hats, and I got them very much cheaper than my London hatmaker would have sold me the same articles. House-rent, taking the Colony through, is a little dearer than in England. Domestic service is dearer;—but the class of whom I am speaking would probably not be affected by this. The rate of wages for house servants as given in the Blue Book is as follows:—

Male domestic servants:—
European—£2 10*s.* a month, with board and lodging.
Coloured—£1 8*s.* ,, ,,
Female domestic servants:—
European—£1 7*s.* ,, ,,
Coloured—10*s.* ,, ,,

I profess the greatest possible respect for the Cape Colony Blue Book, and for its compilers. Such at least is my faith as to 968 out of the 969 folio pages which the last published volume contains. But I would put it to the compilers of that valuable volume, whether they can get a European man-servant for £30 a year, or a European damsel for £16 4*s.*! Double the money would not do it. The truth is that European domestic servants can hardly be had for any money.

CHAPTER VII.

KRELI AND HIS KAFIRS.

At the time in which I am writing this chapter Kreli and his sons suppose themselves to be at war with the Queen of England. The Governor of the Cape Colony, who has been so far troubled in his serenity as to have felt it expedient to live away from his house for the last three or four months near to the scene of action, supposes probably that he has been called upon to put down a most unpleasant Kafir disturbance. He will hardly dignify the affair with the name of a war. When in Ireland the Fenians were put down by the police without direct military interference we felt that there had been a disagreeable row,—but certainly not a civil war, because the soldiers had not been employed. And yet we should hardly have been comfortable while the row was going on had we not known that there were soldiers at hand in Ireland. For some months it was much the same with Kreli and his rebellious Kafirs. In South Africa there was comfort in feeling that there were one or two regiments near the Kei River,—at head quarters, with a General and Commissaries and Colonels at King Williamstown, where the Governor is also stationed, and that there were soldiers also at East London, on

the coast, ready for an emergency should the emergency come. But the fighting up to that time had been done by policemen and volunteers,—and it was hoped that it might be so to the end. Towards the close of November 1877 the end was thought to have almost come; though there were even then those who believed that when we had subdued the Galekas who are Kreli's peculiar people, the Gaikas would rise against us. They are Sandilli's people and live on this, or the western, side of the Kei territory, round about King Williamstown in what we call British Kafraria. Many hundreds of them are working for wages within the boundaries of what was formerly their own territory. I cannot but think that had the Gaikas intended to take part with their Transkeian brethren they would not have waited till Kreli and his Galekas had been so nearly beaten. But now we know that an ending to this trouble so happy as that which was at first anticipated has not been quite accomplished. British troops have entered the territory on the other side of the Kei, and are at present probably engaged in putting down some remnant of the Galekas.

There is nothing more puzzling in South Africa than the genealogy and nomenclature of the Kafir tribes, and nothing, perhaps, less interesting to English readers. In the first place the authorities differ much as to what is a Kafir. In a book now before me on Kafir Laws and Customs, written by various hands and published in 1858 by Colonel Maclean who was Governor of British Kafraria, we are told that "The general designation of Kafraria has been given to the whole

territory extending from the Great Fish River to Delagoa Bay." This would include Natal and all Zululand. But if there be one native doctrine more stoutly enunciated in and about Natal than another, it is that the Zulus and Kafirs are a different people. The same passage, however, goes on to say that, properly speaking, that territory only should be included which is occupied by the Amaxosa and Abatembu tribes, the Amampondo and the Amazulu being—different. An English reader must be requested to reject as surplusage for his purpose the two first syllables in all these native names when they take the shape of Ama or Aba or Amam. They are decorous, classical, and correct as from Kafir scholars, but are simply troublesome among simple people who only want to know a little. The Amam Pondos, so called from one Pondo a former chief, are familiarly called Pondos. The Aba Tembus,—from Tembu a chief thirteen or fourteen chiefs back from the present head of the tribe,—are Tembus. They have been also nick-named Tambookies, an appellation which they themselves do not acknowledge, but which has become common in all Kafir dissertations. The Amaxosas, who among the Kafirs are certainly the great people of all, in the same way are Xosas, from Xosa a chief eleven chiefs back from Kreli. But these Xosas, having been divided, have taken other names,—among which the two principal are the Galekas of which Kreli is king, from Galeka Kreli's great-grandfather; and the Gaikas, of which Sandilli is chief,—from Gaika, Sandilli's father. But the student may encounter further difficulty here as he will find this

latter name learnedly written as Ngqika, and not uncommonly spelt as Ghika. The spelling I have adopted is perhaps a little more classical than the latter and certainly less pernicious than the former.

But though, as above stated, one of the authors of the book from which I have quoted has eliminated the Pondos as well as the Zulus from the Kafirs, thus leaving the descendants of Xosa and of Tembu to claim the name between them, I find in the same book a genealogical table, compiled by another author who includes the Pondos among the Kafirs, and derives the Galekas, Ghikas, Pondos, and Tembus from one common ancestor whom he calls Zwidi, who was fifteen chiefs back from Kreli, and whom we may be justified in regarding as the very Adam of the Kafir race since we have no information of any Kafir before him.

The Galekas, the Pondos, and Tembus will be found in the map in their proper places on the eastern side of the Kei River; and, as being on the eastern side of the Kei River, they were not British subjects when this chapter was written. When the reader shall have this book in his hand they may probably have been annexed. The Gaikas, I am afraid he will not find on the map. As they have been British subjects for the last twenty-five years the spaces in the map of the country in which they live have been wanted for such European names as Frankfort and King Williamstown. Those however whom I have named are the real Kafirs,—living near the Kei whether on one side of the river or the other. The sharp-eyed investigating reader will also find a people called Bomvana, on

the sea coast, north of the Galekas. They are a sub-tribe, under Kreli, who have a sub-chief, one Moni, and Moni and the Bomvanas seem to have been troubled in their mind, not wishing to wage war against the Queen of England, and yet fearing to disobey the behests of their Great Chief Kreli.

It will thus be seen that the Kafirs do not occupy very much land in South Africa, though their name has become better known than that of any South African tribe,—and though every black Native is in familiar language called a Kafir. The reason has been that the two tribes, the Gaikas and the Galekas, have given us infinitely more trouble than any other. Sandilli with his Gaikas have long been subjected, though they have never been regarded as quiet subjects, such as are the Basutos and the Fingos. There has ever been a dread, as there was notably in 1876, that they would rise and rebel. The alarmists since this present affair of Kreli commenced have never ceased to declare that the Gaikas would surely be up in arms against us. But, as a tribe, they have not done so yet,—partly perhaps because their Chief Sandilli is usually drunk. The Galekas, however, have never been made subject to us.

But the Galekas and Kreli were conquered in the last Kafir war, and the tribe had been more than decimated by the madness of the people who in 1857 had destroyed their own cattle and their own corn in obedience to a wonderful prophecy. Kreli had then been driven with his people across the river Bashee to the North,—where those Bomvanas now are; and his own territory had remained for a period vacant.

Then arose a question as to what should be done with the land, and Sir Philip Wodehouse, who was then Governor of the Cape Colony, proposed that it should be given out in farms to Europeans. But at that moment economy and protection for the Natives were the two virtues shining most brightly at the Colonial Office, and, as such occupation was thought to require the presence of troops for its security, the Secretary of the day ordered that Kreli should be allowed to return. Kreli was badly off for land and for means of living across the Bashee, and was very urgent in requesting permission to come back. If he might come back and reign in a portion of his old land he would be a good neighbour. He was allowed to come back;—and as a Savage has not kept his word badly till this unfortunate affair occurred.

Among the printed papers which I have at hand as to this rebellion one of the last is the following government notice;—

"KING WILLIAMSTOWN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.
"13*th November*, 1877.

"Applications will be received by the Honourable the Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works for grants of Land in the Westernmost portion of Galekaland, formerly known as Kreli's country, between the Cogha and Kei Rivers, from those willing to settle in that country. The condition of the grants,—which will be limited in size to 300 acres,—include immediate settlement and bonâ fide occupation, and may be ascertained——&c. &c."

Thus, in 1877, we are again attempting to do that which was recommended twenty years before. On this occasion I presume that no sanction from the Colonial Office at home was needed, as at the date of the notice such sanction could hardly have been received. This is a matter which I do not profess to understand, but the present Governor of the Cape Colony,—who in this war acts as High Commissioner and in that capacity is not responsible to his Ministers,—is certainly not the man to take such a step without proper authority. I hope we are not counting our chickens before they are hatched. I feel little doubt myself but that the hatching will at last be complete.

Though the disturbance has hardly been a war,—if a war, it would have to be reckoned as the sixth Kafir war,—it may be well to say a few words as to its commencement. To do so it will be necessary to bring another tribe under the reader's notice. These are the Fingos, who among South African natives are the special friends of the Britisher,—having precedence in this respect even of the Basutos. They appear to have been originally,—as originally, at least, as we can trace them back,—inhabitants of some portion of the country now called Natal, and to have been driven by Chaka, the great King of the Zulus, down among the Galekas. Here they were absolutely enslaved, and in the time of Hintsa, the father of Kreli, were called the Kafirs' dogs. Their original name I do not know, but Fingo means a dog. After one of the Kafir wars, in 1834, they were taken out from among the Galekas by British authority, relieved from the condition of slavery, and settled on locations which were given to

them. They were first placed near the coast between the Great Fish River and the Keiskamma; but many were subsequently moved up to a district which they still occupy, across the Kei, and close to their old masters the Galekas,—but on land which was under British government and which became part of British Kafraria. Here they have been as good as their old masters,—and as being special occupants of British favour perhaps something better. They have been a money-making people, possessing oxen and waggons, and going much ahead of other Kafirs in the way of trade. And as they grew in prosperity, so probably they grew in pride. They were still Fingos;—but a Fingo was not any longer a Galeka's dog,—which was a state of things not agreeable to the Galekas. This too must have been the more intolerable as the area given up to the Fingos in this locality comprised about 2,000 square miles, while that left to the Galekas was no more than 1,600. The Galekas living on this curtailed territory were about 66,600 souls, whereas only 50,000 Fingos drew their easier bread from the larger region.

In August last the row began by a quarrel between the Galekas and the Fingos. There was a beer-drinking together, on the occasion of a Fingo wedding to which certain Galekas had been invited. The guests misbehaved themselves, and the Fingos drove them away. Upon that a body of armed Galekas returned, and a tribal war was started. But the Fingos as being British subjects were not empowered to conduct a war on their own account. It was necessary that we should fight for them or that there should

be no fighting. The Galekas were armed,—as they might choose to arm themselves, or might be able; while the Fingos could only possess such arms as we permitted them to use. It thus became necessary that we should defend them.

When it came to this pass, Kreli, the old Chief, is supposed to have been urgent against any further fighting. Throughout his long life whatever of misfortune he had suffered, had come from fighting with the English, whatever of peace he had enjoyed had come from the good will of the English. Nor do I think that the Galekas as a body were anxious for a war with the English though they may have been ready enough to bully the Fingos. They too had much to lose and nothing to gain. Ambition probably sat lightly with them, and even hatred for the Fingos by that time must nearly have worn itself out among the people. But the Chief had sons, and there were other Princes of the blood royal. With such as they, ambition and revenge linger longer than with the mass. Quicquid delirunt reges plectuntur Achivi. The Kafirs had to fight because royal blood boiled high. The old King in his declining years was too weak to restrain his own sons,—as have been other old Kings. Arms having been taken up against the Fingos were maintained against the protectors of the Fingos. It might be that after all the long prophesied day had now come for driving the white men out of South Africa. Instead of that the day has probably at last come for subjugating the hitherto unsubjugated Kafirs.

I have before me all the details of the "war" as it has been carried on, showing how in the first battle

our one gun came to grief after having been fired seven times, and how the Fingos ran away because the gun had come to grief;—how in consequence of this five of our mounted policemen and one officer were killed by the Galekas; how in the next engagement the Fingos behaved much better,—so much better as to have been thanked for their gallantry; and how from that time to this we have driven poor old Kreli about, taking from him his cattle and his country,—determined if possible to catch him but not having caught him as yet. Colonial history will no doubt some day tell all this at length; but in a work so light as mine my readers perhaps would not thank me for more detailed circumstances.

On the 5th of October, when the affair was becoming serious, the Governor of the Cape, who is also High Commissioner for the management of the natives, issued a proclamation in which he sets forth Kreli's weakness or fault. "Kreli," he says, "either had not the will or the power to make his people keep the peace," and again—"The Chief Kreli having distinctly expressed his inability to punish his people, or to prevent such outrages for the future, Commandant Griffith has been directed to advance into Kreli's country, to put down by force, if necessary, all attempts to resist the authority of the British Government or to molest its subjects, and to extract full reparation for the injuries inflicted on British subjects by Kreli's people."

Read by the assistance of South African commentaries this means that Kreli's country is to be annexed, and for such reading the later proclamation as to

300-acre farms adds an assured light. That it will be much better so, no one doubts. Let the reader look at the map and he cannot doubt. Can it be well that a corner, one little corner should be kept for independent Kafirs,—not that Kafirs unable to live with the British might run into it as do the American Indians into the Indian Territory or the Maories of New Zealand into the King-County there;—but that a single tribe may entertain dreams of independence and dreams of hostility? Whether we have done well or ill by occupying South Africa, I will not now stop to ask. But if ill, we can hardly salve our consciences by that little corner. And yet that little corner has always been the supposed focus of rebellion from which the scared colonist has feared that war would come upon him. Of what real service can it be to leave to the unchecked dominion of Kafir habits a tract of 1,600 square miles when we have absorbed from the Natives a territory larger than all British India. We have taken to ourselves in South Africa within this century an extent of land which in area is the largest of all Her Majesty's dominions, and have been wont to tell ourselves that as regards the Natives it is all right because we have left them their own lands in Kafraria Proper. Let the Briton who consoles himself with this thought,—and who would still so console himself,—look at the strip on the map along the coast, an inch long perhaps and an inch deep; and then let him measure across the continent from the mouth of the Orange River to the mouth of the Tugela. It makes a Briton feel like the American who would not swear to the two hundredth duck.

We have not caught Kreli yet. When we have, if we should catch him, I do not in the least know what we shall do with him. There is a report which I do not believe that the Governor has threatened him with Robben Island. Robben Island is a forlorn isle lying off Capetown which has been utilized for malefactors and lunatics. Langalibalele has a comfortable farm house on the Cape Flats where he has a bottle of wine and a bottle of beer allowed him a day,—and where he lives like a second Napoleon at a second St. Helena. I trust that nothing of the kind will be done with Kreli. There is an absurdity about it which is irritating. It is as though we were playing at Indian princes among the African black races. The man himself has not risen in life beyond the taste for squatting in his hut with a dozen black wives around him and a red blanket over his shoulders. Then we put him into a house where he squats on a chair instead, and give him wine and beer and good clothes. When we take the children of such a one and do something in the way of educating them, then the expenditure of money is justified. Many Kafirs,—many thousand Kafirs have risen above squatting in huts and red blankets; but they are the men who have learned to work, as at the Kimberley mine, and not the Chiefs. The only excuse for such treatment as that which Langalibalele receives, which Kreli if caught would probably receive, is that no one knows what else to propose. I am almost inclined to think it better that Kreli should not be caught. Prisoners of that nature are troublesome. What a blessing it was to France when Marshal Bazaine escaped.

I was told before leaving the Cape that the trouble would probably not cost above £50,000. So cheap a disturbance certainly should not be called a war. The cattle taken would probably be worth the money;—and then the 300-acre farms, if they are ever allotted, will it is presumed be of some value. But now I fear that £50,000 will not pay half the bill. There is no luxury on earth more expensive than the British soldier.

It is well that we should annex Kreli's country;—but there is something for the lovers of the picturesque to regret in that the Kafir should no longer have a spot on which he can live quite in accordance with his own habits, in which there shall be no one to bid him cover his nakedness. Though by degrees the really independent part of Kafraria Proper has dwindled down to so small dimensions, there has always been the feeling that the unharassed unharnessed Kafir had still his own native wilds in which to disport himself as he pleased, in which the Chief might rule over his subjects, and in which the subjects might venerate their Chiefs without the necessity of obeying any white man. On behalf of such lovers of the picturesque it should be explained that in making the Kafirs subject to Great Britain, Great Britain interferes but very little with their habits of life. There is hardly any interference unless as an introduction of wages among them may affect them. The Gaika who has been subjugated has been allowed to marry as many wives as he could get as freely as the hitherto unsubjugated Galeka. Unless he come into the European towns breeches have not been imposed upon him, and indeed not then with any rigorous hand. The subject Kafirs

are indeed made to pay hut tax,—10*s.* a hut in the Cape Colony and 14*s.* in Natal; but this is collected with such ease as to justify me in saying that they are a people not impatient of taxation. The popular idea seems to be that the 10*s.* demanded has to be got as soon as possible from some European source,—by a week's work, by the sale of a few fowls, or perhaps in some less authorized manner. A sheep or two taken out of the nearest white man's flock will thoroughly indemnify the native for his tax.

But their habits of life remain the same, unless they be openly renounced and changed by the adoption of Christianity; or until work performed in the service of the white man gradually induces the workman to imitate his employer. I think that the latter cause is by far the more operative of the two. But even that must be slow, as a population to be counted by millions can not be taught to work all at once.

A short catalogue of some of the most noticeable of the Kafir habits may be interesting. I have taken my account of them from the papers published under Colonel Maclean's name. As polygamy is known to be the habit of Kafirs, usages as to Kafir marriages come first in interest. A Kafir always buys his wife, giving a certain number of cattle for her as may be agreed upon between him and the lady's father. These cattle go to the father, or guardian, who has the privilege of selling the young lady. A man, therefore, to have many wives must have many cattle,—or in other words much wealth, the riches of a Kafir being always vested in herds of oxen. Should a man have to repudiate his wife, and should he show that he does

so on good ground, he can recover the cattle he has paid for her. Should a man die without children by a wife, the cattle given for her may be recovered by his heirs. But should a woman leave her husband before she has had a child, he may keep the cattle. Should only one child have been born when the husband dies, and the woman be still young and marriageable, a part of the cattle can be recovered. I have known it to be stated—in the House of Commons and elsewhere—that wives are bought and sold among the Kafirs. Such an assertion gives a wrong idea of the custom. Wives are bought, but are never sold. The girl is sold, that she may become a wife; but the husband cannot sell her. The custom as it exists is sufficiently repulsive. As the women are made to work—made to do all the hard work where European habits have not been partially introduced—a wife of course is valuable as a servant. To call them slaves is to give a false representation of their position. A wife in England has to obey her husband, but she is not his slave. The Kafir wife, though she may hoe the land while her husband only fights or searches for game, does not hold a mean position in her husband's hut. But the old are more wealthy than the young, and therefore the old and rich buy up the wives, leaving no wives for the young men,—with results which may easily be understood. The practice is abominable,—but we shall not alter it by conceiving or spreading false accounts of it. In regard to work it should be understood that the men, even in their own locations, are learning to become labourers and to spare the women. The earth used to be turned only by the hoe, and the hoe was

used by the women. Ploughs are now quite common among the Kafirs, and the ploughing is done by men.

There is no system of divorce; but a man may repudiate his wife with or without reason, giving back the cattle or a part of them. A wife often leaves her husband, through ill-usage or from jealousy,—in which case the cattle remain with the husband and, if not as yet paid in full, can be recovered. According to law not only the cattle agreed upon but the progeny of the cattle can be recovered;—but it seldom happens that more than the original number are obtained. When there is a separation the children belong to the father.

When a man has many wives he elects one as his "great wife,"—who may not improbably be the youngest and last married. The selection is generally made in accordance with the rank of the woman. Her eldest son is the heir. Then he makes a second choice of a "right hand wife,"—whose eldest son is again the heir of some portion of the property which during the father's life has been set apart for the right hand house. If he be rich he may provide for other children, but the customs of his tribe do not expect him to do so. If he die without having made such selections, his brothers or other relatives do it for him.

A husband may beat his wife,—but not to death. If he do that he is punished for murder,—by a fine. If he knock out her eye, or even her tooth, he is fined by the Chief. The same law prevails between parents and children as long as the child remains domiciled in the parent's family. A father is responsible for all that his child does, and must pay the fines inflicted for

the child's misdeeds;—unless he has procured the outlawing of his child, which he can do if the child has implicated him in many crimes and caused him to pay many fines. Near relations of criminals must pay, when the criminals are unable to do so.

Kafir lands are not sold or permanently alienated. Any man may occupy unoccupied land and no one but the Chief can disturb him. Should he quit the land he has occupied, and another come upon it, he can recover the use of the land he has once cultivated.

Murder is punished by a fine,—which seems to be of the same amount whatever be the circumstances of the murder. The law makes no difference between premeditated and unpremeditated murder,—the injury done being considered rather than the criminality of the doer. A husband would be fined for murder if he killed an adulteress, let the proof have been ever so plain. Even for accidental homicide a Chief will occasionally fine the perpetrator,—though in such case the law does not hold him to be guilty. For adultery there is a fine of cattle, great or small in accordance with the rank of the injured husband. Rape is fined, the cattle going to the husband, if the woman be married. If a girl be seduced, the seducer is fined,—perhaps three head of cattle. The young man probably has not got three head of cattle. Then his older friends pay for him. Among Kafir customs there are some which might find approbation with a portion of our European communities. It cannot, at any rate, be said that the Kafirs have a bloody code.

All theft is punished by a fine of cattle, the fin

being moderated if the property stolen be recovered. But the fine is great or small according to the rank of the injured person. If a Chief have been robbed, general confiscation of everything is the usual result of detection. The fine is paid to the injured person. A Chief cannot be prosecuted for theft by one of his own tribe. The children of Chiefs are permitted to steal from people of their own tribe, and no action can be brought against them. Should one be taken in the fact of so stealing and be whipped, or beaten, all the property of the whipper or beater may be confiscated by the Chief. There was a tribe some years ago in which there was so many royal offshoots, that not a garden, not a goat was safe. A general appeal was made to the paramount Chief and he decided that the privilege should in future be confined to his own immediate family.

For wilful injury a man has to pay the full amount of damage; but for accidental injury he pays nothing. This seems to be unlike the general Kafir theory of law. There is no fine for trespass; the idea being that as all lands are necessarily and equally open, the absence of any recovery on account of damage is equal to all. When fencing has become common this idea will probably vanish. If cattle that are trespassing be driven off and injured in the driving, fines can be recovered to the amount of the damage done.

When illness comes a doctor is to be employed. Should death ensue without a doctor, a fine is imposed, —which goes to the Chief.

There are many religious rites and ceremonies and many laws as to cleanness and uncleanness; but it

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would hardly interest the reader were I to describe them at length. At the age of puberty, or what is so considered among the Kafirs, both boys and girls go through certain rites by which they are supposed to be introduced to manhood and womanhood. There is much in these ceremonies which is disgusting and immoral, and it has been the anxious endeavours of missionaries to cause their cessation. But such cessation can only come by the gradual adoption of European manners. Where the Kafirs have lived in close connexion with the Europeans many of these customs have already been either mitigated or abandoned.

When a child dies but little notice is taken of the circumstance. Among adults, the dying man or woman, when known to be dying, is taken away to die in a ditch. So at least the Rev. Mr. Dugmore says in one of the papers from which I am quoting. When death has occurred the family become unclean and unable to mix in society for a certain period. It used to be the custom to cast the dead body forth to be devoured by beasts, the privilege of burial being only accorded to the Chiefs. But now all are buried under the ground, a hole being dug not far from the hut. The funeral of a Chief is attended with many ceremonies, his arms and ornaments being buried with him. Friends are appointed to watch by the grave,—for longer or lesser periods according to the rank of the deceased. If he have been a great Chief, the period is sometimes a year, during which the watchers may do nothing but watch. These watchers, however, become sacred when the watch is done. Cattle are

folded upon the grave which may never after be slaughtered;—nor can anything be done with their increase till the last of the original cattle have died. The grave of the Chief becomes a sanctuary at which an offender may take refuge. The death of the Chief is made known to all other Chiefs around,—who shave their heads and abstain for a time from the use of milk. From all which it may be seen that a Kafir Chief is considered to be a very big person.

Justice is administered by the Chief assisted by Councillors. The Chief, however, is not absolutely bound by the advice of his Councillors. He is compelled to some adhesion to justice or to the national laws by the knowledge that his tribe will dwindle and depart from him if he gives unbearable offence. Cases of gross injustice do occur;—but on the whole the Kafir Chiefs have endeavoured to rule in accordance with Kafir customs. A certain amount of arbitrary caprice the people have been willing to endure;—but they have not been as long-suffering as the Zulus under Dingaan,—nor as the Romans under Nero. Disobedience to a Chief is punished by a fine;—but the crime has been unpopular in the tribes, and though doubtless committed daily under the rose, is one of which a Kafir does not wish to have been thought guilty. The very essence of Kafir customs and Kafir life is reverence for the Chief.

I cannot close this short catalogue of Kafir customs without alluding to witch-doctors and rain-makers. Witch-doctoring is employed on two occasions—1st, when a true but of course mistaken desire exists in a kraal or family village to find out who is tormenting

the community by making some member or members of it ill,—and, 2nd, when some Chief has a desire to get rid of a political enemy, or more probably to obtain the cattle of a wealthy subject. In either case a priest is called in who with many absurd ceremonies goes about the work of selecting or "smelling out" a victim, whom of course he has in truth selected before the ceremonies are commenced. In the former case, after much howling and beating of drums, he names the unfortunate one, who is immediately pounced upon and tormented almost to death; and at last forced, in his own defence, to own to some kind of witchcraft. His cattle are seized, which go to the Chief,—and then after a while he is purified and put upon his legs again, impoverished indeed, and perhaps crippled, but a free man in regard to the Devil which is supposed to have been driven out of him. In the second case the treatment is the same;—only that the man whose wealth is desired, or whose political conduct has been objectionable, does not often recover.

The rain-maker is used only in time of drought, when the Chief sends to him desiring that he will make rain, and presenting him with a head of cattle to assist him in the operation. The profession is a dangerous one, as the Chief is wont to sacrifice the rain-maker himself if the rain is postponed too long. It is the rain-maker's trade to produce acceptable excuses till the rain shall come in its natural course. It is not expected till the bones of the ox shall have been burned after sacrifice,—which may be about the third day. Then it may be asserted that the beast was not good enough, or unfortunately of an unacceptable

colour; and there is some delay while a second beast comes. Then it is alleged that there is manifestly a witch interfering, and the witch-doctoring process takes place. It is bad luck indeed if rain do not come by this time;—but, should it not come soon after the witch-doctor's victim has gone through his torments, then the rain-maker is supposed to be an impostor, and he is at once drowned by order of the Chief. Mr. Warner, from whose notes this account is taken, says the professional rain-maker was not often a long-lived man.

I did not myself visit the Transkeian territory, but in passing from East London to Durban the small steamer which carried me ran so near the land that I was enabled to see the coast scenery as well as though I were in a rowing boat just off the shore. We could see the Kafirs bathing and the cattle of the Kafirs roaming upon the hills. It is by far the prettiest bit of coast belonging to South Africa. The gates of St. John, as the rocks forming the mouth of the river are called, are peculiarly lovely. When I was there the rebellion had not been commenced, but even then I thought it a pity that English vessels should not be able to run in among that lovely paradise of hills and rocks and waters.

I insert here a table of the population of the Transkeian tribes, giving the estimated numbers of the people and the supposed number of fighting men which each tribe contains. They are all now regarded as Kafirs except the inhabitants of Adam Kok's Land and the district called the Gatberg, who are people that have migrated from the west.

ESTIMATED POPULATION OF THE TRANSKEIAN TERRITORIES.

	Total Population.	Fighting Men.
Fingoes	45,000	7,000
Idutywa Reserve	17,000	3,000
Emigrant Tembus	40,000	7,000
Tembus (Tembuland Proper)	60,000	10,000
Gatberg { Bastards, 1,000 Basutos, 5,000 }	6,000	1,000
Griqualand East, or Adam Kok's Land { including the Bacas }	40,000	7,000
Galekas (Kreli)	66,000	11,000
Bomvanas (Moni)	15,000	2,000
Bondomisi	12,000	2,000
Pondos	200,000	30,000
Total Transkei	501,000	80,000

The number of fighting men has been arrived at by taking one-sixth of the total population.

The number here will be seen to amount to 500,000, whereas the Galekas, of whom alone we are speaking when we talk of the hostile Kafirs across the Kei, are not in this return given as being more than 66,000. It must always be remembered that there has been no census taken of these tribes, and that many of these numbers are estimated by little more than guess work. The Fingoes and the mixed inhabitants of the district called the Idutywa Reserve, are already British subjects. The Tembus are not so nominally; but are for the most part obedient to British magistrates who live among them. The inhabitants of the Gatberg are natives who live there because the place is vacant for them,—also with a British magistrate. They certainly cannot be regarded as an independent tribe. The Griquas of Adam Kok's Land are bastard Hottentots, who have been moved west from one locality to another,

and now inhabit a country which used to be called No Man's Land, and which was probably cleared of its old inhabitants by Chaka, the great Zulu king. They are British subjects. Of the Galekas and Bomvanas I have said enough. The Pondomisi are a small tribe of independent Kafirs, among whom a British magistrate lives. Then we come to the Pondos, the most numerous tribes of all,—so much so, that the reader will be inclined to say that, while the Pondos remain independent, Kafraria cannot become English. But the Pondos are a very much less notorious people than the Galekas,—and constitute a tribe who will probably be willing to annex themselves when the Bomvanas and Galekas are annexed. Their present condition is rather remarkable. The person most dominant among them is one Mrs. Jenkins, the widow of a missionary, who is said to rule them easily, pleasantly, and prudently. Mrs. Jenkins, however, cannot live for ever. But it is thought that the Pondos will of their own accord become British subjects even during the reign of Mrs. Jenkins. The mouth of the St. John's River is in the country of the Pondos, and it would be greatly to the benefit of South Eastern Africa generally, that a harbour for the purposes of commerce should be opened on that portion of the coast.

NATAL.

CHAPTER VIII.

NATAL—HISTORY OF THE COLONY.

NATAL received its name four centuries ago. In 1497 it was visited,—or at any rate seen,—by Vasco da Gama on Christmas day and was then called Terra Natalis from that cause. It is now called Na-tal, with the emphasis sharp on the last syllable. After that no more was known of the coast for more than a hundred and fifty years. In the latter part of the eighteenth century the Dutch seem to have had a settlement there,—not the Dutch coming overland as they did afterwards, but the Dutch trading along the coast. It did not, however, come to much, and we hear no more of the country till 1823,—only fifty-five years ago,—when an English officer of the name of Farewell, with a few of his countrymen, settled himself on the land where the town of D'Urban now stands. At that time King Chaka of the Zulus, of whom I shall speak in a following chapter, had well-nigh exterminated the natives of the coast, so that there was no one to oppose Mr. Farewell and his companions. There they remained, with more or less of trouble from Chaka's successor and from invading Zulus, till 1835, when the British of the Cape Colony took so much notice of the place as to call the settlement Durban, after Sir Benjamin D'Urban, its Governor,

Then began the real history of Natal, which like so many other parts of South Africa,—like the greater part of that South Africa which we now govern,—was first occupied by Dutchmen trekking away from the to them odious rule of British Governors, British officers, British laws,—and what seemed to them to be mawkish British philanthropy. The time is so recent that I myself have been able to hear the story told by the lips of those who were themselves among the number of indignant emigrants,—of those who had barely escaped when their brethren and friends had been killed around them by the natives. "Why did you leave your old home?" I asked one old Dutch farmer whom I found still in Natal. With the urbanity which seemed always to characterize the Dutch he would say nothing to me derogatory to the English. "He says that there was not land enough for their wants," explained the gentleman who was acting as interpreter between us. But it meant the same thing. The English were pressing on the heels of the Dutchmen.

The whole theory of life was different between the two people, and remains so to the present day. The Englishman likes to have a neighbour near him; the Dutchman cannot bear to see the smoke of another man's chimney from his own front door. The Englishman would fain grow wheat; the Dutchman is fond of flocks and herds. The Englishman is of his nature democratic;—the Dutchman is patriarchal. The Englishman loves to have his finger in every pie around him. The Dutchman wishes to have his own family, his own lands, above all his own servants

and dependants, altogether within his own grasp, and cares for little beyond that.

In 1834 the first Dutch party made their way from Uitenhage in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, by land, across the South Eastern corner of South Africa over the Drakensberg mountains to the Natal coast. Here they fraternised with the few English they found there, examined the country and seemed to have made themselves merry,—till news reached them of the Kafir wars then raging. They gallantly hurried back to their friends, postponing their idea of permanent emigration till this new trouble should be over. It was probably the feeling induced by Lord Glenelg's despatch of Dec. 1835,—in which he declared that the English and Dutch had been all wrong and the Kafirs all right in the late wars,—which at last produced the exodus. There were personal grievances to boot, all of which sprang from impatience of the Dutch to the English law; and towards the end of 1836 two hundred Dutchmen started under Hendrik Potgeiter. A more numerous party followed under Gerit Maritz. They crossed the Orange river, to which the Cape Colony was then extended, and still travelling on, making their waggons their homes as they went, they came to the Vaal, leaving a portion of their numbers behind them in what is now the Orange Free State. We have no written account of the mode of life of these people as they trekked on, but we can conceive it. No Dutchman in South Africa is ever without a waggon big enough to make a home for his family and to carry many of his goods, or without a span or team of oxen numerous enough to drag it.

They took their flocks and horses with them, remaining here and there as water and grass would suit them. And here and there they would sow their seeds and wait for a crop, and then if the crop was good and the water pleasant, and if the Natives had either not quarrelled with them or had been subdued, they would stay for another season till the waggon would at last give place to a house, and then, as others came after them, they would move on again, jealous of neighbourhood even among their own people. So they went northwards till they crossed the Vaal river and came into hostile contact with the fierce tribes of the Metabeles which then occupied the Transvaal.

What took place then belongs rather to the history of the Transvaal than to that of Natal; but the Dutch pioneers who had gone thus far were forced back over the Vaal; and though they succeeded in recovering by renewed raids many of the oxen and waggons of which they had been deprived by a great Chief of the Metabele tribe named Mazulekatze, they acknowledged that they must carry their present fortunes elsewhere, and they remembered the pleasant valleys which some of them had seen a few years earlier on the Natal coast. With great difficulty they found a track pervious to wheels through the Drakensberg, and made their way down to the coast. There had been disagreements among the Dutch themselves after their return back over the Vaal river, and they did not all go forth into Natal. Pieter Retief, who had now joined them from the old Colony and who had had his own reasons for quarrelling with the British authorities in the Cape, was chosen the Chief of those who made their way east-

wards into Natal, and he also, on reaching the coast, fraternised with the English there who at that time acknowledged no obedience to the British Government at Capetown. It seems that Retief and the few English at Durban had some idea of a joint Republic;—but the Dutchman took the lead and finding that the natives were apparently amenable, he entertained the idea of obtaining a cession of the land from Dingaan, who had murdered and succeeded his brother Chaka as King of the Zulus.

Dingaan made his terms, which Retief executed. A quantity of cattle which another tribe had taken was to be returned to Dingaan. The cattle were obtained and given up to the Zulu Chief. In the meantime Dutchman after Dutchman swarmed into the new country with their waggons and herds through the passes which had been found. We are told that by the end of 1837 a thousand waggons had made their way into this district now called Natal, and had occupied the northern portion of it. Probably not a single waggon was owned by an Englishman,—though Natal is now specially an English and not a Dutch Colony. There was hardly a Native to be seen, the country having been desolated by the King of the Zulus. It was the very place for the Dutch,—fertile, without interference, and with space for every one.

Early in 1838 Retief with a party of picked men started for the head quarters of Dingaan, the Zulu King, with the recovered cattle which he was to give up as the price of the wide lands assigned to him. Then there was a festival and rejoicings among the Zulus in which the Dutchmen joined. A deed of

cession was signed, of which Dingaan, the King, understood probably but little. But he did understand that these were white men coming to take away his land, and at the moment in which the ceremonies were being completed,—he contrived to murder them all. That was the end of Pieter Retief, whose name in conjunction with that of his friend and colleague Gerrit Maritz still lives in the singular appellation found for the capital of Natal,—Pieter Maritzburg.

Then Dingaan, with a spirit which I cannot reprobate as I find it reprobated by other writers, determined to sally forth and drive the Dutch out of the land. It seems to me of all things the most natural for a king of Natives to do,—unless the contemplation of such a feat were beyond his intelligence or its attempt beyond his courage. It may be acknowledged that it is the business of us Europeans first to subjugate and then to civilize the savage races;—but that the Savage shall object to be subjugated is surely natural. To abuse a Savage for being treacherous and cruel is to abuse him for being a Savage, which is irrational. Dingaan failed neither in intelligence nor courage, and went forth to annihilate the Dutch in those northern portions of the present Colony which are now called Klip-River and Wienen. The latter word is Dutch for wailing, and arose from the sufferings which Dingaan then inflicted. He first came across a party of women and children at the Blue Krans river,—in the district now called Wienen,—and killed them all. Various separated parties were destroyed in the same way, till at last an entrenchment of waggons was formed,—a "laager" as it is called

in Dutch,—and from thence a battle was fought as from a besieged city against the besiegers. The old man who told me that he had trekked because land in the Colony was insufficient had been one of the besieged, and his old wife, who sat by and added a word now and then to the tale, had been inside the laager with him, and had held her baby with one hand while she supplied ammunition to her husband with the other. It was thus that the Dutch always defended themselves, linking their huge waggons together into a circle, within which were collected their wives and children, while their cattle were brought into a circle on the outside. It must be remembered that they, few in number, were armed with rifles, while the Savages around were attacking them with their pointed spears which they call assegais.

By far the greater number of Dutch who had thus made their way over into Natal were killed,—but a remnant remained sufficient to establish itself. In these contests the white man always comes off as conqueror at last. Dingaan, however, carried on the battle for a long time, and though driven out of Natal was never thoroughly worsted on his own Zulu territory. Both Dutch and English attacked him in his own stronghold, but of those who went over the Buffalo or Tugela river in Dingaan's time with hostile intentions but few lived to return and tell the tale. There was one raid across the river in which it is said that 3,000 Zulus were killed, and that Dingaan was obliged to burn his head kraal or capital, and fly; but even in this last of their attacks on Zulu land the Dutch were at first nearly destroyed.

At last these battles with Dingaan were brought to an end by a quarrel which the emigrants fostered between Dingaan and his brother Panda,—who was also his heir. I should hardly interest my readers if I were to go into the details of this family feud. It seems however that in spite of the excessive superstitious reverence felt by these Savages for their acknowledged Chief, they were unable to endure the prolonged cruelties of their tyrant. Panda himself was not a warrior, having been kept by Dingaan in the background in order that he might not become the leader of an insurrection against him; but he was put forward as the new king; and the new king's party having allied themselves with the Europeans, Dingaan was driven into banishment and seems to have been murdered by those among whom he fell. That was the end of Dingaan, and had really been the end, up to this time, of all fighting between the Zulus and the white occupiers of Natal. From the death of Dingaan the ascendancy of the white man seemed to have been acknowledged in the districts south and west of the Tugela and Buffalo rivers.

The next phase in the history of Natal is that which has reference to the quarrels between the Dutch and the English. There is I think no doubt that during the first occupation of the land by the Dutch the English Government refused to have anything to do with the territory. It was then the same as it has been since when we gave up first the Transvaal, and afterwards the Orange Free State, or "Sovereignty" as it used to be called. A people foreign to us in habits and language, which had become subject to us, would

not endure our rule,—would go further and still further away when our rule followed them. It was manifest that we could not stop them without the grossest tyranny;—but were we bound to go after them and take care of them? The question has been answered in the negative even when it has been asked as to wandering Englishmen who have settled themselves on strange shores,—but though answered in the negative it has always turned out that when the Englishmen have reached a number too great to be ignored the establishment of a new Colony has been inevitable. Was it necessary that Downing Street should run after the Dutch? Downing Street declared that she would do nothing of the kind. Lord Glenelg had disclaimed "any intention on the part of Her Majesty's Government to assert any authority over any part of this territory." But Downing Street was impotent to resist. The Queen's subjects had settled themselves in a new country, and after some shilly-shallying on the part of the Cape authorities, after the coming and going of a small body of troops, these subjects declared their intention of establishing themselves as a Republic—and begged Her Majesty to acknowledge their independent existence. This was in January 1841, when Sir George Napier was Governor. In the meantime the Dutch had had further contests with remaining natives,—contests in which they had been the tyrants and in which they showed a strong intention of driving the black tribes altogether from any lands which they might want themselves. This, and probably a conviction that there were not sufficient elements of rule among the Dutch farmers to form a government,—a

conviction for which the doings of the young Volksraad of Natalia gave ample reason,—at last caused our Colonial Office to decide that Natal was still British territory. Sir George Napier on 2nd Dec. 1841 issued a proclamation stating, "That whereas the Council of emigrant farmers now residing at Port Natal and the territory adjacent thereto had informed His Excellency that they had ceased to be British subjects," &c. &c.; the whole proclamation is not necessary here; "his Excellency announced his intention of resuming military occupation of Port Natal by sending thither without delay a detachment of Her Majesty's forces." And so the war was declared.

The war at first went very much in favour of the Dutch. A small detachment of British troops,—about 300 men,—were marched overland to Durban, and two little vessels of war were sent round with provisions and ammunition. The proceedings of this force were so unfortunate that a part of it was taken and marched up to prison at Pieter Maritzburg and the remainder besieged in its own camp where it was nearly starved to death. The story of the whole affair is made romantic by the remarkable ride made by one Mr. King, during six days and nights, along the coast and through the Kafir country, into the Cape Colony, bearing the sad news and demanding assistance.

As Great Britain had now begun the campaign, Great Britain was of course obliged to end it successfully. A larger force with better appurtenances was sent, and on 5th July, 1842, a deed of submission was signed on behalf of the Dutch owning the sovereignty of Queen

Victoria. That is the date on which in fact Natal did first become a British possession. But a contest was still carried on for more than a twelvemonth longer through which the Dutch farmers strove to regain their independence, and it was not till the 8th of August, 1843, that the twenty-four members of the still existing Volksraad declared Her Majesty's Government to be supreme in Port Natal.

But the Dutchmen could hardly even yet be said to be beaten. They certainly were not contented to remain as British subjects. Very many of them passed again back over the Drakensberg mountains determined to free themselves from the British yoke, and located themselves in the districts either to the North or South of the Vaal river,—although they did so far away from the ocean which is the only highway for bringing to them stores from other countries, and although they were leaving good low-lying fertile lands for a high arid veld the most of which was only fit for pastoral purposes. But they would there be, if not free from British rule,—for the Republics were not yet established, —far at any rate from British interference. If any people ever fought and bled for a land, they had fought and bled for Natal. But when they found they could not do what they liked with it, they "trekked" back and left it. And yet this people have shown themselves to be generally ill-adapted for self government, —as I shall endeavour to show when I come to speak of the Transvaal Republic,—and altogether in want of some external force to manage for them their public affairs. Nothing perhaps is harder than to set a new Government successfully afloat, and the Dutch cer-

tainly have shown no aptitude for the task either in Natal or in the Transvaal.

It is not to be supposed that all the Dutch went, or that they went all at once. In some parts of the Colony they are still to be found prospering on their lands,—and some of the old names remain. But the country strikes the stranger as being peculiarly English, in opposition to much of the Cape Colony which is peculiarly Dutch. In one district of Natal I came across a congregation of Germans, with a German minister and a German church service, and German farmers around, an emigration from Hanover having been made to the spot. But I heard of no exclusively Dutch district. The traveller feels certain that he will not require the Dutch language as he moves about, and he recognises the Dutchman as a foreigner in the land when he encounters him. In the Transvaal, in the Orange Free State, and in many parts of the Western districts of the Cape Colony,—even in Capetown itself, —he feels himself to be among a Dutch people. He knows as a fact that the Dutch in South Africa are more numerous than the English. But in Natal he is on English soil, among English people,—with no more savour of Holland than he has in London when he chances to meet a Dutchman there. And yet over the whole South African continent there is no portion of the land for which the Dutchman has fought and bled and dared and suffered as he has done for Natal.

But the Dutch who went did not go at once, nor did the English who came come at once. It is impossible not to confess that what with the Home Government in Downing Street and what with the

Governors who succeeded each other at the Cape there was shilly-shallying as to adopting the new Colony. The province was taken up in the manner described in 1843, but no Governor was appointed till 1845. Major Smith, who as Captain Smith had suffered so much with his little army, was the military commander during the interval, and the Dutch Volksraad continued to sit. Questions as to the tenure of land naturally occupied the minds of all who remained. If a Boer chose to stay would he or would he not be allowed to occupy permanently the farm, probably of 6,000 acres which he had assumed to himself? And then, during this time, the tribes who had fled in fear of the Dutch or who had been scattered by the Zulu King, flocked in vast hordes into the country when they had been taught to feel that they would be safe under British protection. It is said that in 1843 there were not above 3,000 natives in all Natal, but that within three or four years 80,000 had crowded in. Now the numbers amount to 320,000. Of course they spread themselves over the lands which the Dutch had called their own, and the Dutch were unable to stop them. In December 1845 Mr. West was appointed the first Governor of Natal, and attempts were made to arrange matters between the remaining Boers and the Zulus. A commission was appointed to settle claims, but it could do but little,—or nothing. Native locations were arranged;—that is large tracts of land were given over to the Natives. But this to the Boers was poison. To them the Natives were as wild beasts,—and wild beasts whom they with their blood and energy had succeeded in expelling. Now the wild

beasts were to be brought back under the auspices of the British Government!

In 1847 Andrias Pretorius was the dominant leader of the Natal Boers and he went on a pilgrimage to Sir Henry Pottenger who was then Governor in the Cape Colony. Sir Henry Pottenger would not see him,—required him to put down what he had to say in writing, which is perhaps the most heartbreaking thing which any official man can do to an applicant. What if our Cabinet Ministers were to desire deputations to put down their complaints in writing? Pretorius, who afterwards became a great rebel against British authority and the first President of the Transvaal Republic, returned furious to Pieter Maritzburg,—having however first put down "what he had to say" in very strong writing. Sir Henry was then leaving the Colony and answered by referring the matter to his successor. Pretorius flew to the public press and endeavoured to instigate his fellow subjects to mutiny by the indignant vehemence of his language. When the news of his failure with Sir Henry Pottenger reached the Boers in Natal, they determined upon a further wholesale and new expatriation. They would all "trek" and they did trek, on this occasion into the district between the Orange and the Vaal,—where we shall have to follow them in speaking of the origin of the two Dutch Republics. In this way Natal was nearly cleared of Dutchmen in the year 1848.

It all happened so short a time ago that many of the actors in those early days of Natal are still alive, and some of my readers will probably remember dimly something of the incidents as they passed;—how Sir

Harry Smith, who succeeded Sir Henry Pottenger as Governor of the Cape, became a South African hero, and somewhat tarnished his heroism by the absurdity of his words. The story of Retief hardly became known to us in England with all its tragic horrors, but I myself can well remember how unwilling we were to have Natal, and how at last it was borne in upon us that Natal had to be taken up by us,—perhaps as a fourth rate Colony, with many regrets, much as the Fiji islands have been taken up since. The Transvaal, inferior as it is in advantages and good gifts, has just now been accepted with very much greater favour. The salary awarded to a Governor may perhaps best attest the importance of a new Colony. The Transvaal has begun with £3,000 a year. A poor £2,500 is even still considered sufficient for the much older Colony of Natal.

Since 1848 Natal has had its history, but not one that has peculiarly endeared it to the Mother Country. In 1849 a body of English emigrants went out there who have certainly been successful as farmers, and who came chiefly I think from the County of York. I do not know that there has since that been any one peculiar influx of English, though of course from time to time Englishmen have settled there,—some as farmers, more probably as traders, small or large. In 1850 Mr. Pine succeeded Mr. West as second Governor,—a gentleman who has again been Governor of the same Colony as Sir Benjamin Pine, and who has had to encounter,—somewhat unfairly, as I think, —the opprobrium incident to the irrational sympathy of a certain class at home in the little understood

matter of Langalibalele. Langalibalele has, however, been so interesting a South African personage that I must dedicate a separate chapter to his history. In 1853 Dr. Colenso was appointed Bishop of Natal, and by the peculiarity of his religious opinions has given more notoriety to the Colony,—has caused the Colony to be more talked about,—than any of its Governors or even than any of its romantic incidents. Into religious opinion I shall not stray in these pages. But when he expressed his unusual opinions he became a noted man, and Natal was heard of for the first time by many people. He is still Bishop of Natal, and will probably remain so till he dies. He is not the man to abandon any position of which he is proud. But there is another bishop—of Maritzburg—whose tenets are perhaps more in accord with those generally held by the Church of England. The confusion has no doubt been unfortunate,—and is still unfortunate, as has been almost everything connected with Natal.

In 1856 the Colony which had hitherto been but a sub-Colony under the Cape was made independent, and a Legislative Council was appointed, at first of twelve elected and of four official members;—but this has since been altered. From that day to this there seems to have always been alive in Natal questions of altering the constitution, with a desire on the part of many of the English to draw nearer to, if not to adopt a system of government by parliamentary majorities—and with a feeling on the part of a few that a further departure and a wider severance from such form of government would be expedient.

In 1873 came the Langalibalele affair, to which I will only refer here for the purpose of saying that it led to the sending out of Sir Garnet Wolseley as a temporary governor or political head mediciner to set things right which were supposed at home to be wrong. There can be no doubt that the coming of a picked man, as was Sir Garnet, had the effect of subordinating the will of the people of the Colony to the judgment of the Colonial Office at home. Such effects will always be caused by such selections. A Cabinet Minister will persuade with words which from an Under Secretary would be inoperative. A known man will be successful with arguments which would be received with no respect from the mouth of one unknown. Sir Garnet Wolseley enjoyed an African reputation and was recognised as a great man when he landed in South Africa. The effect of his greatness was seen in his ability to induce the Legislative Council to add eight nominated members to their own House, and thus to clip their own wings. Before his coming there were 15 elected members, and 5 official members—who were the Governor's Council and who received a salary. Now there are 13 nominated members, of whom eight are chosen by the Governor but who receive no salaries. The consequence is that the Government can command a majority in almost all cases, and that Natal is therefore, in truth, a Crown Colony. I know that the word will be received with scorn and denial in Natal. A Legislative Council with a majority of freely elected members will claim that it has the dominant power and that it can do as it pleases. But in truth a Chamber so constituted as is

that now at Natal has but little power of persistent operation.

It was stated in the House of Commons, in the debate on the South African Permissive Bill in the summer of 1877, that Natal contained a population of 17,000 white and 280,000 Natives. I am assured that the former number is somewhat understated, and I have spoken therefore of 20,000 white people. The Natives are certainly much more numerous than was supposed. I have taken them as 320,000; but judging from the hut tax I think they must be at least 10,000 more. Many probably evade the hut tax, and some live without huts. Let us take the numbers as 20,000 and 320,000. With such a population can it be well to draw even near to a system of government by parliamentary majorities? We cannot exclude the black voter by his colour. To do so would be to institute a class legislation which would be opposed to all our feelings. Nor can any one say who is black or who white. But we all know how impossible it is that any number of whites, however small, should be ruled by any number of blacks, however great. In dealing with such a population we are bound to think of Ceylon or British Guiana, or of India,—and not of Canada, Australia, or New Zealand. At present the franchise in Natal is only given to such Natives as have lived for seven years in conformity with European laws and customs,—having exempted themselves in that time from native law,—and who shall have obtained from the Governor of the Colony permission to vote on these grounds. At present the Native is in this way altogether excluded. But the embargo is of

its nature too arbitrary;—and, nevertheless, would not be strong enough for safety were there adventurous white politicians in the Colony striving to acquire a parliamentary majority and parliamentary power by bringing the Zulus to the poll.

I think that the nature of the population of South Africa, and the difficulties which must in coming years arise from that population, were hardly sufficiently considered when government by parliamentary majorities was forced upon the Cape Colony, and carried through its Legislative Houses by narrow majorities. That action has, I fear, rendered the Cape unfit to confederate with the other Provinces; and especially unfit to confederate with Natal, where the circumstances of the population demand direct government from the Crown. I trust that the experiment of parliamentary government may not be tried in Natal, where the circumstances of the population are very much more against it than they were in the Cape Colony.

CHAPTER IX.

CONDITION OF THE COLONY.—NO. I.

I REACHED Durban, the only seaport in the Colony of Natal, about the end of August,—that is, at the beginning of spring in that part of the world. I was taken over the bar on entering the harbour very graciously in the mail tug which as a rule passengers are not allowed to enter, and was safely landed at the quay about two miles from the town. I mention my safety as a peculiar incident because the bar at Durban has a very bad character. South African harbours are not good and among those which are bad Durban is one of the worst. They are crossed by shifting bars of sand which prevent the entrance of vessels. A vast sum of money has been spent at Durban in making a breakwater, all of which has,—so say the people of Durban and Maritzburg,—been thrown away. Now Sir John Coode has been out to visit the bar, and all the Colony was waiting for his report when I was there. Very much depends on it. Up in the very interior of Africa, in the Orange Free State and at the Diamond Fields it is constantly asserted that goods can only be had through the Cape Colony because of the bar across the mouth of the river at Durban;—and in the Transvaal the bar is given as one of the chief reasons for making a railway

down to Delagoa Bay instead of connecting the now two British Colonies together.

There is a railway from the port to the town, but its hours of running did not exactly suit the mails, to which I was permitted to attach myself. This railway is the beginning of a system which will soon be extended to Pieter Maritzburg, the capital, which is already opened some few miles northward into the sugar district, and which is being made along the coast through the sugar growing country of Victoria to its chief town, Verulum. There is extant an ambitious scheme for carrying on the line from Pieter Maritzburg to Ladismith, a town on the direct route to the Transvaal, and from thence across the mountains to Harrismith in the Orange Free State, with an extension from Ladismith to the coal district of Newcastle in the extreme north of the Colony. But the money for these larger purposes has not yet been raised, and I may perhaps be justified in saying that I doubt their speedy accomplishment. The lines to the capital and to Verulum will no doubt be open in a year or two. There is a project also for extending the Verulum line to the extreme northern boundary of the Colony so as to serve the whole sugar producing district. This probably will be effected at no very distant time as sugar will become the staple produce of the coast, if not of the entire Colony. There is a belt of land lying between the hills and the sea which is peculiarly fertile and admirably adapted for the growth of sugar, on which very large sums of money have been already expended. It is often sad to look back upon the beginnings of commercial enterprises

which ultimately lead to the fortunes not perhaps of individuals but of countries. Along this rich strip of coast-land large sums of money have been wasted, no doubt to the ruin of persons of whom, as they are ruined, the world will hear nothing. But their enterprise has led to the success of others of whom the world will hear. Coffee was grown here, and capital was expended on growing it upon a large scale. But Natal as a coffee-growing country has failed.

But new ground is being devoted to the sugar cane every day, and new machinery is being continually brought into the Colony. The cultivation was first introduced into Natal by Mr. Morewood in 1849, and has progressed since with various vicissitudes. The sugar has progressed; but, as is the nature of such enterprises, the vicissitudes have been the lot of the sugar growers. There has been much success, and there has also been much failure. Men have gone beyond their capital, and the banks with their high rates of interest have too often swallowed up the profits. But the result to the Colony has been success. The plantations are there, increasing every day, and are occupied if not by owners then by managers. Labourers are employed, and public Revenue is raised. A commerce with life in it has been established so that no one travelling through the sugar districts can doubt but that money is being made, into whatever pocket the money may go.

Various accounts of the produce were given to me. I was assured by one or two sugar growers that four ton to the acre was not uncommon,—whereas I knew by old experience in other sugar countries that four

ton to the acre per annum would be a very heavy crop indeed. But sugar, unlike almost all other produce, can not be measured by the year's work. The canes are not cut yearly, at a special period, as wheat is reaped or apples are picked. The first crop in Natal is generally the growth of nearly or perhaps quite two years, and the second crop, being the crop from the first ratoons, is the produce of 15 months. The average yield per annum is, I believe, about 1½ tons per acre of canes,—which is still high.

It used to be the practice for a grower of canes to have as a matter of course a plant for making sugar,—and probably rum. It seemed to be the necessity of the business of cane-growing that the planter should also be a manufacturer,—as though a grower of hemp was bound to make ropes or a grower of wheat to make bread. Thus it came to pass that it required a man with considerable capital to grow canes, and the small farmer was shut out from the occupation. In Cuba and Demerara and Barbadoes the cane grower is, I think, still almost always a manufacturer. In Queensland I found farmers growing canes which they sold to manufacturers who made the sugar. This plan is now being largely adopted in Natal and central mills are being established by companies who can of course command better machinery than individuals with small capitals. But even in this arrangement there is much difficulty,—the mill owners finding it sometimes impossible to get cane as they want it, and the cane growers being equally hard set to obtain the miller's services just as their canes are fit for crushing. It becomes necessary that special agreements shall be

made beforehand as to periods and quantities, which special agreements it is not always easy to keep. The payment for the service done is generally made in kind, the miller retaining a portion of the sugar produced, half or two thirds, as he or the grower may have performed the very onerous work of carrying the canes from the ground to the mill. The latter operation is another great difficulty in the way of central mills. When the sugar grower had his own machinery in the centre of his own cane fields he was able to take care that a minimum amount of carriage should be required;—but with large central manufactories the growing cane is necessarily thrown back to a distance from the mill and a heavy cost for carriage is added.

There is a side to the sugar question in Natal which to me is not satisfactory. As I have repeated, and I fear shall repeat too often,—there are 320,000 Natives in Natal; Kafirs and Zulus, strong men as one would wish to see; and yet the work of the estates is done by Coolies from India. I ought not to have been astonished by this for I had known twenty years ago that sugar was grown or at any rate manufactured by Coolie labour in Demerara and Trinidad, and had then been surprised at the apathy of the people of Jamaica in that they had not introduced Coolies into that island. There were stalwart negroes without stint in these sugar colonies,—who had been themselves slaves, or were the children of slaves; but these negroes would only work so fitfully that the planters had been forced to introduce regular labour from a distance. The same thing, and nothing more, had taken place in Natal.

But yet I was astonished. It seemed to be so sad that with all their idle strength standing close by, requiring labour for its own salvation,—with so large a population which labour only can civilize, we who have taken upon ourselves to be their masters should send all the way to India for men to do that which it ought to be their privilege to perform. But so it is. There are now over 10,000 Coolies domiciled in Natal, all of whom have been brought there with the primary object of making sugar.

The Coolies are brought into the Colony by the Government under an enactment of the Legislature. They agree to serve for a period of 10 years, after which they are, if they please, taken back. The total cost to the Government is in excess of £20 per man. Among the items of expenditure in 1875 £20,000 was voted for the immigration of Coolies, of which a portion was reimbursed during that year, and further portions from year to year. The Coolie on his arrival is allotted to a planter,—or to any other fitting applicant,—and the employer for 5 years pays £4 per annum to the Government for the man's services. He also pays the man 12*s.* a month, and clothes him. He feeds the Coolie also, at an additional average cost of 12*s.* a month, and with some other small expenses for medical attendance and lodging pays about £20 per annum for the man's services.

The Coolie after his five years of compulsory service may seek a master where he pleases,—or may live without a master if he has the means. His term of enforced apprenticeship is over and he is supposed to have earned back on behalf of the Colony the money

which the Colony spent on bringing him thither. Of course he is worth increased wages, having learned his business, and if he pleases to remain at the work he makes his own bargain. Not unfrequently he sets up for himself as a small farmer or market-gardener, and will pay as much as 30*s*. an acre rent for land on which he will live comfortably. I have passed through a village of Coolies where the men had their wives and children and were living each under his own fig tree. Not unfrequently they hire Kafirs to do for them the heavy work, assuming quite as much mastery over the Kafir as the white man does. Many of them will go into service,—and are greatly prized as domestic servants.

The drive from the railway station at Ungeni, about four miles from Durban, through the sugar district to Verulum is very pretty. Some of the rapid pitches into little valleys, and steep rapid rises put me in mind of Devonshire. And, as in Devonshire, the hills fall here and there in a small chaos of broken twisted ridges which is to me always agreeable and picturesque. After a few turns the traveller, ignorant of the locality, hardly knows which way he is going, and when he is shown some object which he is to approach cannot tell how he will get there. And then the growth of the sugar cane is always in some degree green, even in the driest weather. I had hardly seen anything that was not brown in the Cape Colony, so long and severe had been the drought. In Natal there was still no rain, but there was a green growth around which was grateful to the eyes. Altogether I was much pleased with what I saw of the sugar district of Natal, although I

should have been better satisfied could I have seen Natives at work instead of imported Coolies.

Immediately west of the town as you make the first ascent up from the sea level towards the interior there is the hill called the Berea on and about which the more wealthy inhabitants of Durban have built their villas. Some few of them are certainly among the best houses in South Africa, and command views down upon the town and sea which would be very precious to many an opulent suburb in England. Durban is proud of its Berea and the visitor is taken to see it as the first among the sights of the place. And as he goes he is called upon to notice the road on which he is riding. It is no doubt a very good road,—as good as an ordinary road leading out of an ordinary town in England, and therefore does not at first attract the attention of the ordinary English traveller. But roads in young countries are a difficulty and sometimes a subject of soreness;—and the roads close to the towns and even in the towns are often so imperfect that it is felt to be almost rude to allude to them specially. In a new town very much has to be done before the roads can be macadamized. I was driven along one road into Durban in company with the Mayor which was certainly not all that a road ought to be. But this road which we were on now was, when I came to observe it, a very good road indeed. "And so it ought," said my companion. "It cost the Colony ——," I forget what he said it cost. £30,000, I think, for three or four miles. There had been some blundering, probably some peculation, and thus the money of the young community had been

squandered. Then, at the other side of Durban, £100,000 had been thrown into the sea in a vain attempt to keep out the sand. These are the heart-rending struggles which new countries have to make. It is not only that they must spend their hard-earned money, but that they are so often compelled to throw it away because in their infancy they have not as yet learned how to spend it profitably.

Natal has had many hardships to endure and Durban perhaps more than its share. But there it is now, a prosperous and pleasant seaport town with a beautiful country round it and thriving merchants in its streets. It has a park in the middle of it,—not very well kept. I may suggest that it was not improved in general appearance when I saw it by having a couple of old horses tethered on its bare grass. Perhaps the grass is not bare now and perhaps the horses have been taken away. The combination when I was there suggested poverty on the part of the municipality and starvation on the part of the horses. There is also a botanical garden a little way up the hill very rich in plants but not altogether well kept. The wonder is how so much is done in these places, rather than why so little;—that efforts so great should be made by young and therefore poor municipalities to do something for the recreation and for the relief of the inhabitants! I think that there is not a town in South Africa,—so to be called,—which has not its hospital and its public garden. The struggles for these institutions have to come from men who are making a dash for fortune, generally under hard circumstances in which every energy is required; and the money has

to be collected from pockets which at first are never very full. But a colonial town is ashamed of itself if it has not its garden, its hospital, its public library, and its two or three churches, even in its early days.

The population of Durban is a little in excess of that of the capital of the Colony, the one town running the other very close. They each have something above 4000 white inhabitants, and something above half that number of coloured people. In regard to the latter there must I think be much uncertainty as they fluctuate greatly and live, many of them, nobody quite knows where. They are in fact beyond the power of accurate counting, and can only be computed. In Durban, as in Pieter Maritzburg, every thing is done by the Zulus,—or by other coloured people;—and when anything has to be done there is always a Zulu boy to do it. Nothing of manual work seems ever to be done by an European. The stranger would thus be led to believe that the coloured population is greater than the white. But Durban is a seaport town requiring many clerks and having no manufactures. Clerks are generally white, as are also the attendants in the shops. It is not till the traveller gets further up the country that he finds a Hottentot selling him a pockethandkerchief. I am bound to say that on leaving Durban I felt that I had visited a place at which settlers had done the very utmost for themselves and had fought bravely and successfully with the difficulties which always beset new comers into strange lands. I wish the town and the sugar growers of its neighbourhood every success,—merely suggesting to them that in a few years' time a Zulu

may become quite as handy at making sugar as a Coolie.

Pieter Maritzburg is about 55 miles from Durban, and there are two public conveyances running daily. The mail cart starts in the morning, and what is called a Cobb's coach follows at noon. I chose the latter as it travels somewhat faster than the other and reaches its destination in time for dinner. The troubles of the long road before me,—from Durban through Natal and the Transvaal to Pretoria, the Diamond Fields, Bloemfontein—the capital of the Orange Free State,—and thence back through the Cape Colony to Capetown were already beginning to lie heavy on my mind. But I had no cause for immediate action at Durban. Whatever I might do, whatever resolution I might finally take, must be done and taken at Pieter Maritzburg. I could therefore make this little journey without doubt, though my mind misgave me as to the other wanderings before me.

I found the Cobb's coach,—which however was not a Cobb's coach at all,—to be a very well horsed and well arranged Institution. We travelled when we were going at about ten miles an hour and were very well driven indeed by one of those coloured half-bred Cape boys, as they are called, whose parents came into the Cape Colony from St. Helena. Almost all the driving of coaches and mail carts of South Africa has fallen into their hands, and very good coachmen they are. I sometimes flatter myself that I know something about the driving of ill-sorted teams, having had much to do for many years with the transmission of mails at home, and I do not know that I ever saw a

more skilful man with awkward horses than was this Cape driver. As well as I could learn he was named Apollo. I hope that if he has a son he will not neglect to instruct him in his father's art as did the other charioteer of that name. At home, in the old coaching days, we entertained a most exaggerated idea of the skill of the red-faced, heavy, old fashioned jarveys who used to succeed in hammering their horses along a road as smooth as a bowling green, and who would generally be altogether at their wits' end if there came any sudden lack of those appurtenances to which they were accustomed. It was not till I had visited the United States, and Australia, and now South Africa that I saw what really might be done in the way of driving four, six, or even eight horses. The animals confided to Apollo's care were generally good; but, as is always the case in such establishments, one or two of them were new to the work,—and one or two were old stagers who had a will of their own. And the road was by no means a bowling-green all the way. I was much taken with the manner in which Apollo got the better of four jibbing brutes, who, taking the evil fashion one from another, refused for twenty minutes to make any progress with the vehicle to which they had been harnessed. He suddenly twisted them round and they started full gallop as though they were going back to Durban. The animals knew that they were wanted to go the other way and were willing to do anything in opposition to the supposed will of their master. They were flying to Durban. But when he had got them warm to the harness he succeeded in turning them on the veld, keeping them still at a

gallop, till they had passed the stage at which they had been harnessed to the coach.

As much of the driving in such a country has to be done with the brake as with the reins and whip, and this man, while his hands and arms were hard at work, had to manage the brake with his feet. Our old English coachman could not have moved himself quick enough for the making of such exertions. And Apollo sat with a passenger on each side, terribly cramped for room. He was hemmed in with mail bags. My luggage so obliterated the foot-board that he had to sit with one leg cocked up in the air and the other loose upon the brake. Every now and again new indignities were heaped upon him in the shape of parcels and coats, which he stuffed under him as best he could. And yet he managed to keep the mastery of his reins and whip. It was very hot and he drank lemonade all the way. What English coachman of the old days could have rivalled him there? At the end of the journey he asked for nothing, but took the half-crown offered to him with easy nonchalance. He was certainly much more like a gentleman than the old English coachman,—whose greedy eye who does not remember that can remember at all those old days?

On arriving at Pieter Maritzburg I put up for a day or two at the Royal Hotel which I found to be comfortable enough. I arrived late on Saturday evening, and on the Sunday morning I went, of course, to hear Bishop Colenso preach. Whatever might be the Bishop's doctrine, so much at any rate was due to his fame. The most innocent and the most trusting young believer in every letter of the Old Testament

would have heard nothing on that occasion to disturb a cherished conviction or to shock a devotional feeling. The church itself was all that a church ought to be, pretty, sufficiently large and comfortable. It was, perhaps, not crowded, but was by no means deserted. I had expected that either nobody would have been there, or else that it would have been filled to inconvenience,—because of the Bishop's alleged heresies. A stranger who had never heard of Bishop Colenso would have imagined that he had entered a simple church in which the service was pleasantly performed, —all completed including the sermon within an hour and a half.

Pieter Maritzburg is a town covering a large area of ground but is nevertheless sufficiently built up and perfected to prevent that look of scattered failure which is so common to colonial embryo cities. I do not know that it contains anything that can be called a handsome building;—but the edifices whether public or private are neat, appropriate, and sufficient. The town is surrounded by hills, and is therefore, necessarily, pretty. The roadways of the street are good, and the shops have a look of established business. The first idea of Pieter Maritzburg on the mind of a visitor is that of success, and this idea remains with him to the last. It contains only a little more than 4,000 white inhabitants, whereas it would seem from the appearance of the place, and the breadth and length of the streets, and the size of the shops, and the number of churches of different denominations, to require more than double that number of persons to inhabit it. Observation in the streets, however, will

show that the deficiency is made up by natives, who in fact do all the manual and domestic work of the place. Their number is given as 2,500; but I am disposed to think that a very large number come in from the country for their daily occupations in the town. The Zulu adherents to Pieter Maritzburg are so remarkable that I must speak of them in a separate chapter. The white man in the capital as in Durban is not the working man, but the master, or boss, who looks after the working man.

I liked Pieter Maritzburg very much,—perhaps the best of all South African towns. But whenever I would express such an opinion to a Pieter Maritzburger he would never agree with me. It is difficult to get a Colonist to assent to any opinion as to his own Colony. If you find fault, he is injured and almost insulted. The traveller soon learns that he had better abstain from all spoken criticism, even when that often repeated, that dreadful question is put to him,—which I was called upon to answer sometimes four or five times a day,—"Well, Mr. Trollope, what do you think of ——,"—let us say for the moment, "South Africa?" Even praise is not accepted without contradiction, and the peculiar hardships of a Colonist's life are insisted upon almost with indignation when colonial blessings are spoken of with admiration. The Government at home is doing everything that is cruel, and the Government in the Colony is doing everything that is foolish. With whatever interest the gentleman himself is concerned, that peculiar interest is peculiarly ill-managed by the existing powers. In Pieter Maritzburg everybody seemed to

me very comfortable, but everybody was ill-used. There was no labour,—though the streets were full of Zulus, who would do anything for a shilling and half anything for sixpence. There was no emigration from England provided for by the country. There were not half soldiers enough in Natal,—though Natal till this last misfortune has had no real use for soldiers since the Dutch went away. But perhaps the most popular source of complaint was that everything was so dear that nobody could afford to live. Nevertheless I did not hear that any great number of the inhabitants of the town were encumbered by debt, and everybody seemed to live comfortably enough.

"You must begin," said one lady to me, "by computing that £400 a year in England means £200 a year here." To this I demurred before the lady,—with very little effect, as of course she had the better of me in the argument. But I demur again here, with better chance of success, as I have not the lady by to contradict me.

The lady began by appealing to wages, rent, the price of tea and all such articles as must be imported, the price of clothes, the material of which must at least be imported, the price of butter and vegetables, the price of schooling, of medical assistance and of law, which must be regulated in accordance with the price of the articles which the schoolmaster, doctors, and lawyers consume,—and the price of washing. Bread and meat she gave up to me. Bread might be about the same as in Europe, and meat no doubt in Pieter Maritzburg was to be had at about half the London prices. She defied me to name another article

of consumption which was not cheaper at home than in the Colony.

I did not care to go through the list with her, though I think that a London butler costs more than a Zulu boy. I found the matter of wages paid to native servants to be so inexplicable as to defy my enquiries. A boy,—that is a Zulu man,—would run almost anywhere for a shilling with a portmanteau on his head. I often heard of 7*s.* a month as the amount of wages paid by a farmer,—with a diet exclusively of mealies or of Kafir corn. And yet housekeepers have told me that they paid £5 and £6 a month wages for a man, and that they considered his diet to cost them 15*s.* a week. In the heat of argument exceptional circumstances are often taken to prove general statements. You will be assured that the Swiss are the tallest people in Europe because a Swiss has been found seven feet high. A man will teach himself to think that he pays a shilling each for the apples he eats, because he once gave a shilling for an apple in Covent Garden. The abnormally dear Zulu servants of whom I have heard have been I think like the giant Swiss and the shilling apple. Taking it all round I feel sure that Zulu service in Natal is very much cheaper than English service in England,—that it does not cost the half. I have no doubt that it is less regular,—but then it is more good humoured, and what it lacks in comfort is made up in freedom.

But I would not compare items with my friend; nor do I think that any true result can be reached by such comparison. Comfort in living depends not so much on the amount of good things which a man can afford

to consume, but on the amount of good things which those with whom he lives will think that he ought to consume. It may be true that for every square foot of house room which a householder enjoys he pays more in Pieter Maritzburg than a householder of the same rank and standing pays in London for the same space. But a professional man can afford to live, without being supposed to derogate from his position, in a much smaller house in Natal than he can in England. It may cost sixpence to wash a shirt in Natal, and only threepence in England; but if an Englishman be required by the exacting fastidiousness of his neighbours to put on a clean white shirt every day, whereas the Natalian can wear a flannel shirt for three days running, it will be found, I think, that the Natalian will wash his shirts a penny a day cheaper than the Englishman. A man with a family, living on £400 a year, cannot entertain his friends very often either in London or in Pieter Maritzburg;—but, of the two, hospitality is more within the reach of the latter because the Colonist who dines out expects much less than the Englishman. We clothe ourselves in broadcloth instead of fustian because we are afraid of our neighbours, but the obligation on us is imperative. In a country where it is less so, money spent in clothing will of course go further. I do not hesitate to say that a gentleman living with a wife and children on any income between £400 and £1,000 would feel less of the inconveniences of poverty in Natal than in England.

I find the following given in a list of prices prevailing at Pieter Maritzburg in March, 1876, and I quote

from it as I have seen no list so general of later date. Meat 6*d.* per pound. Wheat 13*s.* per cwt. Turkeys from 8*s.* upwards. Fowls 2*s.* 4*d.* each. Ham 1*s.* 1*d.* per lb. Bacon 8*d.* Butter, fresh, 1*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* This is an article which often becomes very much dearer, and is always too bad to be eaten. Coals £3 6*s.* 8*d.* per ton. Good coal could not be bought for this; but coal is never used in houses. Little fuel is needed except for cooking, and for that wood is used —quoted at 1*s.* 4*d.* per cwt. Potatoes 4*s.* to 6*s.* per cwt. Onions 16*s.* per cwt. A horse can be kept at livery at 17*s.* 6*d.* a week. The same clothes would be dearer in Pieter Maritzburg than in London, but the same clothes are not worn. I pay £2 2*s.* for a pair of trowsers in London. Before I left South Africa I found myself wearing garments that a liberal tradesman in the Orange Free State, six hundred miles away from the sea, had sold me for 16*s.*—although they had been brought ready made all the way from England.

I found 1,200 British soldiers in Pieter Maritzburg, for the due ordering of whom there was assembled there the rather large number of eight or nine Field Officers. But in Natal military matters have had a stir given to them by the necessity of marching troops up to Pretoria,—at a terrible cost, and now an additional stir by Zulu ambition.* An Englishman in these parts, when he remembers the almost insuperable difficulty of getting a sufficient number of men in England to act as soldiers, when he tells himself what

* Since this was written the additional stir has been very great.

these soldiers cost by the time they reach their distant billets, and reminds himself that they are supported by taxes levied on a people who, man for man, are very much poorer than the Colonists themselves, that they are maintained in great part out of the beer and tobacco of rural labourers who cannot earn near as much as many a Kafir,—the Englishman as he thinks of all this is apt to question the propriety of their being there. He will say to himself that at any rate the Colony should pay for them. A part of the cost is paid by the Colony, but only a small part. In 1876 £4,596 9*s.* 11*d.* was so expended, and in 1877 £2,318 2*s.* 7*d.*

Other countries, Spain most notoriously and Holland also, have held the idea that they should use their Colonies as a source of direct wealth to themselves,—that a portion of the Colonists' earnings, or findings, should periodically be sent home to enrich the mother country. England has disavowed that idea and has thought that the Colonies should be for the Colonists. She has been contented with the advantage to her own trade which might come from the creating of new markets for her goods, and from the increase which accrued to her honour from the spreading of her language, her laws and her customs about the world. Up to a certain point she has had to manage the Colonies herself as a mother manages her child; and while this was going on she had imposed on her the necessary task of spending Colonial funds, and might spend them on soldiers or what not as seemed best to her. But when the Colonies have declared themselves able to manage themselves and have demanded the

privilege of spending their own moneys, then she has withdrawn her soldiers. But the act of withdrawing them has been very unpopular. New South Wales has not yet quite forgiven it, nor Tasmania. For a time there was a question whether it might not drive New Zealand into rebellion. But the soldiers have been withdrawn,—from all parliamentary Colonies, I think, except the Cape. Natal is not a parliamentary Colony in the proper sense, and cannot therefore in this matter be put on quite the same footing as the Cape Colony. But she spends her own revenues and according to the theory which prevails on the subject, she should provide for her own defence.

Australia wants no soldiers, nor does New Zealand in spite of the unsubdued Maoris who are still resident within her borders. They fear no evil from aboriginal races against which their own strength will not suffice for them. At the Cape and in Natal it is very different. It has to be acknowledged, at any rate as to Natal, that an armed European force in addition to any that the Colony can supply for itself, has to be maintained for its protection against the black races. But who should pay the bill? I will not say that assuredly the Colony should do so,—or else not have the soldiers. What is absolutely necessary in the way of soldiers must be supplied, whoever pays for them. England will not let her Colonies be overcome by enemies, black or white, even though she herself must pay the bill. But it seems to me that a Colony should either pay its bill or else be ruled from home.

The Colony is governed by a Lieutenant-Governor, and an Executive Council consisting I think of an un-

certain number. There is a Colonial Secretary, a Secretary for Native Affairs, a Treasurer, and an Attorney-General. The Commandant of the Forces is I think also called to the Council, and the Superintendent of Public Works. The Governor is empowered also to invite two members of the Legislative Council. They meet as often as is found necessary and in fact govern the Colony. Laws are of course passed by the Legislative Council of twenty-eight members, of which, as I have stated before, fifteen are elected and thirteen nominated. But the essential difference between such a government as that of Natal, and parliamentary government such as prevails in Canada, the Australias, New Zealand and in the Cape Colony, consists in this—that the Prime Minister in these self-governing Colonies is the responsible head of affairs and goes in and out in accordance with a parliamentary majority, as do our Ministers at home; whereas in Natal the Ministers remain in,—or go out if they do go out,—at the dictation of the Crown.

In 1876 the revenue of the Colony was £265,551. In 1846 it was only £3,095. In 1876 the expenditure was £261,933. What was the expenditure in 1846 I do not know, but certainly more than the Revenue,—as has often been the case since. The Colony owes an old funded debt of £331,700, and it has now borrowed or is in the act of borrowing £1,200,000 for its railways. The borrowed money will no doubt all be expended on public works. When a country has but one harbour, and that harbour has such a sandbank as the bar at Durban, it has to spend a considerable sum of money before it can open the way for its commerce.

When I had been a day or two in the place the Governor was kind enough to ask me to his house and extended his hospitality by inviting me to join him in an excursion which he was about to make through that portion of his province which lies to the immediate North of Pieter Maritzburg, and thence, eastward, down the coast through the sugar districts to Durban. It was matter of regret to me that my arrangements were too far fixed to enable me to do all that he suggested; but I had a few days at my disposal and I was very glad to take the opportunity of seeing, under such auspices, as much as those few days would allow. An active Colonial Governor will be so often on the move as to see the whole of the territory confided to his care and to place himself in this way within the reach of almost every Colonist who may wish to pay his respects or may have ought of which to complain.

We rode up to many farms at which we were of course received with the welcome due to the Governor, and where in the course of the interview most of the material facts as to the farmer's enterprise,—whether on the whole he had been successful or the reverse, and to what cause his success or failure had been owing,—would come out in conversation. An English farmer at home would at once resent the questionings which to a Colonial farmer are a matter of course. The latter is conscious that he has been trying an experiment and that any new comer will be anxious to know the result. One man whom we saw had come from the East Riding of Yorkshire more than twenty years ago, and was now the owner

of 1,200 acres,—which however in Natal is not a large farm. But he was well located as to land, and could have cultivated nearly the whole had labour been abundant enough, and cheap enough. He was living comfortably with a pleasant wife and well-to-do children, and regaled us with tea and custard. His house was comfortable, and everything no doubt was plentiful with him. But he complained of the state of things and would not admit himself to be well off. He had no rent to pay. That was true. But there were taxes,—abominable taxes. This was said with a side look at the Governor. And as for labour,—there was no making a Zulu labour. Now you could get a job done and now you couldn't. How was a man to grow wheat in such a state of things, and that, too, with the rust so prevalent? Yes:—he had English neighbours and a school for the children only a mile and a half off. And the land was not to say bad. But what with the taxes and what with the Zulus, there were troubles more than enough. The Governor asked, as I thought at the moment indiscreetly, but the result more than justified the question,—whether he had any special complaint to make. He had paid the dog tax on his dogs,—5*s.* a dog, I think it was; whereas some of his neighbours had escaped the imposition! There was nothing more. And in the midst of all this the man's prosperity and comfort were leaking out at every corner. The handsome grown-up daughter was telling me of the dancing parties around to which she went, and there were the pies and custards all prepared for the family use and brought out at a moment's notice. There were the dining room and drawing room, well

furnished and scrupulously clean,—and lived in, which is almost more to the purpose.

An Englishman, especially an English farmer, will always complain, where a Dutchman or a German will express nothing but content. And yet the Englishman will probably have done much more to secure his comfort than any of his neighbours of another nationality. An English farmer in Natal almost always has a deal flooring to his living rooms; while a Dutchman will put up with the earth beneath his feet. The one is as sure to be the case as the other. But the Dutchman rarely grumbles,—or if he grumbles it is not at his farm. He only wants to be left alone, to live as he likes on his earthen floor as his fathers lived before him, and not to be interfered with or have advice given to him by any one.

In the course of our travels we came to a German village,—altogether German, and were taken by the Lutheran parson to see the Lutheran church and Lutheran school. They were both large and betokened a numerous congregation. That such a church should have been built and a clergyman supported was evidence of the possession of considerable district funds. I am not sure but that I myself was more impressed by the excellence of the Lutheran oranges, grown on the spot. It was very hot and the pastor gave us oranges just picked from his own garden to refresh us on our journey.

Afterwards as we went on we came to Hollanders, Germans, Dutchmen, and Englishmen, all of whom were doing well, though most of them complained that

they could not grow corn as they would wish to do because the natives would not work. The Hollander and the Dutchman in South Africa are quite distinct persons. The Hollander is a newly arrived emigrant from Holland, and has none of the Boer peculiarities, of which I shall have to speak when I come to the Transvaal and the Free State. The Dutchman is the descendant of the old Dutch Colonist, and when living on his farm is called a Boer,—the word having the same signification as husbandman with us. It flavours altogether of the country and country pursuits, but would never be applied to any one who worked for wages. They are rare in the part of the country we were then visiting, having taken themselves off, as I have before explained, to avoid English rule. There is, however, a settlement of them still left in the northern part of the Colony, about the Klip River and in Weenen.

One Hollander whom we visited was very proud indeed of what he had done in the way of agriculture and gave us, not only his own home-grown oranges, but also his own home-grown cigars. I had abandoned smoking, perhaps in prophetical anticipation of some such treat as this. Others of the party took the cigars,—which, however, were not as good as the oranges. This man had planted many trees, and had done marvels with the land round his house.

Then we came to a German farmer who had planted a large grove about his place, having put down some thousands of young trees. Nothing can be done more serviceable to the country at large than the planting of trees. Though there is coal in the Colony it is not

yet accessible,—nor can be for many years because of the difficulty of transport. The land is not a forest-land,—like Australia. It is only on the courses of the streams that trees grow naturally and even then the growth is hardly more than that of shrubs. Firewood is consequently very dear, and all the timber used in building is imported. But young trees when planted almost always thrive. It has seemed to me that the Governments of South Africa should take the matter in hand,—as do the Governments of the Swiss Cantons and of the German Duchies, which are careful that timber shall be reproduced as it is cut down. In Natal it should be produced; and Nature, though she has not given the country trees, has manifestly given it the power of producing them.

We came to another household of mixed Germans and Dutch, where we received exactly the same answers to our enquiries. Farming answered very well,—but cattle or sheep were the articles which paid. A man should only grow what corn he wanted for himself and his stock. A farmer with 6,000 acres, which is the ordinary size of a farm, should not plough at the most above 40 acres,—just the patches of land round his house. For simply agricultural purposes 6,000 acres would of course be unavailable. The farming capitalists in England who single-handed plough 6,000 acres might probably be counted on the ten fingers. In Natal,—and in South Africa generally,—when a farm is spoken of an area is signified large enough for pastoral purposes. This may be all very well for the individual farmer, but it is not good for a new country, such as are the greater number of

our Colonies. In Australia the new coming small farmer can purchase land over the heads of the pastoral Squatters who are only tenants of the land under Government. But in South Africa the fee of the land has unfortunately been given away.

On many of these farms we found that Zulus had "locations." A small number,—perhaps four or five families,—had been allowed to make a kraal,—or native village,—on condition that the men would work for wages. The arrangement is not kept in any very strict way, but is felt to be convenient by farmers who have not an antipathy to the Zulus. The men will work, unless they are particularly anxious just then to be idle;—which is, I think, as much as can be expected from them just at present. Throughout this country there are other "locations,"—very much larger in extent of land and numerously inhabited,—on which the Natives reside by their own right, the use of the soil having been given to them by the Government.

CHAPTER X.

THE ZULUS OF NATAL.

Upon entering Natal we exchange the Kafir for the Zulu,—who conceives himself to be a very superior sort of man—not as being equal to the white man whom he reverences, but as being greatly above the other black races around him. And yet he is not a man of ancient blood, or of long established supremacy. In the early part of this century,—beyond which I take it Zulu history goeth not,—there was a certain chief of the Zulus whom we have spoken of as King Chaka. To spell the name aright there should be a T before the C, and an accent to mark the peculiar sound in the Kafir language which is called a click. To the uninstructed English ear Chaka will be intelligible and sufficient. He was King of the Zulus, but the tribe was not mighty before his time. He was a great warrior and was brave enough and gradually strong enough to "eat up" all the tribes around him; and then, according to Kafir fashion, the tribes so eaten amalgamated themselves with the eaters, and the Zulus became a great people. But Chaka was a bloody tyrant and if the stories told be true was nearly as great an eater of his own people as of his enemies. In his early days the territory which we now call Natal was not inhabited by Zulus but by

tribes which fell under his wrath, and which he either exterminated or assimilated,—which at any rate he "ate up." Then the Zulus flocked into the land, and hence the native population became a Zulu people. But Zulu-land proper, where the Zulus live under an independent king of their own, is to the North of Natal, lying between the Colony and the Portuguese possession called Delagoa Bay.

It may be as well to say here a few words about the Zulus on their own land—as they were before this war now raging in 1879. I did not visit their country and am not therefore entitled to say much, but from what I learned I have no doubt that had I visited the nation I should have been received with all courtesy at the court of his dreaded Majesty King Cetywayo,—who at this moment, January, 1879, is I fear our enemy. The spelling of this name has become settled, but Cetch-way-o is the pronunciation which shows the speaker to be well up in his Zulu. King Chaka, who made all the conquests, was murdered by his brother Dingaan* who then reigned in his stead. Dingaan did not add much territory to the territories of his tribe as Chaka had done, but he made himself known and probably respected among his Zulu subjects by those horrible butcheries of the Dutch pioneers. The name of Dingaan then became dreadful through the land. It was not only that he butchered the Dutch, but that he maintained his authority and the dread of his name by the indiscriminate slaughter of his own people.

* He was murdered either by Dingaan or by another brother named Umolangaan who was then murdered by Dingaan. Dingaan at any rate became Chief of the tribe.

Then Dingaan was murdered and his brother Panda became Chief. Neither Chaka nor Dingaan left sons, and there is extant a horrible story to the effect that they had their children killed as soon as born, thinking that a living son would be the most natural enemy to a reigning father. Panda was allowed to live and reign, and seems to have been a fat do-nothing good-natured sort of King,—for a Zulu. He died some years since, —in his bed if he had one,—and now his son Cetywayo reigns in his stead.

Cetywayo has certainly a bad reputation generally, though he was till quite lately supposed to be favourable to the English as opposed to the Dutch. In Natal there are two opinions about the Zulu monarch. As the white man generally dislikes the black races by whom he is surrounded and troubled in South Africa, —not averse by any means to the individual with whom he comes in immediate contact, but despising and almost hating the people,—Cetywayo and his subjects are as a rule evil spoken of among the Europeans of the adjacent Colony. He is accused of murdering his people right and left according to his caprices. That is the charge brought against him. But it is acknowledged that he does not murder white people, and I am not sure that there is any conclusive evidence of his cruelty to the blacks. He has his white friends as I have said, and although they probably go a little too far in whitewashing him, I am inclined to believe them when they assert that the spirit of European clemency and abhorrence from bloodshed has worked its way even into the Zulu Court and produced a respect for life which was un-

known in the days of Chaka and Dingaan. It is no doubt the case that some of the missionaries who had been settled in Zululand left the country, in 1877, as though in a panic. I presume that the missionaries have gone because two or three of their converts were murdered. Two or three certainly have been murdered, but I doubt whether it was done by order of the Chief. The converts have as a rule been safe,—as have the missionaries,—not from any love borne to them by Cetywayo, but because Cetywayo has thought them to be protected by English influence. Cetywayo has hitherto been quite alive to the expediency of maintaining peace with his white neighbours in Natal, though he could afford to despise his Dutch neighbours in the Transvaal.

When I was at Pieter Maritzburg a young lady who was much interested in the welfare of the Zulus and who had perhaps a stronger belief in the virtues of the black people than in the justice of the white, read to me a diary which had just been made by a Zulu who had travelled from Natal into Zululand to see Cetywayo, and had returned not only in safety but with glowing accounts of the King's good conduct to him. The diary was in the Zulu language and my young friend, if I may call her so, showed her perfect mastery over that and her mother tongue by the way in which she translated it for me. That the diary was an excellent literary production, and that it was written by the Zulu in an extremely good running hand, containing the narrative of his journey from day to day in a manner quite as interesting as many published English journals, are certainly facts. How far it was

true may be a matter of doubt. The lady and her family believed it entirely,—and they knew the man well. The bulk of the white inhabitants of Pieter Maritzburg would probably not have believed a word of it. I believed most of it, every now and then arousing the gentle wrath of the fair reader by casting a doubt upon certain details. The writer of the journal was present, however, answering questions as they were asked; and, as he understood and spoke English, my doubts could only be expressed when he was out of the room. "There is a touch of romance there," I would say when he had left us alone. "Wasn't that put in specially for you and your father?" I asked as to another passage. But she was strong in support of her Zulu.

The personal adventures of the narrator and the literary skill displayed were perhaps the most interesting features of the narrative;—but the purport was to defend the character of Cetywayo. The man had been told that being a Christian and an emissary from Natal he would probably be murdered if he went on to the Chief's Kraal; but he had persevered and had been brought face to face with the King. Then he had made his speech. "I have come, O King, to tell you that your friend Langalibalele is safe." For it was supposed in Zululand that the old rebel, Langalibalele, had been made away with by the English. At this the King expressed his joy and declared his readiness to receive his friend into his kingdom, if the Queen of England would so permit. "But, O King," continued the audacious herald, "why have you sent away the missionaries, and why have you murdered

the converts? Tell me this, O King, because we in Natal are very unhappy at the evil things which are said of you." Then the King, with great forbearance and a more than British absence of personal tyranny, explained his whole conduct. He had not sent the missionaries away. They were stupid people, not of much use to any one as he thought, who had got into a fright and had gone. He had always been good to them;—but they had now run away without even the common civility of saying good-bye. He seemed to be very bitter because they had "trekked" without even the ceremony of leaving a P.P.C. card. He had certainly not sent them away; but as they had left his dominions after that fashion they had better not come back again. As for the murders he had had nothing to do with them. There was a certain difficulty in ruling his subjects, and there would be bad men and violent men in his kingdom,—as in others. Two converts and two only had been murdered and he was very sorry for it. As for making his people Christians he thought it would be just as well that the missionaries should make the soldiers in Pieter Maritzburg Christians before they came to try their hand upon the Zulus.

Such was the gist of the diary,—which might probably be worth publishing as showing something of the manners of the Zulus, and something also of the feeling of these people towards the English. Zululand is one of the problems which must now be answered. Let my reader look at his map. Natal is a British Colony;—so is now the Transvaal. The territory which he will see marked as Basuto Land

has been annexed to the Cape Colony. Kafraria, which did nominally belong to the natives, is now annexed. But Zululand, surrounded as it is by British Colonies and the Portuguese settlement at Delagoa Bay, is still a native country,—in which the king or chief can live by his own laws and do as his soul lusts. I am very far from recommending an extension of British interference; but if I know anything of British manners and British ways, there will be British interference in Zululand.

In the meantime our own Colony of Natal is peopled with Zulus whom we rule, not very regularly, but on the whole with success. They are, to my thinking, singularly amenable; and though I imagine they would vote us out of the country if a plebiscite were possible, they are individually docile and well-mannered, and as Savages are not uncomfortable neighbours. That their condition as a people has been improved by the coming of the white man there can be no doubt. I will put out of consideration for a moment the peculiar benefits of Christianity, which have not probably reached very many of them, and will speak only of the material advantages belonging to this world. The Zulu himself says of himself that he can now sleep with both eyes shut and both ears, whereas, under tribal rule, it was necessary that he should ever have one eye open and one ear, ready for escape. He can earn wages if he pleases. He is fed regularly, whereas it was his former fate,—as it is of all Savages and wild beasts,—to vacillate between a famine and a gorge. He can occupy land and know it for his own, so that no Chief shall take away his produce. If he

have cattle he can own them in safety. He cannot be "smelt out" by the witchfinder and condemned, so that his wealth be confiscated. He is subjected no doubt to thraldom, but not to tyranny. To the savage subject there is nothing so terrible as the irresponsible power of a savage ruler. A Dingaan is the same as a Nero,—a ruler whose heart becomes impregnated by power with a lust for blood. "No emperor before me," said Nero, "has known what an emperor could do." And so said Dingaan. The Zulu of Natal knows well what it is to have escaped from such tyranny.

He is a thrall, and must remain so probably for many a year to come. I call a man a thrall when he has to be bound by laws in the making of which he has no voice and is subject to legislators whom he does not himself choose. But the thraldom though often irrational and sometimes fantastic is hardly ever cruel. The white British ruler has almost always at his heart an intention to do good. He has a conscience in the matter—with rare exceptions, and though he may be imperious and fantastic, is not tyrannical. He rules the Zulu after a fashion which to a philanthropist or to a stickler for the rights of man, is abominable. He means to be master, and knowing the nature of the Zulu, he stretches his power. He cannot stand upon scruples or strain at gnats. If a blow will do when a word has not served he gives the blow,—though the blow be illegal. There are certain things which he is entitled to demand, certain privileges which he is entitled to exact; but he cannot stop himself for a small trifle. There are twenty thousand

whites to be protected amidst three hundred thousand blacks, with other hundreds of thousands crowding around without number, and he has to make the Zulu know that he is master. And he quite understands that he has to keep the philanthropist and Exeter Hall,—perhaps even Downing Street and Printing House Square,—a little in the dark as to the way he does it.

The Zulus as seen in Maritzburg are certainly a peculiar people, and very picturesque. I have said of the Kafir that he is always dressed when seen in town, but that he is dressed like an Irish beggar. I should have added, however, that he always wears his rags with a grace. The Zulu rags are perhaps about equal to the Kafir rags in raggedness, but the Zulu grace is much more excellent than the Kafir grace. Whatever it be that the Zulu wears he always looks as though he had chosen that peculiar costume, quite regardless of expense, as being the one mode of dress most suitable to his own figure and complexion. The rags are there, but it seems as though the rags have been chosen with as much solicitude as any dandy in Europe gives to the fit and colour of his raiment. When you see him you are inclined to think, not that his clothes are tattered, but "curiously cut,"—like Katharina's gown. One fellow will walk erect with an old soldier's red coat on him and nothing else, another will have a pair of knee breeches and a flannel shirt hanging over it. A very popular costume is an ordinary sack, inverted, with a big hole for the head, and smaller holes for the arms, and which comes down below the wearer's knees. This is serviceable and decent, and

has an air of fashion about it too as long as it is fairly clean. Old grey great coats with brass buttons, wherever they may come from, are in request, and though common always seem to confer dignity. A shirt and trowsers worn threadbare, so ragged as to seem to defy any wearer to find his way into them, will assume a peculiar look of easy comfort on the back and legs of a Zulu. An ordinary flannel shirt, with nothing else, is quite sufficient to make you feel that the black boy who is attending you, is as fit to be brought into any company as a powdered footman. And then it is so cheap a livery! and over and above their dress they always wear ornaments. The ornaments are peculiar, and might be called poor, but they never seem amiss. We all know at home the detestable appearance of the vulgar cad who makes himself odious with chains and pins,—the Tittlebat Titmarch from the counter. But when you see a Zulu with his ornaments you confess to yourself that he has a right to them. As with a pretty woman at home, whose attire might be called fantastic were it not fashionable, of whom we feel that as she was born to be beautiful, graceful, and idle, she has a right to be a butterfly,—and that she becomes and justifies the quaint trappings which she selects, so of the Zulu do we acknowledge that he is warranted by the condition of his existence in adorning his person as he pleases. Load him with bangle, armlet, ear-ring and head-dress to any extent, and he never looks like a hog in armour. He inserts into the lobes of his ears trinkets of all sorts,—boxes for the conveyance of his snuff and little delights, and other pendants as though his ears had been given to him for

purposes of carriage. Round his limbs he wears round shining ornaments of various material, brass, ivory, wood and beads. I once took from off a man's arm a section of an elephant's tooth which he had hollowed, and the remaining rim of which was an inch and a half thick. This he wore, loosely slipping up and down and was apparently in no way inconvenienced by it. Round their heads they tie ribbons and bandelets. They curl their crisp hair into wonderful shapes. I have seen many as to whom I would at first have sworn that they had supplied themselves with miraculous wigs made by miraculous barbers. They stick quills and bones and bits of wood into their hair, always having an eye to some peculiar effect. They will fasten feathers to their back hair which go waving in the wind. I have seen a man trundling a barrow with a beautiful green wreath on his brow, and have been convinced at once that for the proper trundling of a barrow a man ought to wear a green wreath. A Zulu will get an old hat,—what at home we call a slouch hat,—some hat probably which came from the corner of Bond Street and Piccadilly three or four years ago, and will knead it into such shapes that all the establishments of all the Christys could not have done the like. The Zulu is often slow, often idle, sometimes perhaps hopelessly useless, but he is never awkward. The wonderfully pummelled hat sits upon him like a helmet upon Minerva or a furred pork pie upon a darling in Hyde Park in January. But the Zulu at home in his own country always wears on his head the "isicoco," or head ring, a shining black coronet made hard with beaten earth and pigments,—

earth taken from the singular ant hills of the country, —which is the mark of his rank and virility and to remove which would be a stain.

I liked the Zulu of the Natal capital very thoroughly. You have no cabs there, but the Zulu, ornamented and graceful as he is, will carry your portmanteau on his head all the way for sixpence. Hitherto money has not become common in Natal as in British Kafraria, and the Zulu is cheap. He will hold your horse for you for an hour, and not express a sense of injury if he gets nothing;—but for a silver threepence he will grin at you with heartfelt gratitude. Copper I believe he will not take,—but copper is so thoroughly despised in the Colony that no one dares to shew it. At Maritzburg I found that I could always catch a Zulu at a moment's notice to do anything. At the hotel or the club or your friend's house you signify to some one that you want a boy, and the boy is there at once. If you desired him to go a journey of 200 miles to the very boundary of the Colony, he would go instantly, and be not a whit surprised. He will travel 30 or 40 miles in the twenty-four hours for a shilling a day, and will assuredly do the business confided to him. Maritzburg is 55 miles from Durban and an acquaintance told me that he had sent down a very large wedding cake by a boy in 24 hours. "But if he had eaten it?" I asked. "His Chief would very soon have eaten him," was the reply.

But there is a drawback to all these virtues. A Zulu will sometimes cross your path with so strong an injury to your nose as almost to make you ill. I have been made absolutely sick by the entrance of a good-

natured Zulu into my bedroom of a morning, when he has come near me in his anxiety about my boots or my hot water. In this respect he is more potent than any of his brethren of the negro race who have come in my way. Why it is or whence I am unable to say, or how it comes to pass that now and again there is one who will almost knock you down, while a dozen others shall cross you leaving no more than a mere flavour of Zuluism on your nasal organs. I do not think that dirt has anything to do with it. They are a specially clean people, washing themselves often and using soap with a bountiful liberality unknown among many white men. As the fox who leaves to the hounds the best scent is always the fox in the strongest health, so I fancy it is with the Zulu,—whereas dirt is always unhealthy. But there is the fact; and any coming visitor to Natal had better remember it, and be on his guard.

Almost all domestic service is done by the Zulu or Kafir race in Natal. Here and there may be found a European servant,—a head waiter at an hotel, or a nurse in a lady's family, or a butler in the establishment of some great man. But all menial work is as a rule done by the natives and is done with fidelity. I cannot say that they are good servants at all points. They are slow, often forgetful, and not often impressed with any sense of awe as to their master, who cannot eat them up or kill them as a black master might do. But they are good-humoured, anxious to oblige, offended at nothing, and extremely honest. Their honesty is so remarkable that the white man falls unconsciously into the habit of regarding them in refer-

ence to theft as he would a dog. A dog, unless very well mannered, would take a bit of meat, and a Zulu boy might help himself to your brandy if it was left open within his reach. But your money, your rings, your silver forks, and your wife's jewels,—if you have a wife and she have jewels,—are as safe with a Zulu servant as with a dog. The feeling that it is so comes even to the stranger after a short sojourn in the land. I was travelling through the country by a mail cart, and had to stay at a miserable wayside hut which called itself an hotel, with eight or ten other passengers. Close at hand, not a hundred yards from the door, were pitched the tents of a detachment of soldiers, who were being marched up to the border between Natal and the Transvaal. Everybody immediately began to warn his neighbour as to his property because of the contiguity of the British soldier. But no one ever warns you to beware of a Zulu thief though the Zulus swarm round the places at which you stop. I found myself getting into a habit of trusting a Zulu just as I would trust a dog.

At present no doubt throughout Natal there is a cry from the farmer that the Zulu will not work. The farmer cannot plough his land and reap it because the Zulu will not come to him just when work is required. It seems hard to the farmer that, with 300,000 of a labouring class around, the 20,000 white capitalists,—capitalists in a small way,—should be short of labour. That is the way in which the Natal farmer looks at it, when he swears that the Zulu is trash, and that it would be well if he were swept from the face of the earth. It seems never to occur to a Natal farmer that

if a Zulu has enough to live on without working he should be as free to enjoy himself in idleness as an English lord. The business of the Natal farmer is to teach the Zulu that he has not enough to live on, and that there are enjoyments to be obtained by working of which the idle man knows nothing.

But the Zulu does work, though not so regularly as might be desirable. I was astonished to find at how much cheaper a rate he works than does the Kafir in British Kafraria or in the Cape Colony generally. The wages paid by the Natal farmer run from 10*s.* down to 5*s.* a month, and about 3 lbs. of mealies or Indian corn a day for diet. I found that on road parties,—where the labour is I am sorry to say compulsory, the men working under constraint from their Chiefs,—the rate is 5*s.* a month, or 4*d.* a day for single days. The farmer who complains of course expects to get his work cheap, and thinks that he is injuring not only himself but the community at large if he offers more than the price which has been fixed in his mind as proper. But in truth there is much of Zulu agricultural work done at a low rate of wages, and the custom of such work is increasing.

As to other work, work in towns, work among stores, domestic work, carrying, carting, driving, cleaning horses, tending pigs, roadmaking, running messages, scavengering, hod bearing and the like, the stranger is not long in Natal before he finds, not only that all such work is done by Natives, but that there are hands to do it more ready and easy to find than in any other country that he has visited.

CHAPTER XI.

ZULULAND.

The last chapter was devoted to the Zulus, as I saw them in Natal. In this I purpose to say a very few words as to the present relations of our colonies, Natal, the Transvaal, and also of the Cape Colony, with the country north of Natal which we call Zululand, and with which we are now, in 1879, waging war; and I wish it to be understood that this has been written since the news arrived of our opening disaster in that war, and that it has been added on to the book which was published in 1878 and which now appears in an abridged form. It is not written with any idea on my part that I am entitled to give advice as to the war because I have been in South Africa, or that my opinion as to speedy success or the probability of misfortune is worth anything. My object is to make some who must necessarily be in the dark on the subject understand why we are going to war with the King of the Zulus, and what is the nature of the quarrel.

Sir Bartle Frere, who is at present Governor-General of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner in South Africa,—and as such has at this period assumed the government in Natal as regards our quarrel with the Zulus,—issued on 13th of January last (1879) a Memorandum, in which he gives his reason

for commencing the war. His ability, his high sense of honour, his patriotism and his powers of governing it is impossible to doubt, but I am compelled to say that his reasoning on this matter is sometimes too vague to carry me with him. In Section 6 of his Memorandum he tells us that when in 1872 one Panda, who was then King in Zululand, died, his son Cetywayo,—it should be pronounced Cetchwyo,—was placed on the throne in his stead, chiefly by English influence. If this were so, it is to be presumed that we then interfered in the cause of justice, and that we made Cetywayo King because he had the best title. But, according to the history of the transaction as now given by Sir Bartle, we did then in Zululand as we have done with equal futility in other countries nearer to us, and made it a part of a bargain that the Savage King should reform his practices. It may be well to exact promises of such reformation. Even the promises will in course of time effect something. They evince a recognition of the possibility, perhaps of the expediency of some changes. But it can hardly have been supposed that an absolutely savage nation would reform its savage ways and civilize itself in a few years because it had promised to do so. Cetywayo would no doubt have promised anything,—as did the other people nearer home when pressed on the subject of reform.

Sir Bartle then goes on to say in his next section, or paragraph, that none of the promises have been fulfilled. Who is to be the judge of that? That such promises should be altogether fulfilled no one of course expected. We have demanded from Turkey every governmental virtue that the mind of man can conceive,

and have pretended to support her falling cause in the hope that all these virtues should be practised in place of her habitual vices. Does anyone expect it? Some amelioration will come, and amelioration will continue to progress till the government shall cease to be Turkish. So it is in Zululand; but I submit that it is unreasonable to assume a right to invade a foreign country because reforms have not been effected which we knew to have been impossible. Let us say boldly if we will that we do not like savage neighbours, and that we will do with these Zulus as we have done with the Hottentots, the Bechuanas, and the Kafirs. But let us at any rate acknowledge the truth in the matter.

Then there comes the question of degree. Sir Bartle says that none of these promises have been fulfilled and that the barbarisms which deformed the reign of Panda have been aggravated during the reign of Cetywayo. He tells us in fact that he is going to war with the Zulus because savage cruelty is becoming more savage and more cruel. This I much doubt; and doubt also, with all respect for his diligent enquiry and great capacity for seeing and understanding,—whether the opportunity has been vouchsafed to him for ascertaining the truth in the matter,—whether the Zulus have advanced or retrograded under King Cetywayo. He has been a peaceable neighbour to us since he came to the throne. He has admitted English people into his country. It will be seen, further on, that Sir Bartle, in Section 13, especially alludes to the treatment shown to the missionaries. They have been intimidated! It is however admitted that they

have not been killed. It is I think an acknowledged fact that their houses and properties have not been taken from them. They have not been even banished. They have fled I believe, though as far as I could ascertain when in Natal, they had no cause for doing so. A missionary in Zululand, a country in which such atrocities have prevailed as those which were common under Kings Chaka and Dingaan, uncles to Cetywayo, can hardly expect absolute security. A man in some conditions has to do his duty with his life in his hands. But the savagery of these savages has been so tamed that they have admitted Christianity among them,—and the teachers of Christianity have been comparatively safe in Zululand. It is then said that three converts,—meaning, of course, three christianised Zulus,—had been killed. I also heard in 1877 of these three men,—as to whom, however, I was assured that there were only two of them and not three,—and that the two had been killed, but not by Cetywayo's orders. I will not pretend to correct information on the subject; but I would ask whether the execution,—or if the murder even, if it were murder,—of two or three savages in a savage country can give an adequate cause for us to go to war. Then there are allegations as to insolence,—allegations similar to those which have been made in excuse for the Afghan war. One cannot but remember how insolent the lamb was to the wolf.

In saying this I do not for a moment attribute to Sir Bartle Frere an intention of misrepresentation. I know no one in Her Majesty's service whom I would be less likely to suspect of such fault. But I think I understand how the mind of such a man even as Sir

Bartle may be biased, and how he may be brought to entertain a belief, in accordance as this line of action, or that, may seem best to him. To us at home in England it is a rule of policy that we will not widen our dominions further if we can help it. There is a feeling, that, powerful as are our arms, they may be stretched too far. But in truth it seems that from year to year we cannot help ourselves. Though the country wants no new provinces, the Governors who obtain them, annexing or conquering them, are proud of their achievements, and are made welcome with honours when they come home as conquerors. It is all done for the glory of England, though England wants no more such glory!

It has to be admitted that in some cases annexation can hardly be avoided. In the following chapters as to the Transvaal, I shall be found to have admitted this, though unwillingly. A high-handed thing was done which savours greatly of injustice, but seems to have been justified by the law of self-preservation. Now we shall absorb a portion at least of Zululand,—as we shall also of Afghanistan. I will not say that we can help ourselves. I should have thought that it might be possible. But I certainly cannot find a justification for fighting the Zulus in the breach of Cetywayo's promises, if they were ever made, or in the slaughter of two or three of the king's subjects.

Our real reasons for attacking the Zulus are very different. When the missionaries fled, and the men alluded to were killed,—in 1877 or perhaps 1876,—there was no question of attacking Cetywayo. The missionary party, hearing of the death of these men

and of this disturbance, made capital of it, as was natural; but the Colony of Natal did not think of interfering. Had time served me when I was in South Africa I would have gone into Zululand without fear, not in the least deterred by the death of the converted savages. Cetywayo was then our friend,—for the question of boundaries between Zululand and the Transvaal as a British Colony had not yet become a difficulty.

Now I will explain what I believe to be the cause of this war. In 1877, as the reader is probably aware, the Transvaal was annexed by England. If he be one who has not yet troubled himself with the subject, he may learn the particulars from some of the following chapters.

The Transvaal was annexed, and our excuse for doing it was that the Dutch could not defend themselves against Natives who were quarrelling with them on a question of boundaries. It would have been nothing to us how the Dutch and the Natives managed their affairs together but that the nature of the savage is such that if he attains one success in war he feels that he is capable of meeting all the world in arms. Had they made good their footing on the southern and eastern portions of the territory claimed by the Dutch as part of the Transvaal Republic, they would have flocked into Natal, in which at present, as I have so often said, there are but 20,000 Europeans among 320,000 Natives. Therefore it was,—seeing that danger,—that we annexed the Transvaal. Thus it was, and therefore, that we used the argument as to our neighbour's house on fire. If the next door to us be in

flames we can not be scrupulous as to property in putting it out. We put the fire out in the Transvaal,—for the nonce,—by taking possession of it. The warlike Natives would respect us if they did not respect the Dutch. So they did, for a while, and then came some months of peace.

But there remained the question of the boundaries. There was probably an opinion in the bosoms of the Zulu Chiefs, and of other Chiefs bordering on Zululand—of which Secocoeni who had been the prime enemy of the Dutch had been the leader,—that though we might be harder than the Dutch in a matter of fighting we should be easier in a matter of dealing. As to a large district the Natives probably had much justice on their side. The Dutch had assumed to have bought land, which, if ever really bought, had been bought for next to nothing, and had been reoccupied afterwards by other Natives. The question is so remote and complicated that it would be vain to attempt to interest English readers in it. But it may be well understood how difficult it must be to arrive at positive justice in reference to transactions as to enormous tracts of land between a few Dutch settlers and the chief of a tribe of Savages. We remember what was done in the way of buying land from natives in New Zealand by some of our own early English settlers.

The Natives around the borders of the Transvaal made their demands,—and the Dutch farmers who were sparsely scattered over the land made theirs. Were they to be unhoused and robbed because England had chosen to annex the Dutch Republic?

And are not the rights of a civilized European to be held as preferable to any that can be demanded on the part of savages,—who, if they only knew the truth, are much benefited by the living even of Dutch white men among them? In such cases justice, abstract justice, cannot be executed. Had justice only been done there would have been no United States, no British India, no Australia, no New Zealand, no South Africa. Humanity, forbearance, and Christianity must put themselves as closely as possible into alliance with physical supremacy,—and together make the best they can of the bargain.

"I will tell you what I believe to be the best boundary "between the Transvaal and Zululand, and between the "Transvaal and the other tribes north of Zululand, and "if you won't accept my line I'll make you." That to my thinking would have been an honester message to King Cetewayo, and the King's non-compliance with such an order, if he had refused compliance, would I think have been the best excuse to put forward for the war. But a resolution so autocratic should be come to only after great patience. As it is we are I think struck with the suddenness of what has been done, —with Sir Bartle's ultimatum and the terribly quick result. We have attempted all at once to march up to the King's capital, making some trumpery criminal proceedings, — alleged criminal proceedings — as our excuse. That there has been the philanthropy, the Christianity, the desire to do good, I am sure, and our Governors in South Africa have sought, alas at first not successfully, to put themselves into an alliance close enough, with physical supremacy.

But there has, I fear, been a sad lack of forbearance.

That the Zulus should overrun Natal I do not myself in the least fear,—owning, however, that my opinion on such a subject is worth nothing. I think, too, that the idea prevalent at this moment at home as to the military capacity of the Zulus has been much exaggerated. The attempt we have made seems to have been rash, as it certainly has been most unfortunate. That we shall hold our own as we always have done I do not in the least doubt, and that we shall probably, after a while, add another country to what is already our own,—as we always have done,—I much fear. To prevent this as far as it may be still prevented should I think be the duty of our governors here at home. That we have carried blessings with us in South Africa is quite true. I have written this book chiefly with the purpose of declaring that we have done so. And as we have done good to the natives of those vast regions which we have already made our own, so also, it may be argued, should we do good by colonizing,—as we should probably call it,—Zululand, and by extending ourselves to the Limpopo and beyond the Limpopo to the Zambesi. But there arises the question whether we have not already on our hands quite as heavy a task in that direction as we are able to accomplish. They who are employed out of England, as England's trusted servants, when extending her empire naturally regard such extension as a divine work. That which a man does himself is to himself always divine. And when such extensions have been made, they have, perforce,

been accepted by the unhappy country at home. If we be told in a few months that Zululand is our own shall we be able to reject it? There will be another country to be civilized at the expense of some thousands a year,—another country, with other countries still beyond it, exactly in the same position, which will require the bustle and expense of despatching another fleet and other regiments, as we are doing now in furtherance of this unfortunate war.

Have we not stretched our arms far enough? Do not we already feel that the efforts demanded from us are so excessive as to produce a sense of fear lest our means should be inadequate? If it be our duty to civilize the world at large, should we not pause a little as we do it? Having absorbed the Transvaal in 1877, and Cyprus in 1878, should we now in 1879 add Zululand to Affghanistan? The task grows to such an extent that a new acquisition will be required to satisfy the ambition of each three months. We are already beginning to hear that scruples in such a matter are absurd,—as indeed we have seemed to think,—and that Egypt ought to be made our own very shortly. Any question of abstract justice in such matters seems to have been thrown altogether to the winds. We are powerful, we are energetic, we are tenacious; but may it not be possible that we shall attempt to clutch more than we can hold? When once the subject peoples shall have begun to fall from our grasp, the process of dropping them will be very quick.

When we annexed the Transvaal there was a reason. A European people were holding it, and they, though

not English or at that time English subjects, were an offshoot from an English colony. It was a Dutch community with English mixed through them. And to the native imagination, though a difference between Dutch and English was felt and acknowledged, they were both white. For the protection of the Dutch, for the protection of ourselves, for the protection of civilisation in South Africa generally, the annexation of the Transvaal was a necessity. All that is required of us in reference to Zululand is to fix a boundary. I am far from being blind to the difficulty of doing this, but I think it may be done by some measure short of annexing another entire country which will also require that a further boundary shall be fixed on the further side of it! We are to go to war with the Savage we are told because he is not as yet altogether civilized. If that is to be accepted as a reason there can be no end to our wars while there is an untamed Native left in Africa.

I have no fear myself that Natal will be overrun by hostile Zulus;—but much fear that Zululand should be overrun by hostile Britons. We have begun unfortunately; and, annoyed by that, are probably being hurried into excessive energy and unnecessary expense; but I cannot bring myself to fear that any number of Zulus will prevail long against British troops.

CHAPTER XII.

PIETER MARITZBURG TO NEWCASTLE.

When starting from Pieter Maritzburg to Pretoria I have to own that I was not quite at ease as to the work before me. From the moment in which I had first determined to visit the Transvaal, I had been warned as to the hard work of the task. Friends who had been there, one or two in number,—friends who had been in South Africa but not quite as far as the capital of the late Republic, perhaps half a dozen,—and friends very much more numerous who had only heard of the difficulties, combined either in telling me or in letting me understand that they thought that I was,—well—much too old for the journey. And I thought so myself. But then I knew that I could never do it younger. And having once suggested to myself that it would be desirable, I did not like to be frightened out of the undertaking. As far as Pieter Maritzburg all had been easy enough. Journeys by sea are to me very easy,—so easy that a fortnight on the ocean is a fortnight at any rate free from care. And my inland journeys had not as yet been long enough to occasion any inconvenience. But the journey now before me, from the capital of Natal to the capital of the Transvaal and thence round by Kimberley, the capital of the Diamond Fields, to Bloemfontein, the capital of

the Orange Free State, and back thence across the Cape Colony to Capetown, exceeding 1,500 miles in length, all of which had to be made overland under very rough circumstances, was awful to me. Mail conveyances ran the whole way, but they ran very roughly, some of them very slowly, generally travelling as I was told, day and night, and not unfrequently ceasing to travel altogether in consequence of rivers which would become unpassable, of mud which would be nearly so, of dying horses,—and sometimes of dying passengers! A terrible picture had been painted. As I got nearer to the scene the features of the picture became more and more visible to me.

At East London I had made the acquaintance of a gentleman of about a third of my own age, who had been sent out by a great agricultural-implement-making firm with the object of spreading the use of ploughs and reaping machines through South Africa, and thus of carrying civilisation into the country in the surest and most direct manner. He too was going to Pretoria, and to the Diamond Fields,—and to the Orange Free State. He was to carry ploughs with him, —that is to say ploughs in the imagination, ploughs in catalogues, ploughs upon paper, and ploughs on his eloquent and facile tongue; whereas it was my object to find out what ploughs had done, and perhaps might do, in the new country. He, too, thought that the public conveyance would be a nuisance, that his luggage would not get itself carried, and that from the mail conveyances he would not be able to shoot any of the game with which the country abounds. When we had travelled together as far as Pieter Maritzburg

we put our heads together,—and our purses, and determined upon a venture among the dealers in carts, horses, and harness.

I left the matter very much to him, merely requiring that I should see the horses before they were absolutely purchased. A dealer had turned up with all the articles wanted,—just as though Providence had sent him,—with a Cape cart running on two wheels and capable of holding three persons beside the driver, the four horses needed,—and the harness. The proposed vendor had indeed just come off a long journey himself, and was therefore able to say that everything was fit for the road. £200 was to be the price. But when we looked at the horses, their merits, which undoubtedly were great, seemed to consist in the work which they had done rather than in that which they could immediately do again. In this emergency I went to a friendly British major in the town engaged in the commissariat department, and consulted him. Would he look at the horses? He not only did so, but brought a military veterinary surgeon with him, who confined his advice to three words, which, however, he repeated thrice, "Physical energy deficient!" The words were oracular, and the horses were of course rejected.

I was then about to start from Pieter Maritzburg on a visit of inspection with the Governor and was obliged to leave my young friend to look out for four other horses on his own responsibility,—without the advice of the laconic vet whom he could hardly ask to concern himself a second time in our business. And I must own that while I was away I was again down

at heart. For he was to start during my absence, leaving me to follow in the post cart as far as Newcastle, the frontier town of Natal. This was arranged in order that three or four days might be saved, and that the horses might not be hurried over their early journey. When I got back to Pieter Maritzburg I found that he had gone, as arranged, with four other horses:—but of the nature of the horses no one could tell me anything.

The mail cart from the capital to Newcastle took two and a half days on the journey, and was on the whole comfortable enough. But three of my fellow-passengers were going on to Pretoria by the public conveyance which took the mails up at Newcastle, and I found that they looked forward with great dread to their journey,—not even then expecting such hardships as did eventually befall them.

The country from Pieter Maritzburg to Newcastle is very hilly,—with hills which are almost mountains on every side, and it would be picturesque but for the sad want of trees. The farm homesteads were few and far between, and very little cultivation was to be seen. The land is almost entirely sold,—being, that is, in private possession, having been parted with by the governing authorities of the Colony. I saw cattle, and as I got further from Maritzburg small flocks of sheep. The land rises all the way, and as we get on to the colder altitudes is capable of bearing wheat. As I went along I heard from every mouth the same story. A farmer cannot grow wheat because he has no market and no labour. The little towns are too distant and the roads too bad for carriage;—and though there be

300,000 natives in the Colony, labour cannot be procured. I must remark that through this entire district the Kafirs or Zulus are scarce,—from a complication of causes. No doubt it was inhabited at one time; but the Dutch came, who were cruel tyrants to the natives,—which is not surprising, as they had been most disastrously handled by them. And Chaka too had driven from this country the tribes who inhabited it before his time. In other lands, nearer to the sea or great rivers, and thus lying lower, the receding population has been supplied by new comers; but the Zulus from the warmer regions further north seem to have found the high grounds too cold for them. At any rate in these districts neither Kafirs or Zulus are now numerous,—though there are probably enough for the work to be done if they would do it.

At Howick, twelve miles from Maritzburg, are the higher falls on the Umgeni,—about a dozen miles from other falls on the same river which I had seen on my way to Greyton. Here they fall precipitously about 300 feet, and are good enough to make the fortune of a small hotel, if they were anywhere in England. At Estcourt, where we stopped the first night, we found a comfortable Inn. After that the accommodation along the road was neither plenteous nor clean. The second night was passed under very adverse circumstances. Ten of us had to sleep in a little hovel with three rooms including that in which we were fed, and as one among us was a lady who required one chamber exclusively to herself, we were somewhat pressed. I was almost tempted to think that if ladies will travel under such circumstances they should not be so particular. As I

was recognized to be travelling as a stranger, I was allowed to enjoy the other bedroom with only three associates, while the other five laid about on the table and under the table, as best they could, in the feeding room.

Immediately opposite to this little hovel there was on that night a detachment of the 80th going up to join its regiment at Newcastle. The soldiers were in tents, ten men in a tent, and when I left them in the evening seemed to be happy enough. It poured during the whole night and on the next morning the poor wretches were very miserable. The rain had got into their tents, and they were wet through in their shirts. I saw some of them afterwards as they got into Newcastle, and more miserable creatures I never beheld. They had had three days of unceasing rain,—and, as they said, no food for two days. This probably was an exaggeration;—but something had gone wrong with the commissariat, and there had been no bread where bread was expected. When they reached Newcastle there was a river between them and their camping ground. In fine weather the ford is nearly dry; but now the water had risen up to a man's middle, and the poor fellows went through with their great coats on, too far gone in their misery to care for further troubles.

All along the road the little Inns and stores at which we stopped were kept by English people;—nor till I had passed Newcastle into the Transvaal did I encounter a Dutch Boer; but I learned that the farms around were chiefly held by them, and that the country generally is a Dutch country. Newcastle is a little

town with streets and squares laid out, though the streets and squares are not yet built. But there is a decent Inn, at which a visitor gets a bedroom to himself and a tub in the morning;—at least such was my fate. And there is a billiard room and a table d'hôte, and a regular bar. In the town there is a post office, and there are stores, and a Court House. There is a Dutch church and a Dutch minister,—and a clergyman of the Church of England, who however has no church, but performs service in the Court House.

Newcastle is the frontier town of the Natal Colony, and is nearly half-way between Pieter Maritzburg and Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal. It is now being made a military station,—with the double purpose of overawing the Dutch Boers who have been annexed, and the Zulus who have not. The Zulus I think will prove to be the more troublesome of the two. A fort is being planned and barracks are being built, bnt as yet the army is living under canvas. When we were there 250 men constituted the army; but the number was about to be increased. The poor fellows whom I had seen so wet through on the road were on their way to fill up deficiencies. We had hardly been an hour in the place before one of the officers rode down to call and to signify to us,—after the manner of British officers,—at what hour tiffin went on up at the mess, and at what hour dinner. There was breakfast also if we could cross the river and get up on the hill early enough. And, for the matter of that, there was a tent also, ready furnished, if we chose to occupy it. And there were saddle-

horses for us whenever we wanted them. The tiffins and the dinners and the saddle-horses we took without stint. Everything was excellent; but that on which the mess prided itself most was the possession of Bass's bitter beer. An Englishman in outlandish places, when far removed from the luxuries to which he has probably been accustomed, sticks to his Bass more constantly than to any other home comfort. A photograph of his mother and sister,—or perhaps some other lady,—and his Bass, suffice to reconcile him to many grievances.

I had come to the place on the mail cart, and on my arrival was very anxious to know what my travelling companion had done in the way of horse-buying. All my comfort for the next six weeks, and perhaps more than my comfort, depended on the manner in which he had executed his commission. It seemed now as though the rainy season had begun in very truth, for the waters for which everybody had been praying since I had landed in South Africa came down as though they would never cease to pour. On the day after our arrival I had got up to see the departure of the mail cart for Pretoria, and a more melancholy attempt at a public vehicle I had never beheld. Prophecies were rife that the horses would not be able to travel and that the miseries to be surmounted by the passengers before they reached their destination would be almost unendurable. When I saw the equipage I felt that the school of friends who had warned me against a journey to Pretoria in the mail carts had been right. I was extremely happy, therefore, when all the quidnuncs about the place, the butcher who had been travelling

about the Colony in search of cattle for the last dozen years, the hotel-keeper who was himself in want of horses to take him over the same road, the commissariat employés, and all the loafers about the place, congratulated me on the team of which I was now the joint proprietor. There was a cart and four horses,—one of which however was a wicked kicker,—and complete harness, with a locker full of provisions to eke out the slender food to be found on the road,—all of which had cost £220. And there was a coloured driver, one George, whom everybody seemed to know, and who was able, as everybody said, to drive us anywhere over Africa. George was to have £5 a month, his passage paid back home, his keep on the road, and a douceur on parting, if we parted as friends.

Remembering what I might have had to suffer,—what I might have been suffering at that very moment,—I expressed my opinion that the affair was very cheap. But my young friend indulged in grander financial views than my own. "It will be cheap," said he, "if we can sell it at the end of the journey for £150." That was a contingency which I altogether refused to entertain. It had become cheap to me without any idea of a resale, as soon as I found what was the nature of the mail cart from Newcastle to Pretoria,—and what was the nature of the mail cart horses.

Before leaving the Colony of Natal I must say that at this Newcastle,—as at other Newcastles,—coal is to be found in abundance. I was taken down to the river side, where I could see it myself. There can be no doubt but that when the country is opened up coal

will be one of its most valuable products. At present it is all but useless. It cannot be carried because the distances are so great and the roads so bad; and it cannot be worked because labour has not been organised.

THE TRANSVAAL.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRANSVAAL.—ITS HISTORY.

The Transvaal, as its name plainly indicates, is the district lying north or beyond the Vaal river. The Orange river as it runs down to the sea from the Diamond Fields through the inhospitable and little known regions of Bushmansland and Namaqualand used to be called the Gariep, and is made up of two large rivers which, above their junction, were known as the Gariep Kye and the Knu Gariep,—the tawny and the orange coloured. The former, which is the larger of the two, is now known as the Vaal, and the latter as the Orange. The Vaal rises in the Drakenberg mountains and is the northern border of the Orange Free State or Republic. The country therefore beyond that river received its present name very naturally.

This southern boundary of the Transvaal has always been marked clearly enough, but on every other side there are and have been doubts and claims which are great difficulties to the administrator of the new Colony. To the west are the Zulus, who are, at this moment, claiming lands which we also claim. Then above them, to the north-west are the Portuguese, who are not perhaps likely to extend their demands for inland territory, but who are probably quite as much in doubt as we are as to any defined boundary between

them and the natives.* To the north I think I may say that no one yet knows how far the Transvaal goes. The maps give the Limpopo river as a boundary, but I think Sir Theophilus Shepstone will own that Great Britain cannot, should she wish to do so, make good her claim to lordship over the native races up to the Limpopo without a considerable amount of——arrangement with the tribes. It was inaccuracy as to their northern and north-eastern boundaries which brought the South African or Transvaal Republic to that ruin which induced us to seize it;—or, in other words, the lands which the Dutch claimed the natives claimed also, and these claims were so ambiguous, so progressive, so indefinite, that to have yielded to them would have been to give up the whole country. Sicocoeni, who was the Chief most specially hostile to the Republic in its last days, claimed even the site on which stood Pretoria the capital, where the Volksraad or Parliament of the Republic sat. In dealing with the Natives as to boundaries it is dangerous to yield. Nor does it seem possible to trust to abstract justice. Between Sicocoeni and Mr. Burgers, the last President of the Republic, it would have been impossible for abstract justice to have drawn a true line, so confused had the matter become. It can only be done by a strong hand, and can only be done well by a strong hand guided by a desire equally strong to do what is right. The habitations of hundreds of thousands of Natives are concerned. I find that the coloured population

* In 1864 by a treaty between the Portuguese and the Republic the Lobombo range of mountains was agreed upon as a boundary between them, but I am not aware that the natives living to the east of these mountains were ever made a party to this treaty.

of our new Colony is variously stated at numbers ranging from 250,000 to 800,000. It is all guess work;—but there is no doubt that the multitude of human beings concerned is very great. Were we to annex everything included in the Dutch maps of the Transvaal, the true number would probably be much greater than the larger of those above given. You, my readers, probably think that the more we include the better for them. So do I. But they don't. They want to be independent,—as are the Zulus down on the sea coast. It is therefore impossible not to perceive a difficulty. A line to the North and North-East must be drawn;—but no possible line will satisfy the natives. To the West and North-West the matter is probably as doubtful, though not as difficult. The numbers are fewer and the people less warlike. But to the South-West there is another problem to be solved. There is a territory North by West of the Vaal river, including the little town of Bloomhof, which we, by British award declared to be independent. Governor Keate of Natal was appointed as arbitrator to draw a line between the Republic and the natives, and he declared this territory to be a portion of Bechuanaland. But the Transvaal, rejecting Governor Keate's award, took the territory and governed it. Are we now to reject it and give it back to the Bechuanas, or are we to keep it as part of the annexed Colony? This also will add something to the difficulty of defining our new possession.

The history of the European occupation of the Transvaal is the same as the history of all South Africa during this century. The Dutch have been ever

running away from the English, and the English have sometimes pursued them and sometimes determined that they should go whither they would and be no longer accounted as British subjects. They have certainly been a most stiff-necked people with whom to deal; and we, by their inability to amalgamate with ourselves, have been driven into vacillations which have not always been very creditable to our good sense. We have been too masterful and yet not masterful enough. In Natal we would not allow them to form a Republic or to throw off their British allegiance. Across the Orange river we have fought them and reduced them,—at Boom Plaats, as I shall describe when giving the little history of the Orange Free State,—and then have bid them go their own way and shift for themselves.

The Dutch of South Africa have hated our ways, though I do not think that they have hated us. What they have practically said to us is as follows. "No doubt you are very fine fellows, and very strong. We do not intend to pit ourselves against you. We first took and cultivated and civilized this Cape Colony. But as you want it in God's name take it and use it, and do with it as you list. But let us go and do as we list elsewhere. You don't like slavery. We do. Let us go and have our slaves in a new land. We must encounter endless troubles and probably death in the attempt. But anything will be better to us than your laws and your philanthropy." We could not hinder them from going. There was at one time a desire to hinder them, and the Colonial Attorney General in 1836 was consulted as to the law on the subject. There

was an old Dutch law, he said, forbidding Colonists to cross the border; but that could hardly be brought in force to prevent persons from seeking their fortunes in other lands. That these people must be allowed to go away with their waggons wheresoever they might choose was evident enough; but the British rulers could not quite make up their minds whether it was or was not their duty to go after the wanderers.

When the Dutch first made their way into the country now called the Transvaal they were simply on their road to Natal. News had reached them of the good land of Natal and they endeavoured to get to it by going northwards across the Orange river. While pursuing their way through what is now the Free State, they encountered a terrible savage named Mazulekatze, who was at the head of a tribe called the Matabele, with whom they had to fight to the death. This warrior was a Zulu and had fought under Chaka the king of the Zulus;—but had quarrelled with his lord and master and fled out of Zulu Land westwards. Here he seems to have created the tribe called Matabele, some of whom were Zulus and some natives and some warriors who had joined him, as being a great fighting Chief, from other tribes. He was as terrible a savage as Chaka himself, and altogether "ate up" the less warlike Bechuanas who up to his time possessed the land thereabouts. This seems to have been the way with these tribes. They were like water running furiously in a torrent which in its course is dashed over a rock. The stream is scattered into infinite spray the particles of which can hardly be distinguished from the air. But it falls

again and is collected into this stream or the other, changing not its nature but only its name. The Zulus, the Bechuanas, the Matabeles, and the Kafirs seem to have been formed and reformed after this fashion without any long dated tribal consistency among them. When the Dutch came to the Vaal river, groping their way to Natal, they found Mazulekatze and his Matabeles who were still at war with some of these Bechuana tribes south of the Vaal river. This was in 1837, the year before the final abolition of slavery which by the law of 1834 was arranged to take place in 1838. The Dutch were nearly exterminated, but they succeeded in driving Mazulekatze out of the land. Then there was a quarrel among themselves whether they should remain in that land or go eastward to the more promising soil of Natal. They went eastward, and how they fared in Natal has already been told.

For ten or eleven years after this the "trekking" of the Dutchmen into the Transvaal was only the onward movement of the most hardy of the class, the advanced pioneers of freedom, who would prefer to live on equal terms with the Savage,—if that were necessary,—than to have any dealings with English law. These were men at that time subject to no rule. Some were established north and west of the Vaal where Potchefstrom and Klerksdorp now are; others south and east of the Vaal. As to the latter there came an order for the appointment over them of British magistrates from Sir Henry Smith who was then the Governor of the Cape Colony. This was an offence which could not be borne. Andreas Pretorius,

that most uncompromising, most stiff-necked and self-reliant of all the Dutchmen, had left Natal in disgust with this Governor and had settled himself in these parts. He instigated a rebellion against British authority,—not with the view of at that moment claiming land north of the Vaal, but of asserting the independence of those who lived to the south of it. Then came the battle of Boom Plaats and the Orange Sovereignty,—as will be told in the section of my Work devoted to the history of the Orange Free State. It was when flying from this battle, in 1848, that Pretorius crossed the Vaal. "For you there is safety," he said to his companions as he started. "For me there is none." Then he fled away across the river and a reward of £2,000 was set upon his head. This I think may be regarded as the beginning of the occupation of the Transvaal territory by a European or Dutch population.

A sort of Republic was at once established of which Pretorius was at first the acknowledged rather than the elected Chief. The most perfect freedom for the white man,—which was supposed to include perfect equality,—was to be maintained by a union of their forces against the Natives of the country. Mazulekatze had been ejected, and the Bechuanas were again coming in upon their old land. Then there were new troubles which seemed always to end in the subjection of a certain number of the Natives to the domestic institutions of the Dutch. The children of those who rebelled, and who were taken as prisoners, were bound as apprentices in the families of the Dutch farmers,—and as such were used as slaves. There can be no

doubt that such was the case. All the evidence that there is on the subject goes to prove it, and the practice was one entirely in accordance with Dutch sympathies and Dutch manners. It is often pointed out to an enquirer that the position of the little urchins who were thus brought into contact with civilization was thereby much improved. Such an argument cannot be accepted as worth anything until the person using it is brought to admit that the child so apprenticed is a slave, and the master a slaveowner. Then the argument is brought back to the great question whether slavery as an institution is beneficial or the reverse. But even a Dutchman will generally avoid that position.

Such was the condition of the territory when the English determined that they would signify to their runaway subjects that they were regarded as free to manage themselves as they pleased across the Vaal. Of what use could it be to follow these Dutchmen beyond that distant river, when, if so persecuted, they would certainly "trek" beyond the Limpopo? Further back than the Limpopo were the Zambesi and the Equator. And yet as matters then stood a certain unpronounced claim was implied by what had been done between the Orange and the Vaal. A treaty was therefore made with the people in 1852, and for the making of the treaty Messrs. Hogge and Owen were despatched as Her Majesty's Commissioners to meet Pretorius and a deputation of emigrant farmers to settle the terms on which the Republic should be established. There were two clauses of special interest. One prohibited slavery in the new Republic,—

a clause so easy to put into a treaty, but one of which it is so impossible for an outside power to exact the fulfilment! Another declared that the British would make no alliances with the natives north of the Vaal river,—a clause which we have also found to be very inconvenient. It would have been better perhaps merely to have told these Boers that if we found slavery to exist we should make it a casus belli, and to have bound ourselves to nothing. This would have been "high-handed,"—but then how much more high-handed have we been since?

Andreas Pretorius was the first President of the now established and recognised nationality which, with a weak ambition which has assisted much in bringing it to its ruin, soon called itself the South African Republic,—as though it were destined to swallow up not only the Free State but the British Colonies also. In this, however, Andreas Pretorius himself had no part. The passion of his soul seems to have been separation from the British;—not dominion over them. He died within two years, in July 1853, and his son was elected in his place. The father was certainly a remarkable man,—the one who of all his class was the most determined to liberate himself from the thraldom of English opinions. Mr. Theal in his history of South Africa well describes how this man had become what he was by a continued reading of the Old Testament. The sanguinary orders given to the chosen people of the Lord were to him orders which he was bound to obey as were they. Mr. Theal quotes a special passage from the twentieth chapter of Deuteronomy, to which I will refer my reader—

"When thou comest nigh unto a city fight against it." The Israelites are enjoined either to slay or to enslave. And Pretorius felt that such were the commands given to him in reference to those natives among whom his lot had cast him. They were to him the people of the cities which were "very far off," and whom he had divine order to enslave, while the more unfortunate ones who would still fain occupy the lands on which it suited him and his people to dwell, were "the Hittites and the Amorites, the Canaanites and the Perizzites, the Hivites and the Jebusites" whom the Lord had commanded him utterly to destroy. With such authority before him, and while black labour was so necessary to the cultivation of the land, how could he doubt about slavery? In studying the peculiarity of the Dutch character in South Africa and the aversion of the people to our ways we have always to remember that they had been brought up for ages in the strictest belief in the letter of scripture. The very pictures in their bibles were to them true pictures, because they were there. It was so two hundred years ago with a large sect in Europe,—from which sect they had sprung. They had grown in the new land without admixture with the progressing ideas of Europe. They had neither been enlightened nor contaminated by new systems of belief, or unbelief. So it has come to pass that an institution which is so abhorrent to us as to make us feel that the man who is stained by it must be a godless sinner, is still to them a condition of things directly authorized and ordered by the Almighty.

After the death of the elder Pretorius the Republic

had by no means a quiet or a bloodless time. The capital was then at Potchefstrom, near the Vaal, while the enormous territory claimed by it to the north was almost without government. There are stories of terrible massacres amidst the records of the Republic, —of fearful revenge inflicted on the white men by the Savage whose lands had been taken from him, and of tenfold, hundredfold revenge following quick upon the heads of the wretched people. "Thou shalt utterly destroy them!" And therefore a whole tribe was smothered and starved to death within the caves in which they had taken refuge. We read that, "For years afterwards the supremacy of the white man was unquestioned in that part of the Transvaal, and we can easily believe it." * But for some years the Republic hardly had any other history but that of its contests with the Natives and its efforts to extend its borders by taking land wherever its scanty European population could extend itself. The cities "very far off" were all their legitimate prey. As the people thus followed out their destiny at great distances the seat of Government was moved from Potchefstrom to Pretoria, which city was named after the founder of the Republic.

Upon the death of Andreas Pretorius in 1853 his son became President; but in 1859 he was elected President of the Free State in the room of Mr. Boshof, who had then retired. When at Bloemfontein he advocated measures for joining the two Republics under the name of the South African Republic. Already had risen the idea that the Dutch might oust

* "South Africa," by John Noble, p. 173 B.

the English from the continent, not by force or arms but by Republican sentiment,—an idea however which has never travelled beyond the brains of a few political leaders in the Transvaal. I do not think that a trace of it is to be found in the elder Pretorius. Mr. Burgers, the last President, of whom I shall have to speak presently, was so inflated by it, that it may be said to have governed all his actions. The idea is grand, but such ideas must depend on their success for their vindication. When unsuccessful they seem to have been foolish thoughts, bags of gas and wind, and are held to be proof of the incompetency of the men who held them for any useful public action. Neither will Mr. Pretorius junior nor Mr. Burgers ever be regarded as benefactors of their country or as great statesmen; but the bosoms of each have no doubt swelled with the aspiration of being called the Dutch Washington of South Africa. I think I may say that Mr. Brand, who is now President of the Orange Free State, is imbued with no such vaulting ambition, whatever may be his ideas on the course of things in the womb of time. He is mildly contented to be President of the Free State, and as long as the Free State has a history to be written he will be spoken of as the man who in the midst of its difficulties made its existence possible and permanent.

The Volksraad of the Free State did not sympathise with the views of their President from the Transvaal, and in 1863 he resigned the place. He was soon re-elected President of the Northern Republic and remained in that office till he quarrelled with his own Volksraad or was quarrelled with by them. He

struggled hard and successfully to extend the bounds of the Empire, and claimed among other lands that tract of land of which I have already spoken, which is far to the south-west of the Transvaal, but still to the north or north-west of the Vaal, where a tribe of the Griquas, a branch of the vast tribe of the Bechuanas, were living. The question of a boundary in that direction was submitted to Governor Keate as umpire, and his decision, which was hostile to the claims of the Republic, was accepted by the President. But the Volksraad repudiated their President, declaring that he had acted without their authority, and refused to surrender the land in question. Oddly enough after this, it is,—or it is not,—at this moment a portion of British territory. I do not know with what face we can hold it;—but still I feel sure that we shall not abandon it. Pretorius was so disgusted with his Volksraad that he resigned his office. This happened in 1872. Mr. Burgers, the late President, was then elected for a term of five years, and was sworn into office on 1st July of that year.

Mr. Burgers, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in Capetown, is still a man in the prime of life and is entitled to be spoken of with that courtesy which always should be extended to living politicians who have retired from office. Unless the proof to the contrary be so apparent as to be glaring, the motives of such men should not be impugned. When a man has held high office in his State,—especially when he has been elected to that office by the voices of his fellow-citizens,—he is entitled to the merit of patriotism unless the crime of selfish ambition or unclean hands

have been brought home against him by the voices which elected him. No such charges have been substantiated against Mr. Burgers, and I shall therefore speak of him with all the respect which patriotism deserves. But the capacity of a Statesman for the office he has filled is always open to remark, whether he be still in power or shall have retired. In the former case it is essential to oust an incompetent man from his place, and in the latter to defend the course by which such a one has been ousted. As a public man is entitled to the most generous construction of his motives, which should be regarded as pure and honest till their impurity and dishonesty shall have been put beyond question,—so is he justly exposed to all that criticism can say as to the wisdom of his words and deeds. The work on which he is employed is too important for that good-natured reticence with which the laches of the insignificant may be allowed to be shrouded.

When Mr. Burgers was elected President of the Transvaal Republic he was, or shortly before had been, a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church in the Cape Colony, who had differed on matters of creed with the Church to which he belonged, and had consequently cast off his orders. He was known as an eloquent enthusiastic man, and was warmly welcomed in the Transvaal,—where, if ever, a silent, patient, unobtrusive officer was wanted for the work which had to be done in consolidating the Republic. The country at the time was very poor. The Treasury was empty, —a paper currency had been set afloat in 1865, and was of course greatly depreciated. Taxes were with

difficulty collected, and the quarrels with the natives were incessant. Mr. Burgers succeeded in raising a loan, and borrowed £60,000, which the bank who lent the money will now receive from the pockets of tax-payers in England. He established a national flag,—which was we may suppose a cheap triumph. He had a gold coinage struck, with a portraiture of himself,—two or three hundred gold pieces worth 20*s.* each,—which I will not hurt his feelings by calling sovereigns. This could not have cost much as the coinage was so limited. They were too all made out of Transvaal gold. He set on foot a most high flown scheme of education,—of which the details will be given elsewhere and which might have not been amiss had it not been impracticable. He attempted to have the public lands surveyed, while he did not in the least know what the public lands were and had no idea of their limits. There was to be a new code of laws, before as yet he had judges or courts. And then he resolved that a railway should at once be made from Pretoria through the gold fields of the Transvaal down to Delagoa Bay where the Portuguese have their settlement. For the sake of raising a loan for this purpose he went in person to Holland,—just when one would have thought his presence in his own country to be indispensable, and did succeed in saddling the Republic with a debt of £100,000 for railway properties,—which debt must now, also, be paid by the British tax-payers. To all this he added,—so runs the rumour among those who were his friends in the Republic—many proud but too loudly spoken aspirations as to the future general destiny of the South

African Republic. His mind seems to have been filled with the idea of competing with Washington for public admiration.

In all this there was much for which only the statesman and not the man must be blamed. The aspirations in themselves were noble and showed that Mr. Burgers had so far studied his subject as to know what things were good for a nation. But he had none of that method which should have taught him what things to put first in bestowing the blessings of government upon a people. We remember how Goldsmith ridicules the idea of sending venison to a man who is still without the necessaries of life.

"It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt."

It was certainly a shirt, and other of the simplest of garments, which the people of the Transvaal then wanted;—the ordinary calico shirt of taxation and the knee-breeches of security for property;—while Mr. Burgers was bestowing ruffles upon them in the shape of a national flag and a national gold coinage with his own portrait. Education is certainly one of the first wants of a people, but education will not be assisted by a law declaring that all school-masters shall have ample incomes, unless there be funds from which such incomes may be paid. What is so excellent as a good code of laws;—unless indeed it be some means of enforcing them, without which the best code in the world must be ineffective? A code of laws is to be had with comparatively little difficulty,—almost as easily as the flag. There are so many that an aspiring President need only choose. But that regular system

of obedience to the laws which has to found itself on a well-collected Revenue, and which is the very essence of government, should come first, and in such a country as that which Mr. Burgers was called upon to govern, the establishment of this system should have been the care of the Governor before he had thought of a new code. Mr. Burgers rushed at once to the fruition of all the good things which a country can possess without stopping to see whether they were there, to be enjoyed. Such was his temperament. Nothing more plainly declares the excessive wealth of France and of England than the plenty of their gold coinage;—therefore certainly let us have some gold pieces in the Transvaal. How proud are the citizens of the United States of their Stars and Stripes! Therefore let us have a flag. How grand is the education of Prussia! Therefore let us have schools everywhere!

I myself think that the measure most essential for the development of the resources of the Transvaal is a railway to Delagoa Bay. I cannot therefore quarrel with Mr. Burgers for holding the same opinion. But it was characteristic of the enthusiasm of the man that he, leaving his country in uttermost confusion, should himself rush off to Europe for a loan,—characteristic of his energy that he should be able to raise, if not a large sum of money, railway plant representing a large sum,—and characteristic of his imprudence that all this should have been done without any good result whatever. A railway to a country is a great luxury, the most comfortable perhaps that it can enjoy; but Mr. Burgers does not seem to have understood that a nation like a man should be able to

provide for itself the necessaries of life before it looks for luxuries.

All these follies, if they were follies, could have been nothing to us but for our close proximity to the borders of the Transvaal. While the gold was being coined and the flag was being stitched, there were never-ending troubles with the Natives. The question of the right to territory in a country which was inhabited by native races when it was invaded by Europeans is one so complex that nothing but superior force has as yet been able to decide it. The white races have gradually obtained possession of whatever land they have wanted because they have been the braver and the stronger people. Philanthropy must put up with the fact, and justice must reconcile herself to it as best she may. I venture to express an opinion that to the minds of all just men who have turned this matter in their thoughts with painful anxiety, there has come a solution,—which has by no means satisfied them, but which has been the only solution possible,—that God Almighty has intended that it should be as it is. The increasing populations of the civilized world have been compelled to find for themselves new homes; and that they should make these homes in the lands occupied by people whose power of enjoying them has been very limited, seems to have been arranged——by Destiny. That is the excuse which we make for ourselves; and if we do not find verbal authority for it in Deuteronomy as do the Boers, we think that we collect a general authority from the manifested intention of the Creator.

But in the midst of all this the attempts to deal justly with the original occupants of the soil have of

late years been incessant. If we buy the land then it will be ours of right. Or if we surrender and secure to the Native as much as the Native wants, then are we not a benefactor rather than a robber? If we succour the weak against the strong then shall we not justify our position? If in fact we do them more good than harm may we not have quiet consciences? So we have dealt with them intending to be just, but our dealings have always ended in coercion, annexation, dominion and masterdom.

In these dealings who has been able to fix a price or to decide where has been the right to sell? A few cattle have been given for a large territory or even a few beads; and then it has turned out that the recipient of the cattle or beads has had no title to dispose of the land. But the purchaser if he be strong-handed will stick to his purchase. And then some complications as to property which no judge can unravel. Shall the law of the Native prevail or European law? and if the former, who shall interpret it,—a Native or a European? Some years ago a Zulu king conquered a native tribe which lived on lands which are now claimed as part of the Transvaal and then sold them for a herd of cattle to the Dutch Republic. Time went by and the conquered people were still allowed to live on the land, but the Dutch still claimed it as a part of their empire. Then there arose a warrior among the tribe which had been conquered; and the number of the tribe had increased with peace; and the warrior said that he was then on his own territory and not there by sufferance. And now that he was brave and strong he declared that all the land

that had once belonged to his tribe should be his. And so there came war. This is the transaction to which I allude in my short chapter on Zululand. The warrior was Secocoeni, the son of Sequani who had been conquered by Dingaan the King of the Zulus, and the war came up in the time of Mr. Burgers and has been the cause of our annexation of the Republic. It should have been the first duty of Mr. Burgers to have settled this affair with Secocoeni. His title to the land in question was not very good, but he should have held it or yielded it. If not all he might have yielded some. Or he might have shown himself able to conquer the Native, as Dutchmen and Englishmen have done before,—and have consoled himself with such justification as that I have mentioned. But with his coins and his flags and his railway he seems to have lost that power of inducing his Dutchmen to fight which the Dutch leaders before his time have always possessed. But Mr. Burgers could not conquer Secocoeni although he was again and again rebuked by our Secretary of State at home for the barbarity with which he carried on the war. It is thus that Lord Carnarvon wrote to our Governor at the Cape on the 25th January, 1877. "I have to instruct you once more to express to him,"—President Burgers,—"the deep regret and indignation with which H.M. Government view the proceedings of the armed force which is acting in the name and under the authority of the Transvaal Government, and that he is rapidly making impossible the continuance either of those sentiments of respect and confidence towards him, or of those friendly relations with him as the

Chief of a neighbouring Government, which it was the earnest hope of H.M. Government to preserve." This was a nice message for a President to receive, not when he had quelled the Natives by the "armed force which is acting in the name and under the authority of the Transvaal Government,"—and which was undoubtedly the Transvaal army fighting for the just or unjust claims of the country,—but when that armed force had run away after an ineffective effort to drive the enemy from his stronghold!

Whether Mr. Burgers ever received that message I do not know. It was not written till a day or two after the arrival of Sir Theophilus Shepstone at Pretoria,—to which place he had then gone up as British Commissioner, and could hardly have been handed to the President much before the final overthrow of his authority. But other annoyances, some from the same source, must surely have been enough to crush any man. During all the latter period of his office he was subjected to a continued hail-storm of reproaches as to slavery from British authorities and British newspapers. These reached him generally from the Cape Colony, and Mr. Burgers, who had come from the Cape, must have known his old Colony well enough himself to have been sure that if not refuted they would certainly lead to disaster. I do not believe that Mr. Burgers had any leaning towards slavery. He was by no means a Boer among Boers, but has come rather of a younger class of men and from a newer school. But he could only exist in the Transvaal by means of the Boers, and in his existing condition

could not exert himself for the fulfilment of the clause of the treaty which forbad slavery.

Then he had against him a tribe of natives whom he could not conquer, and at the same time the British Government and British feeling. And he had not a shilling in the Treasury. Nominal taxes there were; —but no one would pay them. As they were all direct taxes, it was open to the people to pay them or to decline to do so. And they declined. As no one had any confidence in anything, why should any one pay five or ten pounds to a tax-gatherer who had no constable at his back to enforce payment? No one did so, and there was not a shilling in the Treasury. This was the condition of the South African Republic when Sir Theophilus Shepstone arrived at Pretoria on January 22nd, 1877, with six or seven other gentlemen from Natal and a guard of 25 mounted policemen.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TRANSVAAL—ANNEXATION.

I HAVE endeavoured in the last chapter to tell very shortly the story of the South African Republic and to describe its condition at the moment when our Secretary of State at home took the unusual step of sending a British Commissioner,—not with orders to take possession of the land but with orders which have been held to justify the act when done. I doubt whether there is a precedent for so high-handed a deed in British history. It was we who found fault with the management of that Republic, and we who have taken possession of the land. It is well that the whole truth as to the matter should be understood. If we had done this act in compliance with the expressed wish of the inhabitants generally, that would be a justification. But it cannot fairly be said that such was the case here. A nation with a popular parliament can only be held to express its opinion to another nation by the voice of its parliament;—and the Volksraad of the Transvaal was altogether opposed to the interference of Great Britain. I will touch upon this matter again presently when alluding to the words of the Commission given to the British Commissioner by the Secretary of State at home;—but I think it must be acknowledged that no other expression of

opinion, unless it be a general rising of the people, can be taken as national. In nine cases out of ten petitions ought to be held to mean nothing. They cannot be verified. They show the energy of the instigators of the petition and not of the petitioners. They can be signed by those who have and by those who have not an interest in the matter. The signatures to them can be readily forged. At home in England the right of petitioning is so dear to us from tradition that we still cling to it as one of the bulwarks of our freedom; but there cannot be a statesman, hardly a Member of Parliament among us, who does not feel that pen and ink and agitating management have become so common that petitions are seldom entitled to much respect. In the Transvaal we have annexed a dominion which was established by ourselves in express obedience to our own requisitions, which was in the possession of European rulers, which was altogether independent, and as to the expediency of annexing which we have had nothing to guide us but our own judgment and our own will. It is as though a strong boy should say to a weak one, "It is better that I should have that cricket bat than you," and should therefore take it.

The case will seem to be still stronger if it shall appear that Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the Commissioner appointed to this work, did what he did do without authority. It is evident that there was doubt in the Colonial Office at home. The condition of the Transvaal was bad. Slavery was rampant. The Natives were being encouraged to rebellion. The President was impotent. The Volksraad was stiff-

necked and ignorant. There was no revenue, no order, no obedience. The Dutch seemed to have forgotten even the way to fight. What were we to do with such neighbours,—for whose inefficiency we were in a measure responsible, having ourselves established the Republic? That we must interfere for our own protection in regard to the Natives seemed to be necessary. As has been said so often, there was a house on fire next door to us, in the flames of which we might ourselves be enveloped. The Republic was drifting,—nay, had drifted into Chaos. If any other people could have assisted us in putting out the fire, French, Germans, or Italians,—so that we might not seem to tyrannise,—it would have been so comfortable! But in South Africa we had none to help us. And then though this Republic was more than half Dutch it was also only less than half English.

Something must be done; and therefore an order was sent out directing Sir Theophilus Shepstone to go to Pretoria and see what he could do. Sir Theophilus was and for many years had been Minister for Native Affairs in the Colony of Natal, and was credited,—no doubt correctly,—with knowing more about the Natives than any other European in South Africa. He was a man held in special respect by the King of the Zulus, and the King of the Zulus was in truth the great power whom both Dutch and English would dread should the natives be encouraged to rebel. When men have talked of our South African house being in danger of fire, Cetywayo the King of the Zulus has been the fire to whom they have alluded. So Sir Theophilus started on his journey taking his Com-

mission in his pocket. He took a small body of policemen with him as an escort, but advisedly not a body that might seem by its number to intimidate even so weak a Government as that of the South African Republic.

The writing of the Commission must have been a work of labour, requiring much thought, and a great weighing of words. It had to be imperative and yet hemmed in by all precautions; giving clear instruction, and yet leaving very much to the Commissioner on the spot who would have his work to do in a distant country not connected with the world by telegraph wires. The Commission is long, and I will not quote it all; but it goes on to say that "if the emergency should seem to you to be such as to render it necessary, in order to secure the peace and safety of Our said Colonies and of Our subjects elsewhere that the said territories, or any portion or portions of the same, should *provisionally and pending the announcement of Our pleasure,** be administered in Our name and on Our behalf, then *and in such case only** We—" authorize you to annex so much of any such territories as aforesaid.

But the caution against such annexing was continued much further. "Provided first—that"—no such annexation shall be made—"unless you shall be satisfied that the inhabitants thereof, *or a sufficient number of them, or the Legislature thereof** desire to become Our subjects, nor if any conditions unduly limiting Our power and authority are sought to be imposed. And secondly, that, unless the circumstances are such as in

* The italics are my own.

your opinion to make it necessary to issue a Proclamation forthwith, no such Proclamation shall be issued by you until the same has been submitted to and approved by ——" the Governor of the Cape Colony, all whose titles are given at great length.

Could anything be more guarded, or less likely one would say on the mere perusal of the document, to lead to an immediate and permanent annexation of the whole country. The annexation if made at all was to be provisional only and pending the Queen's pleasure, and then it was only to be made if the inhabitants, or a sufficient number of them, or the Legislature should wish it. What the sufficient number might be was left to the discretion of the Commissioner. But he was only to do this in compliance with the wishes of the people themselves. He was to take temporary possession,—only temporary possession,—of a part of the Transvaal should the people desire it, and in the event of such a measure being approved by a distant Governor,—unless the circumstances were such as to make him think it expedient to do it without such approval. Such was the nature of the Order, and I think that any one reading it before the event would have said that it was not intended to convey an authority for the immediate and permanent annexation of the whole country.

But Sir Theophilus, after a sojourn of ten weeks at Pretoria, in which the question of the annexation was submitted to the Volksraad and in which petitions and counter-petitions were signed, did annex the whole country permanently, without any question of provisional occupation, and without, as far as I have been

able to learn, any sanction from the Governor of the Cape Colony. As to conditions limiting Her Majesty's power, the mere allusion to such a condition of things seems to be absurd now that we know what has been done. "Now therefore I do . . . . proclaim and make known that from and after the publication hereof the territory heretofore known as the South African Republic . . . . shall be, and shall be taken to be, British territory." These are the words which contain the real purport of the Proclamation issued by Sir Theophilus Shepstone at Pretoria on 12th April, 1877. Was ever anything so decided, so audacious, and apparently so opposed to the spirit of the instructions which the Commissioner had received? When the Secretary of State received a telegram from Madeira, the nearest telegraph station, saying that the Transvaal had been annexed, which he did in the following May, he surely must have been more surprised than any other man in England at what had been done.

Was the deed justifiable? Has it been justified by what has occurred since? And if so, how had come about a state of things which had made necessary a proceeding apparently so outrageous? The only man I have met in all South Africa who has questioned the propriety of what has been done is Mr. Burgers, the ousted President. Though I have discussed the matter wherever I have been, taking generally something of a slant against Sir Theophilus,—as I must seem to have done in the remarks I have just made, and to which I always felt myself prompted by the high-handedness of the proceeding,—I have never encountered even a doubtful word on the subject, except

in what Mr. Burgers said to me. And Mr. Burgers acknowledged to me, not once or twice only, that the step which had been taken was manifestly beneficial, to the Natives, to the English,—and to the Dutch. He thought that Sir Theophilus had done a great wrong,—but that the wrong done would be of great advantage to every one concerned. He made various complaints;—that the Natives around him had been encouraged to rebel in order that an assumed difficulty might be pleaded;—that no national petition, and indeed no trustworthy petition, had been sent forward praying for annexation;—that the deed was uncalled for and tyrannical;—and that the whole proceeding was one in which the courtesy due to a weaker nation was neglected and omitted. He then asserted that fresh emigrants would not flock into a land governed under a European crown as they would have done into a Republic. But he repeated his admission that for Dutchmen, Englishmen, and Natives as at present settled in the country, the British rule would be the best.

He alleged as to himself that when Sir Theophilus stated to him his intentions, three courses appeared to be open to him. He might use his influence and his words in assisting the transference of the country to the British. This as President of the Republic he could not do;—and the less so as he did not think that it should be done. Or he might cause Sir Theophilus and his twenty-five policemen to be marched back over the border, treating them on their way as unauthorized intruders. This he would not do, he said, because he knew it to be useless to wage war with Great Britain.

Or he might yield and remonstrate;—yield to power while he remonstrated against injustice. This, he said, that he did do.

I had not the pleasure of meeting Sir Theophilus, and have the less repugnance therefore to surmise the condition of his mind when he received the order to go to Pretoria. Had he told me his mind I might have been able to publish my own surmises. He knew that the native races of the Transvaal unless convinced of the superiority of their white neighbours would ever struggle to prove them inferior,—and that such inferiority if proved would at once be the death-warrant of the white men. The Natives had long learned to respect the English and to hate the Dutch;—but even that respect would not restrain them if once they had asserted their masterhood to a white race. And now this state of things was at hand. He was aware that though English troops could be supplied to maintain English authority, English troops would not be lent to fight the battles of the Dutch. There might, nay there probably would be, a native triumph just across our borders which he as a minister in Natal could not interfere to quell,—but which, when a rumour of it should spread among the Zulus on our border, might induce 300,000 coloured subjects to think that they could free themselves by a blow from 20,000 white masters. And he knew the condition which I have attempted to explain,—that these Dutch people in the Transvaal would not pay a stiver of tax, that there was in fact no government, that the gaols were unlocked in order that prisoners might find elsewhere the bread which their gaolers could not get for them, that the

posts could not be continued because the Contractors were not paid, that no one would part with a coin which he possessed, that property was unsaleable, that industry was unprofitable, that life was insecure, that Chaos was come upon the land. I do not suppose that Sir Theophilus doubted much when he read the Commission which had been sent to him, or that he thought very much of all the safeguards and provisions. He probably felt, as did everybody else, that the South African Republic had from the first been a failure,—almost a farce,—and that the sooner so expensive a failure could be brought to an end, the better. Whereupon Sir Theophilus said that then and from thenceforth the Transvaal should be British property. So he put up the Queen's flag;—and the Transvaal is and probably will remain British property.

I have to acknowledge, with all my sympathies strongly opposed to what I call high-handed political operations, that I think Sir Theophilus was justified. A case of such a kind must in truth be governed by its own merits, and cannot be subjected to a fixed rule. To have annexed only a part of the Transvaal would have been not only useless, but absurd. Not only would the part which we had spared have been hostile to us, but the Dutch within our assumed borders would have envied the independence we had left to others. We shall have trouble enough now in settling our boundaries with the Natives.* We should then have had the worse trouble of settling them with the Dutch. To have waited for authority from the Governor of the Cape Colony would have shown a weakness

* This, written in 1877—has become true in 1879.

in his own authority which might have been fatal to Sir Theophilus as he was then placed. No other Governor could know the condition of the matter as well as he did. To carry him through it was needed that the Boers should understand that when he said that the land should be annexed, Great Britain was saying so. They did so believe. The President so believed. And therefore the surrender was made without a struggle.

So much for Sir Theophilus and his instructions. In the larger matter which regards Great Britain and her character, we have to enquire whether this arbitrary act has been justified by what has occurred since. In discussing this there are at least four parties concerned, if not more. Mr. Burgers spoke of three, and in South Africa it is natural that reference should be made to those three only. As regards the Natives there can be no question. No friend of theirs can wish it to be otherwise unless they have a friend so foolish as to desire for them an independence which can be obtained only by the extermination or banishment of the European races. That the Natives generally respect the English and do not respect the Dutch is certain. This had come to such a pitch in the Transvaal that it had produced war,—and that war if continued would have meant the destruction of the tribe which was waging it. Permanent success against white men is impossible for Natives in South Africa. Every war between a tribe and its white neighbours ends in the destruction of the tribe as an independent people. And here, if Secocoeni had been successful against the Dutch, Cetywayo, the King of

the Zulus, would at once have been at war with Secocoeni. As far as the Natives were concerned, it would indeed have been to "let slip the dogs of war." It has been one of our great objects in dealing with the Natives, to save the tribes from being hounded on to war among themselves by their Chiefs. The Dutch rule in the Transvaal was an incentive to war which was already operating.

As to the good done to the English of the Transvaal it is hardly necessary that any arguments should be used. We had abandoned the country to Dutch rule in 1852, and it was natural that the Dutch should consider only themselves—and the Natives. After what we had done we clearly had no right to take back the Transvaal by force in order that we might protect the interests of Englishmen who were living there. But it is matter of additional satisfaction that we have been enabled to re-establish a basis of trade in the country;—for the trade of the country has been in the hands of English, Germans, or newly arrived Hollanders, and not in those of the Boers, to whom the country was given up. I do not remember to have found a shop or even an hotel all through the Transvaal in the hands of a Dutch Boer.

But the man who has cause to rejoice the most,—and who as far as I could learn is wide awake to the fact,—is the Boer himself. He is an owner of land,—and on the first of January, 1877, his land was hardly worth having. Now he can sell it, and such sales are already being made. He was all astray even as to what duty required of him. Ought he to pay his taxes when no one around him was paying? Of what use would be

his little contribution? Therefore he did not pay. And yet he had sense enough to know that when there are no taxes, there can be no government. Now he will pay his taxes. Ought he to have fought, when those wretched Natives, in their audacity, were trying to recover the land which he had taken from them? Of what use could fighting have been when he had no recognised leader,—when the next Boer to him was not fighting? Now he knows that he will have a leader. Why cultivate his land, or more of it than would feed himself? Why shear his sheep if he could not sell his wool? Now there are markets for him. It was to this condition of not paying, not fighting, and not working that he was coming when British annexation was suggested to him. What was wanted was money and the credit which money gives. England had money, and the Boer knew well enough that English money could procure for him that which a national flag, and a gold coinage, and a code of laws, and a promised railway could not achieve. It was almost cruel to ask him to consent to annexation, but it would have been more cruel not to annex him.

But the condition of the fourth party is to be considered. That fourth party is the annexing country. It may be very well for the Natives and for the Dutch, and for the English in the Transvaal, but how will it suit the English at home? It became immediately necessary for us to send a large military force up to the Transvaal, or to its neighbourhood. Something above two regiments have I believe been employed on the service, and money has been demanded from Parliament for the purpose of paying for them. Up to

this time England has had to pay about £125,000 for the sake of procuring that security of which I have spoken. Why should she pay this for the Boers,—or even for the English who have settled themselves among the Boers? And then the sum I have named will be but a small part of what we must pay. Hitherto no violent objection has been made at home to the annexation. In Parliament it has been almost as well received by the Opposition as by the Government. No one has said a word against Lord Carnarvon; and hardly a word has been said against Sir Theophilus. But how will it be when other and larger sums are asked for the maintenance of the Transvaal?

The answer to this must be that we have been compelled thus to put our hands deeply into our pockets by our folly in a former generation. It is because we came to a wrong judgment of our position in 1852,—when we first called upon the Dutch Boers to rule themselves, that we are now, twenty-five years afterwards, called upon to pay for the mistake that has since occurred. We then endeavoured to limit our responsibility, saying to ourselves that there was a line in South Africa which we would not pass. We had already declined to say the same thing as to Natal, and we ought to have seen and acknowledged that doctrine of the house on fire as clearly then as we do now. The Dutch who trekked across the Vaal were our subjects as much as though they were English. Their troubles must ultimately have become our troubles,—whereas their success, had they been successful, might have been as troublesome to us as their troubles. We repudiated two territories, and origi-

nated two Republics. The first has come back upon our hands and we must pay the bill. That is the Transvaal. The other, which can pay its own bill, will not come back to us even though we should want it. That is the Orange Free State. I have now answered the three questions. I think the annexation was justifiable. I think that it has been justified by the circumstances that have followed it. And I have given what in my opinion has been the cause for so disagreeable a necessity.

A report has been spread all through South Africa that the late President of the South African Republic is to be gratified by a pension of £750 per annum out of the revenues of Great Britain. I trust for everyone's sake that that report may not be true. The late President was the chief officer of his country when the annexation was made, and I cannot think that it would be compatible with his honour to receive a pension from the Government of the country which has annihilated the Republic over which he had been called on to preside. When he says that he yielded and remonstrated, he takes a highly honourable position, and one which cannot be tarnished by any incapability for ruling which he may have shown. But were he to live after that as a pensioner on English bounty,—the bounty of the country which had annihilated his own,—then I think that he had better at least live far away from the Transvaal, and from the hearing of the sound of a Dutchman's voice.

And why should we pay such a pension? Is it necessary that we should silence Mr. Burgers? Have we done him an injustice that we should pay him a

compensation for the loss of his office? It is said that we pay dethroned Indian Princes. But we take the revenues of dethroned Indian Princes,—revenues which have become their own by hereditary descent. Mr. Burgers had a month or two more of his Presidency to enjoy, with but little chance of re-election to an office the stipend of which could not have been paid for want of means. But this argument ought not to be required. An expensive and disagreeable duty was forced upon us by a country which could not rule itself, and certainly we should not convict ourselves of an injustice by giving a pension to the man whose incompetence imposed upon us the task.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TRANSVAAL.—PRETORIA.

PRETORIA itself, the capital of our new country, is a little town, lying in a basin on a plateau 4,500 feet above the level of the sea,—lat. 25° 45′, S., long. 28° 49′, E. From its latitude it would be considered to be semitropical, but its altitude above the sea is so great as to make the climate temperate. In regard to heat and cold it is very peculiar,—the changes being more rapid and violent than I have experienced in any other place. I was there during the last days of September, which would answer to the last days of March on our side of the equator. The mornings were very fine, but somewhat chilly,—not so as to make a fire desirable but just to give a little sting to the water. The noon-day was hot,—not *too* hot for exercise; but the heat seemed to increase towards the afternoon, the level rays of the sun being almost oppressive. Then suddenly there would come an air so cold that the stranger who had not expected the change and who was wearing perhaps his lightest clothes would find that he wanted a great coat and a warm cravat round his neck. It was not till I was about to leave the place that I became alive to its peculiarities. I caught a cold every evening in consequence of my ignorance, becoming quite hoarse and thinking of hot water ex-

ternally and internally as I went to bed;—but in the morning I was always quite well again. I was assured, however, that the climate of Pretoria was one which required great care from its inhabitants. It is subject to very violent storms, and deaths from lightning are not uncommon. The hailstorms, when they come, are very violent, the stones being so large as not unfrequently to batter the cattle to death. I was glad to find that they were unfrequent, and that my good fortune saved me from experiencing their effects. "What does a man do if he be out in the veld?" I asked, when I heard these frightful stories. "Put his saddle over his head," was the answer, showing much as to the custom of a people who seldom walk to any distance always having horses at command. "But if he have not a saddle?" "Ah, then indeed, he would be badly off." My informants, for I was told of the hailstorms and the necessary saddles more than once, seemed to think that in such a dilemma there would be no hope for a man who, without a saddle, might chance to be beyond the reach of a roof. I could not, however, learn that people were often killed. I therefore accepted the Pretorian hailstones with a grain of salt.

The first President of the Colony was named Pretorius and hence the name of the town, which became the capital in the time of his son who was the second President. The old man was one of the pioneer farmers who first entered in upon the country under circumstances already described, and the family now is very numerous in the Transvaal, occupying many farms. Potchefstroom,—a hundred miles to the south-west of

Pretoria,—was the first capital and is still the bigger town; but President Pretorius the second thought it well to move the seat of Government more to the centre of the large district which the Republic was then claiming, and called the little city Pretoria, after the name of his father.

I am quite unable to say what is the population of the capital, as those of whom I inquired could only guess at it from their own point of view. I should think it might amount to two thousand exclusive of the military. At the time I was there it was of a very shifting nature, and will be so for some months. It has lately become the seat of a British Government, and people have flocked into it knowing that money will be flying about. Money has flown about very readily, and there are hands of course to receive it. Six hundred British soldiers are stationed there under tents, and soldiers, though their pay is low, are great consumers. A single British soldier will consume as much purchased provender as a whole Boer family. But as people are going in, so are they going out. The place therefore in its present condition is like a caravansary rather than an established town. All menial services are done by a Kafir population,—not permanently resident Kafirs who can be counted, but by a migratory imported set who are caught and used as each master or mistress of a family may find it possible to catch and use them. "They always go when you have taught them anything," one poor lady said to me. Another assured me that two months of continuous service was considered a great comfort. And yet they have their domestic jealousies. I dined

at a house at which one of our British soldiers waited at table, an officer who dined there having kindly brought the much-needed assistance with him. The dinner was cooked by a Kafir who, as the lady of the house told me, was very angry because the soldier was allowed to interfere with the gala arrangements of the day. He did not see why he should not be allowed to show himself among the company after having undergone the heat of the fray. These Kafirs at Pretoria, and through all those parts of the Transvaal which I visited, are an imported population,—the Dutch having made the land too hot to hold them as residents. The Dutch hated them, and they certainly have learned to hate the Dutch in return. Now they will come and settle themselves in Pretoria for a short time and be good-humoured and occasionally serviceable. But till they settle themselves there permanently it is impossible to count them as a resident population.

Down many of the streets of the town,—down all of them that are on the slope of the descent,—little rivulets flow, adding much to the fertility of the gardens and to the feeling of salubrity. Nothing seems to add so much to the prettiness and comfort of a town as open running water, though I doubt whether it be in truth the most healthy mode of providing for man the first necessary of life. Let a traveller, however, live for a few days but a quarter of a mile from his water supply and he will learn what is the comfort of a rivulet just at his door-step. Men who have roughed it in the wilderness, as many of our Colonists have had to do, before they have settled themselves into townships, have learned this lesson so perfectly that they

are inclined, perhaps, to be too fond of a deluge. For purposes of gardening in such a place as Pretoria, there can be no doubt about the water. The town gardens are large, fertile, and productive, whereas nothing will grow without irrigation.

The streets are broad and well laid out, with a fine square in the centre, and the one fact that they have no houses in them is the only strong argument against them. To those who know the first struggling efforts of a colonial town,—who are familiar with the appearance of a spot on which men have decided to begin a city, but have not as yet progressed far, the place with all its attributes and drawbacks will be manifest enough. To those who have never seen a city thus struggling into birth it is difficult to make it intelligible. The old faults of old towns have been well understood and thoroughly avoided. The old town began with a simple cluster of houses in close contiguity, because no more than that was wanted. As the traffic of the day was small, no provision was made for broad spaces. If a man could pass a man, or a horse a horse,—or at most a cart a cart,—no more was needed. Of sanitary laws nothing was known. Air and water were taken for granted. Then as people added themselves to people, as the grocer came to supply the earlier tanner, the butcher the grocer, the merchant tailor his three forerunners, and as a schoolmaster added himself to them to teach their children, house was adjoined to house and lane to lane, till a town built itself after its own devise, and such a London and such a Paris grew into existence as we who are old have lived to see pulled down within the

period of our own lives. There was no foresight and a great lack of economy in this old way of city building.

But now the founder has all these examples before his eyes, and is grandly courageous in his determination to avoid the evils of which he has heard and perhaps seen so much. Of course he is sanguine. A founder of cities is necessarily a sanguine man, or he would not find himself employed on such a work. He pegs out his streets and his squares bravely, being stopped by no consideration as to the value of land. He clings to parallelograms as being simple, and in a day or two has his chief thoroughfare a mile long, his cross streets all numbered and named, his pleasant airy squares, each with a peg at each corner, out in the wilderness. Here shall be his Belgravia for the grandees, and this his Cheapside and his Lombard Street for the merchants and bankers. We can understand how pleasant may be the occupation and how pile upon pile would rise before the eyes of the projector, how spires and minarets would ascend, how fountains would play in the open places, and pleasant trees would lend their shade to the broad sunny ways.

Then comes the real commencement with some little hovel at the corner of two as yet invisible streets. Other hovels arise always at a distance from each other, and the town begins to be a town. Sometimes there will be success, but much more often a failure. Very many failures I have seen, in which all the efforts of the sanguine founder have not produced more than an inn, a church, half a dozen stores, and twice as many drinking booths. And yet there have been the

broad streets,—and the squares if one would take the trouble to make enquiry. Pretoria has not been a failure. Among recent attempts of the kind Pretoria is now likely to be a distinguished success. An English Governor is to live there, and there will be English troops,—I fear, for many years. Balls will be given at Pretoria. Judges will hold their courts there, and a Bishop will live in a Pretorian Bishopstowe. But the Pretoria of to-day has its unknown squares, and its broad ill-defined streets, about which houses struggle in an apparently formless way, none of which have as yet achieved the honours of a second storey. The brooks flow pleasantly, but sometimes demand an inconvenient amount of jumping. The streets lie in holes, in which when it rains the mud is very deep. In all such towns as these mud assumes the force of a fifth element, and becomes so much a matter of course that it is as necessary to be muddy, as it is to be smoke-begrimed in London. In London there is soap and water, and in Pretoria there are, perhaps, clothes-brushes; but a man to be clean either in one place or the other must always be using his soap or his clothes-brush. There are many gardens in Pretoria,—for much of the vacant spaces is so occupied. The time will come in which the gardens will give place to buildings, but in the mean time they are green and pleasant-looking. Perhaps the most peculiar feature of the place is the roses. There are everywhere hedges of roses, hedges which are all roses, —not wild roses but our roses of the garden, though generally less sweet to the smell. And with the roses, there are everywhere weeping willows, mourning grace-

fully over the hitherto unaccomplished aspirations of the country.

In such towns the smallness of the houses is not the characteristic which chiefly produces the air of meanness which certainly strikes the visitor, nor is it their distance from each other, nor their poverty; but a certain flavour of untidiness which is common to all new towns and which is, I fear, unavoidable. Brandy bottles and sardine boxes meet the eye everywhere. Tins in which pickled good things have been conveyed accumulate themselves at the corners. The straw receptacles in which wine is nowadays conveyed meet the eye constantly, as do paper shirt-collars, rags, old boots, and fragments of wooden cases. There are no dust holes and no scavengers, and all the unseemly relics of a hungry and thirsty race of pioneers are left open to inspection.

And yet in spite of the mud, in spite of the brandy bottles, in spite of the ubiquitous rags Pretoria is both picturesque and promising. The efforts are being made in the right direction, and the cottages which look lowly enough from without have an air of comfort within. I was taken by a gentleman to call on his wife,—an officer of our army who is interested in the gold fields of the Transvaal,—and I found that they had managed to gather round them within a very small space all the comforts of civilized life. There was no front door and no hall; but I never entered a room in which I felt myself more inclined to "rest and be thankful." I made various calls, and always with similar results. I found internal prettinesses, with roses and weeping willows outside, which reconciled

me to sardine boxes, paper collars, and straw liquor-guards.

In the middle of Pretoria is a square, round which are congregated the public offices, the banks, the hotels, and some of the chief stores, or shops of the place, and in which are depastured the horses of such travellers as choose to use the grass for the purpose. Ours, I hope, were duly fed within their stables; but I used to see them wandering about, trying to pick a bit of grass in the main square. And here stands the Dutch Reformed Church,—in the centre,—a large building, and as ugly as any building could possibly be made. Its clergyman, quite a young man, called upon me while I was in Pretoria, and told me that his congregation was spread over an area of forty miles round. The people of the town are regular attendants; for the Dutchman is almost always a religious father of a family, thinking much of all such services as were reverenced by his fathers before him. But the real congregation consists of the people from the country who flock into the Nichtmaal, or Lord's Supper, once in three months, who encamp or live in their waggons in the square round the Church, who take the occasion to make their town purchases and to perform their religious services at the same time. The number attending is much too large to enter the church at once, so that on the appointed Sunday one service succeeds another. The sacrament is given, and sermons are preached, and friends meet each other, amid the throng of the waggons. The clergyman pressed me to stay and see it;—but at this time my heart had begun to turn homewards very strongly. I had come

out to see Pretoria, and, having seen it, was intent upon seeing London once again.

There are various other churches,—all of them small edifices,—in the place, among which there is a place of worship for the Church of England. And there is a resident English clergyman, a University man, who if he live long enough and continue to exercise his functions at Pretoria will probably become the "clergyman of the place." For such is the nature of Englishmen. Now that the Transvaal is an English Colony, there can be no doubt but that the English clergyman will become the "clergyman of the place."

I would fain give as far as it may be possible an idea to any intending emigrant of what may be the cost of living in Pretoria. Houses are very dear,—if hired; cheap enough if bought. When I was there in September, 1877, the annexation being then four months old, a decent cottage might be bought for seven or eight hundred pounds, for which a rental of seven or eight pounds a month would be demanded. A good four-roomed house with kitchen, &c. might be built, land included, for a thousand pounds, the rent demanded for which would be from £150 to £175 a year. Meat was about 6*d.* a pound, beef being cheaper and I think better than mutton. Butter, quite uneatable, was 2*s.* a pound. Eggs a shilling a dozen. Fowls, 1*s.* 6*d.* each. Turkeys, very good, 7*s.* 6*d.* to 9*s.* 6*d.* each. Coals, 10*s.* a half hundredweight,—and wood for fuel about £2 for a load of two and a half tons. These prices for fuel would add considerably to the cost of living were it not that fires are rarely necessary except for the purpose of cooking. Bread is quoted at

1*s*. a loaf of two pounds, but was I think cheaper when I was there. Potatoes were very dear indeed, the price depending altogether on the period of the year and on the season. I doubt whether other vegetables were to be bought in the market, unless it might be pumpkins. Potatoes and green vegetables the inhabitant of Pretoria should grow for himself. And he should be prepared to live without butter. Why the butter of South Africa should be almost always uneatable, culminating into an acme of filth at Pretoria, I cannot say;—but such was my experience. After all men and women can live without butter if other things be in plenty.

Then comes that difficult question of domestic service. All that the inhabitant of Pretoria will get in this respect will cost him very much less than in Europe, very much less indeed than in England, infinitely less than in London. With us at home the cost of domestic service has become out of proportion to our expenditure in other respects, partly because it has become to be thought derogatory to do anything for ourselves, and partly because our servants have been taught by their masters and mistresses to live in idle luxury. Probably no man earning his bread eats so much meat in proportion to the work he does as the ordinary London footman. This is an evil to those who live in London from which the inhabitant of Pretoria will find himself free. He will get a "boy" or perhaps two boys about the house,—never a girl let the mistress of the family coming out to the Transvaal remember,—to whom he will pay perhaps 10*s*. a month and whom he will feed upon mealies. The "boy's" wages and diet will

cost perhaps £12 per annum. But indeed they will not cost him so much, for the "boy" will go away, and he will not be able to get another just when he wants one. These boys he will find to be useful, good humoured, and trustworthy,—if only he could keep them. They will nurse his baby, cook his dinner, look after his house, make his bed, and dig his garden. That is they will half do all these things,—with the exception of nursing the baby, whom the Kafir is never known to neglect or injure. The baby perhaps may serve to keep him a whole twelvemonth, for he is very fond of a white baby. The wife of the British gentleman who thus settles himself at Pretoria will, at first, be struck with horror at the appearance of the Kafir, who will probably wear an old soldier's jacket with a ragged shirt under it and no other article of clothing; and she will not at first suffer the savage to touch her darling. But she will soon become reconciled to her inmate and the darling will take as naturally to the Kafir man as though he were some tenderest, best instructed old English nurse out of a thoroughly well-to-do British family. And very soon she will only regret the reckless departure of the jet black dependant who had struck her at first with unmingled disgust.

A man with a wife and family and £500 a year would I think live with more comfort, certainly with more plenty in Pretoria, than in England. The inhabitants of Pretoria will demur to this, for it is a matter of pride to the denizens of every place to think that the necessaries of life are dearer there than elsewhere. But the cheapness of a place is not to be reckoned only by what people pay for the articles they

use. The ways of the country, the requirements which fashion makes, the pitch to which the grandeur of Mrs. Smith has aroused the ambition of Mrs. Jones, the propensities of a community to broadcloth or to fustian,—these are the causes of expensive or of economical living. A gentleman in Pretoria may invite his friends to dinner with no greater establishment than a Kafir boy to cook the dinner and another to hand the plates, whereas he does not dare to do so in London without paying 10*s*. for the assistance of the greengrocer.

As, however, men with £500 a year will not emigrate in great numbers to Pretoria it would be more important to say how the labouring man might live in the Transvaal. With him his condition of life does not depend so much on what he will have to pay for what he consumes as on the wages which he may receive. I found that an artizan can generally earn from 10*s*. to 12*s*. a day at almost any trade,—if the work of the special trade be required. But I am far from saying that amidst so small a community all artizans would find an opening. At the present moment bricklayers and carpenters are in demand at Pretoria, —and can live in great plenty on their wages.

As to workmen, who are not artizans but agricultural labourers, I hardly think that there is any opening for them in the Transvaal. Though the farmers all complain that they cannot plough their lands because there is no labour, yet they will not pay for work. And though the Kafir is lazy and indifferent, yet he does work sufficiently to prevent the white man from working. As I have said before the white man will

not work along with the Kafir at the same labour. If there be but a couple of black men with him he presumes that it is his business to superintend and not to work. This is so completely the case in the Transvaal that it is impossible to name any rate of wages as applicable to white rural labour. Sons work for their fathers or brothers may work together;—but wages are not paid: The Dutchman has a great dislike to paying wages.

The capital of the Transvaal is all alive with soldiers. There are 600 redcoats there, besides artillery, engineers and staff. These men live under canvas at present, and are therefore very visible. Barracks however are being built, with officers' quarters and all the appurtenances of a regular military station. It was odd enough to me to see a world of British tents in the middle of a region hazily spoken of at home six months ago as the South African Republic; but how much stranger must it be to the Dutch Boers who certainly anticipated no such advent. I had the honour of being invited to dine at the mess, and found myself as well entertained as though I had been at Aldershot. When I was sitting with the officers in their uniform around me it seemed as though a little block of England had been cut out and transported to the centre of South Africa.

It may be as well to say a few words here as elsewhere as to the state of education in our new Colony. The law on this matter as it stood under the Republic is the law still. Now, as I write, it is hardly more than six months since the annexation and there has not been time for changes. On no subject was the

late President with his Cabinet more alive to the necessity of care and energy, on no subject were there more precise enactments, and on no subject were the legislative enactments more pretentious and inefficacious. There are three classes of schools,—the High Schools, the District Schools, and the Ward Schools, the whole being under the inspection of a Superintendent General of Education. The curriculum at the High Schools is very high indeed, including Dutch, English, French, German, Latin, Greek, geometry, algebra, and all the ologies, together with logic, music, drawing, and astronomy. The law enacts that the principal master at a High School shall receive £400 a year, and the Assistant Masters £250 each; but even at these salaries teachers sufficiently instructed could not be found, and when the Superintendent made his last return there was but one High School in the Transvaal, and at that school there were but five pupils. At the High School, the pupils paid 30*s.* a month, which, presuming there to be two months of holydays in the year, would give £15 per annum. There would be therefore £75 towards maintaining a school of which the Head Master received £400. But the reality of the failure was worse even than this. The law required that all boys and girls should pay the regular fees, but in order to keep up the number of pupils gratuitous instruction was offered. Three months after annexation the five High School pupils had dwindled down to two, and then the school was closed by order of the British Governor. The education no doubt was far too advanced for the public wants; and as it was given by means of the Dutch

language only it did not meet the needs of those who were most likely to make use of it. For, even while the Transvaal was a Dutch Republic, the English language was contending for ascendancy with that of the people. In this contention the President with his Government did his best to make Dutch, and Dutch only, the language of the country. For this we cannot blame him. It was naturally his object to maintain the declining nationality of his country. But the parents and pupils who were likely to profit by such a school as I have described were chiefly English.

At the District and Ward schools the nature of the instruction proposed to be given is lower. The District schools are held in the chief towns,—such as they are,—and the Ward schools in sub-divisions of the Districts. They too have failed for the same reasons. They are too expensive and pretentious. The Salaries,—*i.e.*, the lowest salaries permitted by law,—are £200 and £100 for head masters at the two classes of schools, and £125 and £30 for assistant masters. According to the last return there were 236 pupils at the District schools, and 65 at the Ward schools. The pupils pay varying fees, averaging 7*s.* a month or about £3 10*s.* per annum each. There are six District schools and two Ward schools, at which the masters' salaries alone would amount to £1,700 per annum,—presuming there to be no assistant masters,—while the total of fees would be about £1,050 per annum. As the Government had been for many months penniless, it need hardly be explained further that the schools must have been in a poor condition. The nominal cost to the State during the

last years of the Republic was about £3,500, being more than £11 per year for each pupil over and above the fees. What was still due under the head had of course to be paid out of British taxes when the country was annexed.

But all this does not show the extent of the evil. The white population of the country is supposed to be 45,000, of which about a tenth or 4,500 ought to be at school. The public schools at present show 300. There are some private schools as to which I could obtain no trustworthy information; but the pupils educated at them are few in number.

The average Boer is generally satisfied in regard to education if his children can be made to read the Bible. To this must be added such a knowledge of the ritual of the religion of the Dutch Reformed Church as will enable the children to pass the examination necessary for confirmation. Until this ceremony has been completed they cannot marry. So much, by hook or by crook, is attained, and thus the outermost darkness of ignorance is avoided. But the present law as to education does not provide for even this moderate amount of religious instruction, and is therefore, and has been, most unpopular with the Boers. It must be understood that on all religious matters the late Government was at loggerheads with the bulk of the population, the President being an advocate of free-thinking and absolute secularism,—of an education from which religion should be as far as possible removed; whereas the Boer is as fanatic, as conservative, and as firmly wedded to the creed of his fathers as an Irish Roman Catholic Coad-

jutor. It may, on this account, be the easier for the Colonial Government to reconcile the population to some change in the law.

A few of the better class of farmers, in the difficulty which at present exists, maintain a schoolmaster in their houses for a year or two, paying a small salary and entertaining the teachers at their tables. I have met more than one such a schoolmaster in a Boer's house. In the course of my travels I found an Englishman in the family of a Dutchman who could not speak a word of English,—and was astonished to find so much instructed intelligence in such a position. Formerly there existed a class of itinerant schoolmasters in the Transvaal, who went from house to house carrying with them some rudiments of education, and returning now and again on their tract to see how the seed had prospered. These were supported by the Government of the day, but the late Government in its ambitious desire to effect great things, discontinued this allowance. It is not improbable that the renewal of some such scheme may be suggested.

It will be imperative on the Colonial Government to do something, as the law now existing has certainly failed altogether. But there are great difficulties. It is not so much that education has to be provided for the children of a people numbering 45,000;—but that it has to be done for children dispersed over an area as big as Great Britain and Ireland. The families live so far apart, owing to the absurdly large size of the farms, that it is impossible to congregate them in schools.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TRANSVAAL: ITS CONDITION AND PRODUCTS.

Among the products of the Transvaal gold must be reckoned first, because gold in itself is so precious and so important a commodity, that it will ever force itself into the first rank,—and because notice was first attracted to the Transvaal in Europe, or at any rate in England, by the discovery of gold in the country and by the establishment of gold fields. But I believe that the gold which has hitherto been extracted from the auriferous deposits of the country has been far from paying the expenses incurred in finding them and bringing them into the market. Gold is a product of the earth which will be greedily sought, even when the seeker loses by his labour. I doubt even whether the Australian gold would be found to have paid for itself if an accurate calculation were made. Before that question can be answered with accuracy account must be taken not only of all the money lost, but of the time lost also in unsuccessful search. Be that as it may gold has done very much to make the fortunes of the Australian Colonies. This has not been done by the wealth of the gold-finders. It is only now and then,—and I may say that the nows and thens are rare, —that we find a gold-seeker who has retired into a settled condition of wealth as the result of his labours

among the Gold Fields. But great towns have sprung up, and tradesmen have become wealthy, and communities have grown into compact forms by the expenditure which the gold-seekers have created. Melbourne is a great city and Ballarat is a great city, not because the Victorian gold-diggers have been rich and successful;—but because the trade of gold-finding creates a great outlay. If the gold-diggers themselves have not been rich they have enriched the bankers and the wine-merchants and the grocers and the butchers and the inn-keepers who have waited upon them. While one gold-digger starves or lives upon his little capital, another drinks champagne. Even the first contributes something to the building up of a country, but the champagne-drinker contributes a great deal. There is no better customer to the tradesman, no more potent consumer, than the man who is finding gold from day to day. Gold becomes common to him, and silver contemptible.

I say this for the purpose of showing that though the gold trade of the Transvaal has not as yet been remunerative,—though it may perhaps never be truly remunerative to the gold-seekers,—it may nevertheless help to bring a population to the country which will build it up, and make it prosperous. It will do so in the teeth of the despair and ruin which unsuccessful speculations create. There is a charm and a power about gold which is so seductive and inebriating that judgment and calculation are ignored by its votaries. If there be gold in a country men will seek it, though it has been sought there for years with disastrous effects. It creates a sanguine confidence which teache-

the gold-dreamer to believe that he will succeed where hundreds have failed. It despises climate, and reconciles the harshness of manual labour to those who have been soft of hand and luxurious of habit. I am not now intending to warn the covetous against the Gold Fields of South Africa;—but I am simply expressing an opinion that though these gold regions have hitherto created no wealth, though henceforth they should not be the source of fortune to the speculators, they will certainly serve to bring white inhabitants into the country.

Gold as a modern discovery in South Africa was first found at Tatin in 1867. That there had been gold up north, near the Eastern coast, within the tropics, there can be little doubt. There are those who are perfectly satisfied that Ophir was here situated and that the Queen of Sheba came to Solomon's court from these realms. As I once wrote a chapter to prove that the Queen of Sheba reigned in the Isle of Ceylon and that Ophir was Point de Galle, I will not now go into that subject. It has no special interest for the Transvaal which as a gold country must sink or swim by its own resources. But Tatin, though not within the Transvaal, is only just without it, being to the north of the Limpopo river which is the boundary of our Colony in that direction.

The Limpopo is an unfortunate river, as much of its valley with a considerable district on each side of it is subjected by nature to an abominable curse,—which population and cultivation will in the course of years probably remove, but which at present is almost fatal to European efforts at work within the region affected.

There is a fly,—called the Tsetse fly,—which destroys all horses and cattle which come within the regions which it selects for its own purposes. Why it should be destructive to a party of horses or to a team of oxen and not to men has I believe to be yet found out. But as men cannot carry themselves and their tools into these districts without horses or oxen, the evil is almost overpowering. The courses of the fly are so well known as to have enabled geographers to mark out on the maps the limits of the Tsetse country. The valley of the Limpopo river may be taken as giving a general idea of the district so afflicted, the distance of the fly-invested region varying from half a dozen to 60 and 80 miles from the river. But towards the East it runs down across the Portuguese possessions never quite touching the sea but just reaching Zululand.

Tatin is to the north west of this region, and though the place itself is not within the fly boundary, all ingress and egress must have been much impeded by the nuisance. The first discovery there of gold is said to have been made by Mauch. There has been heavy work carried on in the district and a quartz-crushing machine was used there. When I was in the Transvaal these works had been abandoned, but of the existence of gold in the country around there can be no doubt. In 1868 the same explorer, Mauch, found gold at a spot considerably to the south east of this,—south of the Limpopo and the Tsetse district, just north of the Olifant's river and in the Transvaal. Then in 1871 Mr. Button found gold at Marabas-Stad, not far to the west of Mauch's discovery, in the neigh-

bourhood of which the mines at Eesteling are now being worked by an English Company. On the Marabas-Stad gold fields a printed report was made by Captain Elton in 1872, and a considerable sum of money must have been spent. The Eesteling reef is the only one at present worked in the neighbourhood. Captain Elton's report seems to promise much on the condition that a sufficient sum of money be raised to enable the district to be thoroughly "prospected" by an able body of fifty gold-miners for a period of six months. Captain Elton no doubt understood his subject, but the adequate means for the search suggested by him have not yet been raised. And, indeed, it is not thus that gold fields have been opened. The chances of success are too small for men in cold blood to subscribe money at a distance. The work has to be done by the gambling energy of men who rush to the spot trusting that they may individually grasp the gold, fill their pockets with the gold, and thus have in a few months, perhaps in a few days or hours, a superabundance of that which they have ever been desiring but which has always been so hard to get! The great Australian and Californian enterprises have always been commenced by rushes of individual miners to some favoured spot, and not by companies floated by subscription. The companies have come afterwards, but individual enterprise has done the pioneering work.

In 1873 gold was found in the Lydenburg district which is south of the Olifant's river. Here are the diggings called Pilgrim's Rest, and here the search for gold is still carried on,—not as I am told with alto-

gether favourable results. One nugget has been found weighing nearly 18 pounds. Had there been a few more such treasures brought to light the Lydenburg gold fields would have been famous. There are two crushing machines now at work, and skilled European miners are earning from 10*s.* to 12*s.* a day. The place is healthy, and though tropical is not within the tropics. A considerable number of Kafirs are employed at low rates of wages, but they have not as yet obtained a reputation as good miners. The white employer of black labour in South Africa does not allow that the Kafir does anything well.

Among other difficulties and drawbacks to gold mining in South Africa the want of fuel for steam is one. Wood of course is used, but I am told that wood is already becoming scarce and dear. And then the great distance from the coast, the badness of the roads and the lack of the means of carriage exaggerates all the other difficulties. Machinery, provisions, and the very men themselves have to be brought into the country at a cost which very materially interferes with the chances of a final satisfactory result. If there be a railway from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay,—as at some not very remote date there probably will be,—then that railway will pass either through or very near to the Lydenburg district, and in that case the Lydenburg gold fields will become all alive with mining life.

The Transvaal is said, and I believe correctly, to be very rich in other minerals besides gold;—but the travellers in new countries are always startled by sanguine descriptions of wealth which is not in view.

Lead and cobalt are certainly being worked. Coal is found in beds all along the eastern boundary of the country, and will probably some day be the most valuable product of the country. Did I not myself see it burning at Stander's Drift? Iron is said to be plentiful in almost every district of the Colony and has been long used by the natives in making weapons and ornaments. Copper also has been worked by the natives and is now found in old pits, where it has been dug to the depth of from 30 to 40 feet. A variety of copper ornaments are worn by the Kafirs of the northern parts of the Transvaal who have known how to extract the metal from the mineral and to smelt it into pure ore. No mining operations in search of copper have, as I believe, yet been carried on by white men in the country. At an Agricultural Show which was held in 1876 at Potchefstroom, the chief town in the southern part of the Transvaal, prizes were awarded for specimens of the following minerals found in the country itself; gold-bearing quartz, alluvial gold, copper, tin, lead, iron, plumbago, cobalt, and coal.

The metals are all there, but I do not know whether any of them have yet been so worked as to pay for expenses and to give a profit. All the good things in the Transvaal seem to be so hard to come at, that it is like looking and longing for grapes, hanging high above our reach. But when grapes are really good and plentiful, ladders are at last procured, and so it will be with the grapes of the Transvaal.

The ladder which is especially wanted is of course a Railway. President Burgers among his other high

schemes was fully aware of this and made a journey to Europe during the days of his power with the view of raising funds for this purpose. Like all his schemes it was unsuccessful, but he did raise in Holland a sum of £90,958 for this purpose, which has been expended on railway materials, or perhaps tendered to the Republic in that shape. These are now lying at Delagoa Bay, and the sum above named is part of the responsibility which England has assumed in annexing the Republic.

The question of a Railway is of all the most vital to the new Colony. The Transvaal has no seaboard, and no navigable rivers, and no available outlet for its produce. Pretoria is about 450 miles from Durban, which at present is the seaport it uses, and the road to Durban is but half made and unbridged. The traffic is by oxen, and oxen cannot travel in dry weather because there is no grass for them to eat. They often cannot travel in wet weather because the rivers are unpassable and the mud is overwhelming. If any country ever wanted a Railway it is the Transvaal.

But whence shall the money come? Pretoria is about 300 miles distant from the excellent Portuguese harbour at Delagoa Bay, and it was to this outlet that President Burgers looked. But an undertaking to construct a railway through an unsurveyed country at the rate of £1000 a mile was manifestly a castle in the air. If the absolute money could have been obtained, hard cash in hand, the thing could not have been half done. But President Burgers was one of those men who believe that if you can only set an

enterprise well on foot the gods themselves will look after its accomplishment,—that if you can expend money on an object other money will come to look after that which has been expended. But here, in the Transvaal, he could not get his enterprise on foot; and I fear that certain railway materials lying at Delagoa Bay, and more or less suited for the purpose, are all that England has to show for the debt she has taken upon her shoulders.

I am not very anxious to offer an opinion as to the best route for a railway out from the Transvaal to the sea. Ne sutor ultra crepidam;—and the proper answering of such a question is, I fear, beyond the reach of my skill. But the reasons I have heard for the Delagoa Bay seem to me to be strong,—and those against it to be weak. The harbour at the Bay is very good,—perhaps the only thoroughly good harbour in South Africa, whereas that at Durban is at present very bad. Expensive operations may improve it, but little or nothing has as yet been done to lessen the inconvenience occasioned by its sand-bar. Durban is 450 miles from the capital of the Transvaal, whereas Delagoa Bay is only two-thirds of that distance. The land falls gradually from Pretoria to the Bay, whereas in going to Durban the line would twice have to be raised to high levels. And then the route to the Bay would run by the Gold Fields, whereas the other line would go through a district less likely to be productive of traffic. It is alleged on the other hand that as Delagoa Bay belongs to the Portuguese, and as the Portuguese will probably be unwilling to part with the possession, the making of a railway into their territory

would be inexpedient. I cannot see that there is anything in this argument. The Americans of the United States made a railway across the Isthmus of Panama with excellent financial results, and in Europe each railway enterprise has not been stopped by the bounds of the country which it has occupied. The Portuguese have offered to take some share in the construction, and by doing so would lessen the effort which the Colony will be obliged to make. It is also alleged that Lorenço Marques, the Portuguese town at Delagoa Bay, is very unhealthy. I believe that it is so. Tropical towns on the sea board are apt to be unhealthy, and Lorenço Marques though not within the tropics is tropical. But so is Aspinwall, the terminus of the Panama Railway, unhealthy, being peculiarly subject to the Chagres fever. But in the pursuit of wealth men will endure bad climate. That at Delagoa Bay is by no means so bad as to frighten passengers, though it will probably be injurious to the construction of the railway. To the ordinary traffic of a constructed railway it will hardly be injurious at all.

If the Natal Colony would join the Transvaal in the cost, making the railway up to its own boundary, then the Natal line would no doubt be the best. The people of the Transvaal would compensate themselves for the bad harbour at Durban by the lessening of their own expenditure, and the line as a whole would be better for British interests in general than that to the Portuguese coast. But there is but little probability of this. Natal wants a line from its capital to its coast, and will have such a line almost by the time

that these words are published. But it cares comparatively little for a line through 175 miles of its country up to its boundary at Newcastle, over which the traffic would be for the benefit of the Transvaal rather than that of Natal. Estcourt and Newcastle which are in Natal would no doubt be pleased, but Natal will not spend its money for the sake of Estcourt and Newcastle.

But when the route for the railway shall have been decided, whence shall the money come? No one looking at the position of the country will be slow to say that a railway is so necessary for the purposes of the Colony that it must expend its first and its greatest energies in achieving that object. It is as the possession of a corkscrew to a man having a bottle of wine in the desert. There is no getting at the imprisoned treasure without it. The farms will not be cultivated, the mines will not be worked, the towns will not be built, the people will not come without it. President Burgers, prone as he was to build castles in the air, saw at any rate, when he planned the railway, where the foundations should be laid for a true and serviceable edifice. But then we must return to the question,—whence shall the money come?

Well-to-do Colonies find no difficulty in borrowing money for their own purposes at a moderate rate of interest,—say 4 per cent. Victoria and New South Wales have made their railways most successfully, and New Zealand has shown what a Colony can do in borrowing. But the Transvaal is not as yet a well-to-do Colony, and certainly could not go into the money

market with any hope of success with the mere offer of her own security,—such as that security is at this moment. This is so manifestly the case that no one proposes to do so. Mr. Burgers went home for the purpose and succeeded only in getting a quantity of material,—for which, in the end, the British Government will have to pay probably more than twice the value.

I think I am justified in saying that the idea among those who are now managing the Colony is to induce the Government at home to guarantee a loan,—which means that the Transvaal should be enabled to borrow on the best security that the world has yet produced, that namely of the British nation. And perhaps there is something to warrant this expectation on their part. The annexation, distasteful as the idea is at home of a measure so high-handed and so apparently unwarrantable, has been well received. It has been approved by our Secretary of State, who is himself approved of in what he has caused to be done by Parliament and the nation. The Secretary of State must feel a tenderness for the Transvaal, as we all do for any belonging of our own which has turned out better than we expected. The annexation has turned out so well that they who are now concerned with its affairs seem to expect that the British Government and the British Parliament will assent to the giving of such security. It may be that they are right. Writing when and where I am now, I have no means of knowing how far the need for such a loan and the undoubted utility of such a railway may induce those who have the power in their hands to depart from what I believe

to be now the established usage of the mother country in regard to its Colonies,—viz., that of sanctioning loans only when they can be floated on the security of the Colony itself.

At the present moment Great Britain is paying the Transvaal bill. The marching to and fro of the soldiers, the salaries of the Governors and other officials, the debts of the late Government, the interests on loans already made, the sums necessary for the gradual redemption of loans, I fear even a pension for the late President, are provided or are to be provided out of British taxes. The country was annexed on 12th April. On 8th June a letter was written from the Colonial Office to the Treasury, showing that we had annexed an existing debt of £217,158 for which we were responsible, and that we had expended £25,000 in marching troops up to the Transvaal for the sake of giving safety to the inhabitants and their property. The report then goes on to its natural purpose. "Lord Carnarvon is of opinion that it may be possible to meet the more immediate requirements of the moment if their Lordships will make an advance of £100,000 in aid of the revenues of the Transvaal, *to be repaid as soon as practicable.* Unless aid is given at once the new province would be obliged to endeavour to borrow at a ruinously high rate of interest." I doubt whether the idea of repayment has taken so strong a hold of the people in the Transvaal, as it has of the officials in Downing Street. In a former paragraph of the report the Secretary of State thus excuses himself for making the application. "It is with great unwillingness that Lord Carnarvon feels himself compelled to have re-

course to the assistance of the Imperial Treasury in this matter, but he is satisfied that the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury will readily acknowledge that in this most difficult case he has had no alternative. The annexation of the Transvaal with all its consequent liabilities, political as well as financial, *has been neither coveted nor sought by him;* "—the italics here and above are my own;—"and it is only a sincere conviction that this step was necessary in order to prevent most serious danger to Her Majesty's Colonies in South Africa which has persuaded him to approve the late action of Sir T. Shepstone."

The £100,000 was advanced, if not without a scruple at least without a doubt, whatever might be the expectations of the Treasury as to speedy repayment; and there can be little doubt, I fear, that further advances will be needed and made before the resources of the country in the shape of collected taxes will suffice to pay the expenses of the country, including the gradual redemption of the Dutch loans. But if the country cannot do this soon the annexation will certainly have been a failure. Great as is the parliamentary strength of the present Ministry, Parliament would hardly endure the idea of paying permanently for the stability and security of a Dutch population out of the British pocket. I do believe myself that the country will be able to pay its way in the course of some years;—but I do not believe that the influx of a large loan on easy terms, the expenditure of which must to a great measure be entrusted to the Colony, would hasten the coming of this desirable condition

There would be a feeling engendered,—if that can be said to be engendered which to some extent already exists,—that "nunky pays for all." Neither for Colony nor for Mother Country can it be well that nunky should either pay or be supposed to pay through the nose.

"The Transvaal may in truth be called the 'corn chamber' of South Eastern Africa, for no other Colony or State in this part of the world produces wheat of such superior quality or offers so many and varied advantages to farming pursuits." This is extracted from Mr. Jeppe's excellent Transvaal Directory. The words are somewhat flowery, as is always the nature of national self-praise as expressed in national literature. But the capability of the Transvaal for producing wheat is undoubted; as are also the facts that it has for years past fed itself,—with casual exceptions which amount to nothing,—and that it has done something towards feeding the great influx of population which has been made into the Diamond Fields. It has also continually sent a certain amount of flour and corn into Natal and over its northern and western borders for the use of those wandering Europeans, who are seeking their fortunes among the distant tribes of South Africa. In estimating the wheat produce of the country these are I know but idle words. A great deal of wheat,—when the words are written and printed,—means nothing. It is like saying that a horse is a very good horse when the owner desires to sell him. The vendor should produce his statistics as to the horse in the shape of an opinion from a veterinary surgeon. If Mr. Jeppe had

given statistics as to the wheat-produce of the Transvaal during the last few years it would have been better. Statistics are generally believed and always look like evidence. But unless Mr. Jeppe had created them himself, he could not produce them,—for there are none. I think I may say that a very large portion of the country,—all of it indeed which does not come under tropical influences, with the exception of regions which are mountainous or stoney,—is certainly capable of bearing wheat; but I have no means whatever of telling the reader what wheat it has already produced.

It is certain, however, that the cereal produce of the country is curtailed by most pernicious circumstances, against which the very best of governments, though joined by the very best of climates, can only operate slowly. One of these circumstances is the enormous size of the existing farms. That great colonial quidnunc and speculator in colonial matters, Gibbon Wakefield, enunciated one great truth when he declared that all land in new countries should be sold to the new comers at a price. By this he meant that let the price be what it might land should not be given away, but should be parted with in such a manner as to induce in the mind of the incoming proprietor a feeling that he had paid for it its proper price, and that he should value the land accordingly. The thing given is never valued as is the thing bought,—as is the thing for which hard-earned money has been handed over, money which is surrendered with a pang, and which leaves behind a lasting remorse unless he who has parted with it can make himself believe that he has at least got for it its

full worth. Now the land in the Transvaal generally has never been sold,—and yet it has almost entirely become the property of private occupiers. The Dutchmen who came into the country brought with them ideas and usages as to the distribution of land from the Cape Colony, and following their ideas and usages they divided the soil among themselves adjudging so much to every claimant who came forward as a certified burgher. The amount determined on as comprising a sufficient farm for such an individual was 3,000 morgen,—which is something more than 6,000 acres. The Dutchman in South Africa has ever been greedy of land, feeling himself to be cribbed, cabined, and confined if a neighbour be near to him. It was in a great measure because land was not in sufficient plenty for him that he "trekked" away from the Cape Colony. Even there 3,000 "morgen" of land had been his idea of a farm,—which farm was to satisfy his pastoral as well as his much smaller agricultural needs. When at last he found his way into the Transvaal and became a free Republican, his first ambition was for land to fulfil the lust of his heart. The country therefore was divided into 6,000-acre farms,—many of which however contained much more than that number of acres,—and in many cases more than one farm fell into the hands of one Dutchman. The consequences are that there is not room for fresh comers and that nevertheless the land is not a quarter occupied.

If the farms in the Transvaal could be at once divided, and a moiety from each owner taken away without compensation, not only would the country itself be soon improved by such an arrangement, but

the farmers also themselves from whom the land had been taken. Their titles, however, are good, and they are lords of the soil beyond the power of any such arbitrary legislation. But all the influence of government should be used to favour subdivision. Subdivisions no doubt are made from day to day. As I went through the country I heard of this man having half a "plaats," and that man a quarter. These diminished holdings had probably arisen from family arrangements, possibly from sales. Farms frequently are sold,—freehold lands passing from hand to hand at prices varying from 1*s.* an acre upwards. Land therefore is very vile,—what I would call cheap if it were to be found in the market when wanted and in the quantities wanted. In our Australian Colonies land is not as a rule sold under 20*s.* an acre; but it is being sold daily, because men of small means can always purchase small areas from the Government, and because the Governments afford easy terms. But the land in the Transvaal is locked up and unused,—and not open to new comers. Therefore it is that the produce is small, that the roads are desolate, and that the country to the eye of the traveller appears like a neglected wilderness.

As this land will produce wheat, so will it also other cereals—such as barley, oats, and Indian corn. Hay, such as we use at home, is unknown. The food given to stabled cattle is Indian corn or forage, such as I have before mentioned,—that is young corn, wheat, oats, or barley, cut before fully grown and dried. This is considered to be the best food for horses all through South Africa.

The fruits of the country are very plentiful;—oranges, lemons, figs, grapes, peaches, apricots, apples, pears, and many others. The climate is more tropical than ours, so as to give the oranges and lemons, but not so much so as to exclude pears and apples.

GRIQUALAND WEST.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRIQUALAND WEST—WHY WE TOOK IT.

GRIQUALAND WEST is the proper, or official, name for that part of South Africa which is generally known in England as the Diamond Fields, and which is at the period of my writing,—the latter part of 1877,—a separate Colony belonging to the British Crown, under the jurisdiction of the Governor of the Cape Colony, but in truth governed by a resident administrator. Major Lanyon is now the occupier of the Government House, and is "His Excellency of Griqualand" to all the Queen's loyal British subjects living in and about the mines. This is the present position of things;—but the British Government has offered to annex the Province to the Cape Colony, and the Cape Colony has agreed to accept the charge—subject to certain conditions as to representation and other details. Those conditions are, I believe, now under consideration, and if they be found acceptable, the Colonial Office at home being apparently anxious to avoid the expense and trouble of an additional little Colony,—Griqualand West and the Diamond Fields will become a part of the Cape Colony in the course of 1878 or 1879. The proposed conditions offer but one member for the Legislative Council, and four for the Assembly, to join twenty-

one members in the former house, and sixty-eight in the latter. It is alleged very loudly and perhaps correctly at the Fields that this number is smaller than that to which the District is entitled if it is to be put on the same footing with other portions of the great Colony. It is alleged also that a class of the community which has shown itself to be singularly energetic should be treated at any rate not worse than its neighbours who have been very much more slow in their movements, and less useful by their industry to the world at large.

The history of Griqualand West does not go back to a distant antiquity, but it is one which has given rise to a singularly large amount of controversy and hot feeling, and has been debated at home with more than usual animation and more than usual acerbity. As the conduct, not only of our Colonial Office, but of Great Britain as an administrator of Colonies, was at stake,—as on one side it has been stated that an egregious wrong had been done from questionable motives, and on the other that perfect statecraft and perfect wisdom had been combined in the happy manner in which Griqualand West with its diamonds had become British territory, I thought it might be of interest to endeavour to get at the truth when I was on the spot. But I have to own that I have failed in the attempt to find any exact truth, or to ascertain what abstract justice would have demanded. In order to get at a semblance of truth and justice in the matter it has to be presumed that a Hottentot Chief has understood the exact nature and power of a treaty with the accuracy of an accomplished Euro-

pean diplomate; and it has to be presumed also that the Hottentot's right to execute a treaty binding his tribe or nation is as well defined and as firmly founded as that of a Minister of a great nation who has the throne of his Sovereign and the constitutional omnipotence of his country's parliament at his back.

The question in dispute is whether we did an injustice to the Orange Free State by taking possession of Griqualand West in 1871 when diamonds had already been discovered there and the value of the district had been acknowledged. At that time it was claimed by the Orange Free State whose subjects had inhabited the land before a diamond had been found, and which had levied taxes on the Boers who had taken up land there as though the country had belonged to the Republic. Since the annexation has been effected by us we have, in a measure, acknowledged the claim of the Free State by agreeing to pay to it a sum of £90,000,—as compensation for what injustice we may have done; and we have so far admitted that the Free State has had something to say for itself.

The district in question at a period not very remote was as little valuable perhaps as any land on the earth's surface lying adjacent to British territory. The first mention I find of the Griquas is of their existence as a bastard Hottentot tribe in 1811 when one Adam Kok was their captain. The word Griqua signifies bastard, and Adam Kok was probably half Dutchman and half Hottentot. In 1821 Adam Kok was dismissed or resigned, and Andreas Waterboer was elected in his place. Kok then went eastwards with

perhaps half the tribe, and settled himself at a place which the reader will find on the map, under the name of Philipolis, north of the Orange river in the now existing Orange Free State. Then some line of demarcation was made between Waterboer's lands and Kok's lands, which line leaves the Diamond Fields on one side, or—on the other. Adam Kok then trekked further eastward with the Griquas of Griqualand East, as they had come to be called, to a territory south of Natal, which had probably been depopulated by the Zulus. This territory was then called No Man's Land, but is now marked on the maps as Adam Kok's Land. But he gave some power of attorney enabling an agent to sell the lands he left behind him, and under this power his lands were sold to the Orange Free State which had established itself in 1854. The Free State claims to have bought the Diamond Fields,—diamonds having been then unknown,—under this deed. But it is alleged that the deed only empowered the agent to sell the lands in and around Philipolis on which Adam Kok's Griquas had been living. It is certain, however, that Adam Kok had continued to exercise a certain right of sovereignty over the territory in question after his deposition or resignation, and that he made over land to the Boers of the Free State by some deed which the Boers had accepted as giving a good title. It is equally certain that old Waterboer's son had remonstrated against these proceedings and had objected to the coming in of the Boers under Kok's authority.

We will now go back to old Andreas Waterboer, who for a Hottentot seems to have been a remarkably good

sort of person, and who as I have said had been chosen chief of the Griquas when Adam Kok went out. In 1834 Sir Benjamin D'Urban, who was then Governor of the Cape Colony, made a treaty with old Andreas undertaking to recognize him in all his rights, and obtaining a promise from the Hottentot to assist in defending the British border from the hordes of savagery to the north. There was also a clause under which the Hottentot was to receive a stipend of £150 per annum. This treaty seems to have been kept with faith on both sides till Waterboer died in December, 1852. The stipend was punctually paid, and the Hottentot did a considerable quantity of hard fighting on behalf of the British. On his death his son Nicholas Waterboer came to reign in his stead. Nicholas is a Christian as was his father, and is comparatively civilised;—but he is by no means so good a Christian as was the old man, and his father's old friends were not at first inclined to keep up the acquaintance on the same terms.

Nicholas, no doubt mindful of the annual stipend, asked to have the treaty renewed in his favour. But other complications had arisen. In 1852 Messrs. Hogge and Owen had acted as Commissioners for giving over the Transvaal as a separate Republic and in the deed of transference it was agreed that there should not be any special treaties between the Cape Colony and the Natives north of the Orange river, as it was thought that such treaties would interfere with the independence of the Republic. Poor Nicholas for a time suffered under this arrangement, but in 1858 a letter was written to him saying that all that had

been done for his father should be done for him,—and the payment of the £150 per annum was continued though no treaty was made.*

In the mean time, in 1854, the severance had been made of the Orange Free State from the Colony, the bounds of which were not then settled with much precision. Had they been declared to be the Orange and the Vaal rivers in reference to the North, East, and South, the Diamond Fields would have been included, —or the greater part of the Diamond Fields. But that would not have settled the question, as England could not have ceded what she did not possess. Thus there was a corner of land as there have been many corners in South Africa, respecting which there were doubts as to ownership. Waterboer alleged that the line which his father and old Adam Kok had made so long ago as 1821,—with what geometrical resources they might then have,—gave him a certain apparently valueless tract of land, and those again who assumed a right to Adam Kok's land, asserted that the line gave it to them. The Kokites, however, had this point in their favour, that they had in some sort occupied the land, —having sold it or granted leases on it to Dutch Boers who paid taxes to the Orange Free State in spite of Waterboer's remonstrances.

But the matter at the time was in truth unimportant. Encroachments were made also into this very district of Griqualand from the other Republic also. A treaty became necessary to check the Transvaal Boers from establishing themselves on Griqualand,

* I believe he did receive the stipend all through.

and the Transvaal authorities with the native Chiefs, and our Governor at the Cape, agreed that the matter should be referred to an umpire. Mr. Keate, the Lieut.-Governor of Natal, was chosen and the Keate award was made. But the land in question was not valuable; diamonds had not yet been found, and the question was not weighty enough to create determined action. The Transvaal rejected the treaty, and the Transvaal Boers, as well as those from the Free State, continued to occupy land in Griqualand West. Now the land of the Transvaal Republic has come back into our hands, and there is one little difficulty the more to solve.

Then, in 1869, the first diamond was found on a farm possessed by an Orange Free State Boer, and in 1871 Nicholas Waterboer, claiming possession of the land, and making his claim good to British colonial intellects, executed a treaty ceding to the British the whole district of Griqualand West,—a tract of land about half as big as Scotland, containing 17,800 square miles. There had by this time grown up a vast diamond-seeking population which was manifestly in want of government. Waterboer himself could certainly do nothing to govern the free, loud-speaking, resolute body of men which had suddenly settled itself upon the territory which he claimed. Though he considered himself to be Captain of the Country, he would have been treated wtth no more respect than any other Hottentot had he shown himself at the diggings. Yet he no doubt felt that such a piece of luck having turned up on what he considered to be his own soil, he ought to get something out of

it. So he made a treaty, ceding the country to Great Britain in 1871. In 1872 his stipend was raised to £250,—in 1873 to £500; and an agreement has now been made, dated I think in October 1877, increasing this to £1,000 a year, with an allowance of £500 to his widow and children after his death. It was upon this deed that we took possession of Griqualand West with all its diamonds; but the Orange Free State at once asserted its claim,—based on present possession and on the purchase of Adam Kok's rights.

I think I shall not be contradicted when I say that amidst such a condition of things it is very hard to determine where is precisely the truth and what perfect abstract justice would have demanded. I cannot myself feel altogether content with the title to a country which we have bought from a Hottentot for an allowance of £1,000 a year with a pension of £500 to his wife and children. Much less can I assent to the title put forward by the Free State in consequence of their negotiation with Adam Kok's Agent. The excuse for annexation does not in my mind rest on such buyings and sellings. I have always felt that my sense of justice could not be satisfied as to any purchase of territory by civilised from uncivilised people,—first, because the idea of the value of the land is essentially different in the minds of the two contracting parties; and secondly because whatever may be the tribal customs of a people as to land I cannot acknowledge the right of a Chieftain to alienate the property of his tribe,—and the less so when the price given takes the form of an annuity for life to one or two individuals.

The real excuse is to be found in that order of things which has often in the affairs of our Colonies made a duty clear to us, though we have been unable to reconcile that duty with abstract justice. When we accepted the cession of the Province in 1871 the Free State was no doubt making an attempt to regulate affairs at the Diamond Fields; but it was but a feeble attempt. The Republic had not at its back the power needed for saying this shall be law, and that shall be law, and for enforcing the laws so enacted. And if the claim of Great Britain to the land was imperfect, so was that of the Free State. The persons most interested in the matter prayed for our interference, and felt that they could live only under our Government. There had no doubt been occupation after a kind. A few Boers here and there had possessed themselves of the lands, buying them by some shifty means either from the Natives or from those who alleged that they had purchased them from the Natives. And, as I have said, taxes were levied. But I cannot learn that any direct and absolute claim had ever been made to national dominion,—as is made by ourselves and other nations when on a new-found shore we fly our national flags. The Dutch had encroached over the border of the Griquas and then justified their encroachment by their dealings with Adam Kok. We have done much the same and have justified our encroachment by our dealings with Nicholas Waterboer. But history will justify us because it was essentially necessary that an English speaking population of a peculiarly bold and aggressive nature should be made subject to law and order.

The accusation against our Colonial Office of having stolen the Diamond Fields because Diamonds are peculiarly rich and desirable cannot hold water for an instant. If that were so in what bosom did the passion rise and how was it to be gratified? A man may have a lust for power as Alexander had, and Napoleon,—a lust to which many a British Minister has in former days been a prey; but, even though we might possibly have a Colonial Secretary at this time so opposed in his ideas to the existing theories and feelings of our statesmen as to be willing to increase his responsibilities by adding new Colonies to our long list of dependencies, I cannot conceive that his ambition should take the shape of annexing an additional digging population. Has any individual either claimed or received glory by annexing Griqualand West? From the operations of such a Province as the Diamond Fields it is not the mother country that reaps the reward, but the population whether they be English, Dutch, or Americans,—the difficult task of ruling whom the mother country is driven to assume.

It is known to all Englishmen who have watched the course of our colonial history for the last forty years that nothing can be so little pleasant to a Secretary of State for the Colonies as the idea of a new Colony. Though they have accrued to us, one after the other, with terrible rapidity there has always been an attempt made to reject them. The Colonial Secretary has been like an old hen to whose large brood another and another chick is ever being added,—as though her powers of stretching her wings were unlimited. She does stretch them, like a good old mother

with her maternal instincts, but with most unwilling efforts, till the bystander thinks that not a feather of protection could be given to another youngling. But another comes and the old hen stretches herself still wider,—most painfully. If she does not look about her she will soon have to stretch herself for Zululand.

New Zealand is now perhaps the pet of our colonial family; and yet what efforts were made when Lord Normanby and afterwards when Lord John Russell were at the Colonies to stave off the necessity of taking possession of the land! But Englishmen had settled themselves in such numbers on her shores that England was forced to send forth the means of governing her own children. The same thing happened, as I have attempted to tell, both in British Kafraria and Natal. The same thing happened the other day in the Fiji Islands. The same feeling, acting in an inverse way, —repudiating the chicks instead of taking them in,— induced us to give over the Transvaal and the Orange Free State to Republicanism. Our repudiation of the former has lasted but for a quarter of a century, and there are many now of British race to be found in South Africa who are confident that we shall have to take the Orange Free State in among the brood in about the same period from her birth. British rule in distant parts, much as it is abused, is so precious a blessing that men will have it, and the old hen is forced to stretch her poor old wings again and still again.

This I hold to be the real and unanswerable excuse for what we have done in Griqualand West, and not our treaty with Waterboer. As far as right devolving

from any treaty goes I think that we have the best of it,—but not so much the best, that even could I recognize those treaties as conveying all they are held to convey, I should declare our title to be complete. But, that such treaties are for the most part powerless when pressure comes, is proved by our own doings and by those of other nations all round the world. We have just annexed the Transvaal,—with the approbation of both sides in the House of Commons. Our excuse is that though the Transvaal was an independent State she was so little able to take care of herself that we were obliged to enter in upon her, as the law does on the estate of a lunatic. But how would it have been if the Transvaal instead of the Orange Free State had been our competitor for the government of the Diamond Fields? If we can justify ourselves in annexing a whole Republic surely we should not have scrupled to take the assumed dependency of a Republic. In such doings we have to reconcile ourselves to expedience, however abhorrent such a doctrine may be to us in our own private affairs. Here it was expedient that a large body, chiefly of Englishmen, should, for their own comfort and well being, be brought under rule. If in following out the doctrine any abstract injustice was done, it was not done to the Orange Free State, but to the tribes whom no Waterboer and no Adam Kok could in truth be authorized to hand over either to British or to Dutch Republican rule.

For a while I was minded to go closely into the question of Kok v. Waterboer and to put forward what might probably have been a crude expression of the

right either of the one Hottentot or of the other to make over at any rate his power and his privileges of government. But I convinced myself, when on the spot, that neither could have much right, and that whatever right either might have, was so far buried in the obscurity of savagery in general, that I could not possibly get at the bottom of it so as to form any valid opinion. Books have been written on the subject, on the one side and on the other, which have not I think been much studied. Were I to write no more than a chapter on it my readers would pass it by. The intelligence of England will not engage itself on unravelling the geographical facts of a line of demarcation made between two Hottentot Chieftains when the land was comparatively valueless, and when such line could only be signified by the names of places of which the exact positions can hardly even now be ascertained. When subsequently I read the report which the Secretary of State for the Colonies made to the Governor of the Cape Colony on 5 August 1876, informing the Governor of the terms under which he and the President of the Orange Free State had agreed to compromise the matter, I was glad to find that he, in his final discussions with the President, had come to the same conclusion. I here quote the words in which Lord Carnarvon expressed himself to Sir Henry Barkly;—and I would say that I fully agree with him were it not that such testimony might seem to be impertinent. "At the earlier interviews Mr. Brand repeatedly expressed his desire to submit proof of the claim preferred by his Government to a great part of Griqualand West. I had however deter-

mined from the first that there would be no advantage in entering upon such an enquiry. It was obvious that there could be no prospect of our coming to an agreement on a question which teemed with local details and personal contentions."

The Secretary of State goes on to explain the circumstances under which the £90,000 are to be given. I will confess for myself that I should almost have preferred to have stuck to the territory without paying the money. If it be our "destiny" to rule people I do not think that we ought to pay for assuming an office which we cannot avoid. The Secretary of State in this report strongly reasserts the British right to Griqualand West,—though he acknowledges that he cannot hope by mere eloquence to convince President Brand of that right. "As you think you are wronged," the Secretary goes on to argue, "we will consent to compensate the wrong which we feel sure you have not suffered, but which you think you have endured, so that there need be no quarrel between us." Probably it was the easiest way out of the difficulty; but there is something in it to regret.

On the 27 October 1871 the Diamond Fields were declared to be British territory. But such a declaration, even had it not been opposed by the Free State and the friends of the Free State, would by no means have made the course of British rule plain and simple. There have, from that day to this, arisen a series of questions to settle and difficulties to solve which, as they crop up to the enquirer's mind, would seem to have been sufficient to have overcome the patience of any Colonial Secretary even though he had not

another Colony on his shoulders. If there existed any Colonial sinner,—Secretary, Governor, or subordinate,—who carried away by the lust of empire had sought to gratify his ambition by annexing Griqualand West, he must certainly have repented himself in sackcloth and ashes before this time,—the end of 1877,—when the vexed question of annexation or non-annexation to the Cape Colony is not yet settled. When the territory was first accepted by Great Britain it was done on an understanding that the Cape Colony should take it and rule it, and pay for it,—or make it pay for itself. The Colonial Secretary of the day declared in an official dispatch that he would not consent to the annexation unless "the Cape Parliament would personally bind itself to accept the responsibility of governing the territory which was to be united to it, together with the entire maintenance of any force which might be necessary for the preservation of order." The Cape Parliament did so far accede to the stipulation made by the Secretary of State, as to pass a resolution of assent. They would agree,—seeing that British rule could not in any other way be obtained. But an intermediate moment was necessary,—a moment which should admit of the arrangement of terms,—between the absolute act of assumption by Great Britain and the annexation by the Colony. That moment has been much prolonged, and has not yet been brought to an end. So that the lust for rule over the richest diamond fields in the world seems hardly to be very strong even in the Colony. Though the Parliament of the Colony had assented to the equisition from Downing Street, it afterwards de-

clined to take the matter in hand till the Government at home had settled its difficulties with the Orange Free State. The Free State had withdrawn whatever officers it had had on the Fields, and had remonstrated. That difficulty is now solved;—and the Cape Colony has passed a bill shewing on what terms it will annex the territory. The terms are very unpopular in the district,—as indeed is the idea of annexation to the Cape Colony at all. Griqualand would very much prefer to continue a separate dependency, with a little council of its own.

But there have been other difficulties sufficient almost to break the heart of all concerned. Who did the land belong to on which the diamonds were being found, and what were the rights of the owners either to the stones beneath the surface, or to the use of the surface for the purpose of searching? The most valuable spot in the district, called at first the Colesberg Kopje,—Kopje being little hill,—and now known as the Kimberley mine, was found on a farm called Vooruitzuit belonging to a Dutchman named De Beer. This farm he sold to a firm of Englishmen for the very moderate sum of £6,600,*—a sum however which to him must have appeared enormous,—and the firm soon afterwards sold it to the Government for £100,000. To this purchase the Government was driven by the difficulties of the position. Diggers were digging and

* The purchasers were in treaty for De Beer's farm at the time when the first diamond was found by a lady's parasol on the little hill where is now the Kimberley mine, and £600 was added to the purchase money in consequence. It is calculated that diamonds to the value of £12,000,000 have since been extracted from the mine.

paying 10s. a month for their claims to the owners of the soil, justifying themselves in that payment by the original edict of the Free State, while the owners were claiming £10 a month, and asserting their right to do as they pleased with their own property. The diggers declared their purpose of resisting by force any who interfered with them;—and the owners of the soil were probably in league with the diggers, so as to enhance the difficulties, and force the Government to purchase. The Government was obliged to buy and paid the enormous sum of £100,000 for the farm. Many stories could be told of the almost inextricable complexities which attended the settlement of claims to property while the diggers were arming and drilling and declaring that they would take the law into their own hands if they were interfered with in their industry.

Annexation to the Cape Colony will probably take place. But what will come next? The Province does not want annexation;—but specially wants an adequate, we may say a large share in the constituencies of the joint Colonies should annexation be carried out. I sympathise with Griqualand West in the first feeling. I do not think that the diggers of the Diamond Fields will be satisfied with legislation carried on at Capetown. I do not think that a parliamentary majority at Capetown will know how to manage the diggers. Kimberley is so peculiar a place, and so likely to show its feeling of offence against the Government if it be offended, that I fear it will be a very thorn in the side of any possible Cape Colony Prime Minister. That Downing Street should wish

to make over to the Colony the rich treasure, which we are told has been acquired with so much violence and avarice, I am not surprised,—though such annexation must be prejudicial to that desire for South African Confederation which is now strong in Colonial Office bosoms; — but that the Colony should accept the burden while she already possesses that which generally makes such burdens acceptable, — viz., the Custom duties on the goods consumed by the people, —is to me a marvel. It may be that the Cape Parliament was induced to give its first assent by the strongly expressed wishes of the Secretary of State at home, and that it can hardly now recede from the promise it then made.

But in regard to the share which Griqualand claims in the two legislative Houses of the future combined Colonies I cannot at all wish her to prevail. It may be natural that a community should desire to be largely represented without looking forward to all the circumstances by which such representation may be affected. The population of the Diamond Fields is supposed to consist of about 15,000 whites and 30,000 natives. Of the latter number about 12,000 are men employed in the mines. The other 18,000 natives who are living on their own lands may be eliminated from our present enquiry. Of the 15,000 white persons we will say that a half are men who would be entitled to vote under the present franchise of the Cape Colony. The number would shew a very large proportion of adult males, but a digging population will always have an excessive population of men. But the 12,000 natives would, with

a very small deduction on account of women, all be enabled to claim a right to be registered.

The Cape Colony franchise is given to all men with certain qualifications. One qualification, and that the broadest,—is that a man shall be earning wages at the rate of £25 a year and his diet. And he must either have been born a British subject, or born in a Dutch South African territory taken over by the British Government. The latter clause was inserted no doubt with the intention of saving from exclusion any men then still living who might have been born when the Cape of Good Hope was a Dutch Colony; but in justice must be held to include all those born in the Transvaal when the Transvaal was a Dutch Republic. The meaning is that all shall vote, who are otherwise qualified, who have been born English subjects or have become English subjects by annexation from Dutch rule. The majority of the Kafirs now working at the Diamond Fields have been born in the Transvaal; some indeed at Natal, some few in Zululand which is not English, and some few beyond the Limpopo, on native territory which has never been either Dutch or English. But the great majority are from the distant parts of the Transvaal;—and, with a Kafir as with a white man who should assert himself to be born an English subject or a Transvaalian, the onus probandi would be with those who objected to, or denied, the claim. Every Kafir about the mines earns at the lowest 10*s.* a week, or £26 10*s.* per annum and his diet, and it would be found I think impossible to reject their claim to be registered as voters if their names were brought up on the lists.

There will be those at home who will say,—why should they not vote if they are industrious labourers earning wages at so high a rate? But no white man who has been in South Africa and knows anything of South Africa will say that. An eminent member of the House of Commons,—a friend of my own whom I respect as a politician as highly as any man of the present day,—gently murmured a complaint in discussing the South African permissive bill as to the statement which had been made by the Secretary of State "that until the civilization of the Natives throughout South Africa had made considerable progress it would be desirable that they should not have direct representation in the Legislative Assembly of the Union;"—that is in the Confederated Union sanctioned by the permissive bill. My friend's philanthropic feelings were hurt by the idea that the coloured man should be excluded from the franchise. But the suggestion contained in this speech that the Kafir should have a vote is received by Europeans in South Africa simply with a smile. Were it granted and could it be generally used at the will and in accordance with the judgment of the Kafir himself all Europeans would at once leave the country, and South Africa would again become the prey of the strongest handed among the Natives then existing. That Englishmen should live under a policy devised or depending upon Negroes I believe to be altogether impossible.

It is not that I think that the Kafirs about the Diamond Fields will at once swarm to the poll as soon as the franchise of the Cape Colony shall make

it possible for them to do so. That is not the way the evil will shew itself. They will care nothing for the franchise and will not be at the trouble to understand its nature. But certain Europeans will understand it,—politicians not of the first class,—and they will endeavour to use for their own purposes a privilege which will have been thoughtlessly conferred. Such politicians will not improbably secure election by Kafir votes, and will cause to be done exactly that which the most respectable employers of labour in the place will think most prejudicial to the interests of the place. And after a while the Negroes of Griqualand West will learn the powers which they possess as have the Negroes of the Southern American States, and thus there will spring up a contest as to the party in which is to be vested the political power of the district. I do not doubt how the contest would end. The white men would certainly prevail however small might be their numbers, and however great the majority of the Kafirs. But I am sure that no part of South Africa would willingly subject itself to the possibility of such a condition. I think that the franchise of the Cape Colony has been,—I will not say fixed too low, but arranged injudiciously in regard to the population of the Colony itself;—but I am even more strongly of opinion that that franchise is not at all adapted to the population of the Diamond Fields.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE STORY OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

THE first known finding of a diamond in South Africa was as recent as 1867;—so that the entire business which has well nigh deluged the world of luxury with precious stones and has added so many difficulties to the task of British rule in South Africa is only now,—in 1877,—ten years old. Mr. Morton, an American gentleman who lectured on the subject before the American Geographical Society in the early part of 1877 tells us that "Across a mission map of this very tract printed in 1750 is written, 'Here be Diamonds;'"—that the Natives had long used the diamonds for boring other stones, and that it was their practice to make periodical visits to what are now the Diamond Fields to procure their supply. I have not been fortunate enough to see such a map, nor have I heard the story adequately confirmed, so as to make me believe that any customary search was ever made here for diamonds even by the Natives. I am indeed inclined to doubt the existence of any record of South African diamonds previous to 1867, thinking that Mr. Morton must have been led astray by some unguarded assertion. Such a map would be most interesting if it could be produced. For all British and South African purposes, — whether in regard to politics, wealth, or geological enquiry the finding of the diamond in 1867 was the beginning of the affair.

And this diamond was found by accident and could not for a time obtain any credence. It is first known to have been seen at the house of a Dutch farmer named Jacobs in the northern limits of the Cape Colony, and South of the Orange river. It had probably been brought from the bed of the stream or from the other side of the river. The "other side" would be, in Griqualand West, the land of diamonds. As far as I can learn there is no idea that diamonds have been deposited by nature in the soil of the Cape Colony proper. At Jacobs' house it was seen in the hands of one of the children by another Boer named Van Niekerk, who observing that it was brighter and also heavier than other stones, and thinking it to be too valuable for a plaything offered to buy it. But the child's mother would not sell such a trifle and gave it to Van Niekerk. From Van Niekerk it was passed on to one O'Reilly who seems to have been the first to imagine it to be a diamond. He took it to Capetown where he could get no faith for his stone, and thence back to Colesberg on the northern extremity of the Colony where it was again encountered with ridicule. But it became matter of discussion and was at last sent to Dr. Atherstone of Grahamstown who was known to be a geologist and a man of science. He surprised the world of South Africa by declaring the stone to be an undoubted diamond. It weighed over 21 carats and was sold to Sir P. Wodehouse, the then Governor of the Colony, for £500.*

* I find the story told with slight variation by different persons. I have taken the version published in the second edition of Messrs. Silver's Handbook, having found ample reason to trust the accuracy of that compilation. See p. 378 of that volume.

In 1868 and 1869 various diamonds were found, and the search for them was no doubt instigated by Van Niekerk's and O'Reilly's success;—but nothing great was done nor did the belief prevail that South Africa was a country richer in precious stones than any other region yet discovered. Those which were brought to the light during these two years may I believe yet be numbered, and no general belief had been created. But some searching by individuals was continued. The same Van Niekerk who had received the first diamond from the child not unnaturally had his imagination fired by his success. Either in 1868 or 1869 he heard of a large stone which was then in the hands of a Kafir witch-doctor from whom he succeeded in buying it, giving for it as the story goes all his sheep and all his horses. But the purchase was a good one, —for a Dutchman's flocks are not often very numerous or very valuable,—and he sold the diamond to merchants in the neighbourhood for £11,200. It weighed 83 carats, and is said to be perfect in all its appointments as to water, shape, and whiteness. It became known among diamonds and was christened the Star of South Africa. After a law suit, during which an interdict was pronounced forbidding its exportation or sale, it made its way to the establishment of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell from whom it was purchased for the delight of a lovely British Countess.

Even then the question whether this part of South Africa was diamondiferous* had not been settled to

* This is an abominable word, coined as I believe for the use of the British Diamond Fields;—but it has become so common that it would be affectation to avoid the use of it.

the satisfaction of persons who concern themselves in the produce and distribution of diamonds. There seems to have been almost an Anti-South African party in the diamond market, as though it was too much to expect that from a spot so insignificant as this corner of the Orange and Vaal rivers should be found a rival to the time-honoured glories of Brazil and India. It was too good to believe,—or to some perhaps too bad,—that there should suddenly come a plethora of diamonds from among the Hottentots.

It was in 1870 that the question seems to have got itself so settled that some portion of the speculative energy of the world was enabled to fix itself on the new Diamond Fields. In that year various white men set themselves seriously to work in searching the banks of the Vaal up and down between Hebron and Klip-drift,—or Barkly as it is now called, and many small parcels of stones were bought from Natives who had been instigated to search by what they had already heard. The operations of those times are now called the "river diggings" in distinction to the "dry diggings," which are works of much greater magnitude carried on in a much more scientific manner away from the river,—and which certainly are in all respects "dry" enough. But at first the searchers confined themselves chiefly to the river bed and to the small confluents of the river, scraping up into their mining cradles the shingles and dirt they had collected, and shaking and washing away the grit and mud, till they could see by turning the remaining stones over with a bit of slate on a board whether Fortune had sent on that morning a peculiar sparkle among the lot.

I was taken up to Barkly "on a picnic" as people say; and a very nice picnic it was,—one of the pleasantest days I had in South Africa. The object was to show me the Vaal river, and the little town which had been the capital of the diamond country before the grand discovery at Colesberg Kopje had made the town of Kimberley. There is nothing peculiar about Barkly as a South African town, except that it is already half deserted. There may be perhaps a score of houses there most of which are much better built than those at Kimberley. They are made of rough stone, or of mud and whitewash; and, if I do not mistake, one of them had two storeys. There was an hotel,—quite full although the place is deserted,—and clustering round it were six or seven idle gentlemen all of whom were or had been connected with diamonds. I am often struck by the amount of idleness which persons can allow themselves whose occupations have diverged from the common work of the world.

When at Barkly we got ourselves and our provisions into a boat so that we might have our picnic properly, under the trees at the other side of the river,—for opposite to Barkly is to be found the luxury of trees. As we were rowed down the river we saw a white man with two Kafirs poking about his stones and gravel on a miner's rickety table under a little tent on the beach. He was a digger who had still clung to the "river" business; a Frenchman who had come to try his luck there a few days since. On the Monday previous,—we were told,—he had found a 13 carat white stone without a flaw. This would be

enough perhaps to keep him going and almost to satisfy him for a month. Had he missed that one stone he would probably have left the place after a week. Now he would go on through days and days without finding another sparkle. I can conceive no occupation on earth more dreary,—hardly any more demoralizing than this of perpetually turning over dirt in quest of a peculiar little stone which may turn up once a week or may not. I could not but think, as I watched the man, of the comparative nobility of the work of a shoemaker who by every pull at his thread is helping to keep some person's foot dry.

The commencement of diamond-digging as a settled industry was in 1872. It was then that dry-digging was commenced, which consists of the regulated removal of ground found to be diamondiferous and of the washing and examination of every fraction of the soil. The district which we as yet know to be so specially gifted extends up and down the Vaal river from the confluence of the Modder to Hebron, about 75 miles, and includes a small district on the east side of the river. Here, within 12 miles of the river, and within a circle of which the diameter is about 2½ miles, are contained all the mines,—or dry diggings,—from which have come the real wealth of the country. I should have said that the most precious diamond yet produced, one of 288 carats, was found close to the river about 12 miles from Barkly. This prize was made in 1872.

It is of the dry diggings that the future student of the Diamond Fields of South Africa will have to take chief account. The river diggings were only the pro-

specting work which led up to the real mining operations,—as the washing of the gullies in Australia led to the crushing of quartz and to the sinking of deep mines in search of alluvial gold. Of these dry diggings there are now four, Du Toit's Pan, Bultfontein, Old De Beers,—and Colesberg Kopje or the great Kimberley mine, which though last in the Field has thrown all the other diamond mines of the world into the shade. The first working at the three first of these was so nearly simultaneous, that they may almost be said to have been commenced at once. I believe however that they were in fact opened in the order I have given.

Bultfontein and Du Toit's Pan were on two separate Boer farms, of which the former was bought the first, —as early as 1869,—by a firm who had even then had dealings in diamonds and who no doubt purchased the land with reference to diamonds. Here some few stones were picked from the surface, but the affair was not thought to be hopeful. The diamond searchers still believed that the river was the place. But the Dutch farmer at Du Toit's Pan, one Van Wyk, finding that precious stones were found on his neighbour's land, let out mining licences on his own land, binding the miners to give him one fourth of the value of what they found. This however did not answer and the miners resolved to pay some small monthly sum for a licence, or to "jump" the two farms together. Now "jumping" in South African language means open stealing. A man "jumps" a thing when he takes what does not belong to him with a tacit declaration that might makes right. Appeal was then made to the authorities of the

Orange Free State for protection;—and something was done. But the diggers were too strong, and the proprietors of the farms were obliged to throw open their lands to the miners on the terms which the men dictated.

The English came,—at the end of 1871,—just as the system of dry digging had formed itself at these two mines, and from that time to this Du Toit's Pan and Bultfontein have been worked as regular diamond mines. I did not find them especially interesting to a visitor. Each of them is about two miles distant from Kimberley town, and the centre of the one can hardly be more than a mile distant from the centre of the other. They are under the inspection of the same Government officer, and might be supposed to be part of one and the same enterprise were it not that there is a Mining Board at Du Toit's Pan, whereas the shareholders at Bultfontein have abstained from troubling themselves with such an apparatus. They trust the adjustment of any disputes which may arise to the discretion of the Government Inspector.

At each place there is a little village, very melancholy to look at, consisting of hotels or drinking bars, and the small shops of the diamond dealers. Everything is made of corrugated iron and the whole is very mean to the eye. There had been no rain for some months when I was there, and as I rode into Du Toit's Pan the thermometer showed over 90 in the shade, and over 150 in the sun. While I was at Kimberley it rose to 96 and 161. There is not a blade of grass in the place, and I seemed to breathe dust rather than air. At both these places there seemed to be a

"mighty maze,"—in which they differ altogether from the Kimberley mine which I will attempt to describe presently. Out of the dry dusty ground, which looked so parched and ugly that one was driven to think that it had never yet rained in those parts, were dug in all directions pits and walls and roadways, from which and by means of which the dry dusty soil is taken out to some place where it is washed and the débris examined. Carts are going hither and thither, each with a couple of horses, and Kafirs above and below,—not very much above or very much below,—are working for 10*s*. a week and their diet without any feature of interest. What is done at Du Toit's Pan is again done at Bultfontein.

At Du Toit's Pan there are 1441 mining claims which are possessed by 214 claimholders. The area within the reef,—that is within the wall of rocky and earthy matter containing the diamondiferous soil,—is 31 acres. This gives a revenue to the Griqualand Government of something over £2,000 for every three months. In the current year,—1877,—it will amount to nearly £9,000. About 1,700 Kafirs are employed in the mine and on the stuff taken out of it at wages of 10*s*. a week and their diet,—which, at the exceptionally high price of provisions prevailing when I was in the country, costs about 10*s*. a week more. The wages paid to white men can hardly be estimated as they are only employed in what I may call superintending work. They may perhaps be given as ranging from £3 to £6 a week. The interesting feature in the labour question is the Kafir. This black man, whose body is only partially and most grotesquely clad, and

who is what we mean when we speak of a Savage, earns more than the average rural labourer in England. Over and beyond his board and lodging he carries away with him every Saturday night 10*s*. a week in hard money, with which he has nothing to do but to amuse himself if it so pleases him.

At Bultfontein there are 1,026 claims belonging to 153 claimholders. The area producing diamonds is 22 acres. The revenue derived is £6,000 a year, more or less. About 1,300 Kafirs are employed under circumstances as given above. The two diggings have been and still are successful, though they have never reached the honour and glory and wealth and grandeur achieved by that most remarkable spot on the earth's surface called the Colesberg Kopje, the New Rush, or the Kimberley mine.

I did not myself make any special visit to the Old De Beer mine. De Beer was the farmer who possessed the lands called Vooruitzuit of the purchase of which I have already spoken, and he himself, with his sons, for awhile occupied himself in the business;—but he soon found it expedient to sell his land,—the Old De Beer mine being then established. As the sale was progressing a lady on the top of a little hill called the Colesberg Kopje poked up a diamond with her parasol. Dr. Atherstone who had visited the locality had previously said that if new diamond ground were found it would probably be on this spot. In September 1872 the territory of Griqualand West became a British Colony, and at that time miners from the whole district were congregating themselves at the hill, and that which was at once called the "New

Rush" was established. In Australia where gold was found here or there the miners would hurry off to the spot and the place would be called this or that "Rush."

The New Rush, the Colesberg Kopje,—pronounced Coppy,—and the Kimberley mine are one and the same place. It is now within the town of Kimberley, —which has in fact got itself built around the hill to supply the wants of the mining population. Kimberley has in this way become the capital and seat of Government for the Province. As the mine is one of the most remarkable spots on the face of the earth I will endeavour to explain it with some minuteness.

The Colesberg hill is in fact hardly a hill at all,—what little summit may once have entitled it to the name having been cut off. On reaching the spot by one of the streets from the square you see no hill but are called upon to rise over a mound, which is circular and looks to be no more than the débris of the mine though it is in fact the remainder of the slight natural ascent. It is but a few feet high and on getting to the top you look down into a huge hole. This is the Kimberley mine. You immediately feel that it is the largest and most complete hole ever made by human agency.

At Du Toit's Pan and Bultfontein the works are scattered. Here everything is so gathered together and collected that it is not at first easy to understand that the hole should contain the operations of a large number of separate speculators. It is so completely one that you are driven at first to think that it must be the property of one firm,—or at any rate be entrusted to

the management of one director. It is very far from being so. In the pit beneath your feet, hard as it is at first to your imagination to separate it into various enterprises, the persons making or marring their fortunes have as little connection with each other as have the different banking firms in Lombard Street.

You are told that the pit has a surface area of 9 acres;—but for your purposes as you will care little for diamondiferous or non-diamondiferous soil, the aperture really occupies 12 acres. The slope of the reef around the diamond soil has forced itself back over an increased surface as the mine has become deeper. The diamond claims cover 9 acres.

You stand upon the marge and there, suddenly, beneath your feet lies the entirety of the Kimberley mine, so open, so manifest, and so uncovered that if your eyes were good enough you might examine the separate operations of each of the three or four thousand human beings who are at work there. It looks to be so steep down that there can be no way to the bottom other than the aërial contrivances which I will presently endeavour to explain. It is as though you were looking into a vast bowl, the sides of which are smooth as should be the sides of a bowl, while round the bottom are various marvellous incrustations among which ants are working with all the usual energy of the ant-tribe. And these incrustations are not simply at the bottom, but come up the curves and slopes of the bowl irregularly,—half-way up perhaps in one place, while on another side they are confined quite to the lower deep. The pit is 230 feet deep, nearly circular, though after awhile the eye becomes

aware of the fact that it is oblong. At the top the diameter is about 300 yards of which 250 cover what is technically called "blue,"—meaning diamondiferous soil. Near the surface and for some way down, the sides are light brown, and as blue is the recognised diamond colour you will at first suppose that no diamonds were found near the surface;—but the light brown has been in all respects the same as the blue, the colour of the soil to a certain depth having been affected by a mixture of iron. Below this everything is blue, all the constructions in the pit having been made out of some blue matter which at first sight would seem to have been carried down for the purpose.

But there are other colours on the wall which give a peculiar picturesqueness to the mines. The top edge as you look at it with your back to the setting sun is red with the gravel of the upper reef, while below, in places, the beating of rain and running of water has produced peculiar hues, all of which are a delight to the eye.

As you stand at the edge you will find large high-raised boxes at your right hand and at your left, and you will see all round the margin crowds of such erections, each box being as big as a little house and higher than most of the houses in Kimberley. These are the first recipients for the stuff that is brought up out of the mine. And behind these, so that you will often find that you have walked between them, are the whims by means of which the stuff is raised, each whim being worked by two horses. Originally the operation was done by hand-windlasses which were turned by Kafirs,—and the practice is continued at

some of the smaller enterprises;—but the horse whims are now so general that there is a world of them round the claim. The stuff is raised on aërial tramways,—and the method of an aërial tramway is as follows. Wires are stretched taut from the wooden boxes slanting down to the claims at the bottom,—never less than four wires for each box, two for the ascending and two for the descending bucket. As one bucket runs down empty on one set of wires, another comes up full on the other set. The ascending bucket is of course full of "blue." The buckets were at first simply leathern bags. Now they have increased in size and importance of construction,—to half barrels and so upwards to large iron cylinders which sit easily upon wheels running in the wires as they ascend and descend and bring up their loads, half a cart load at each journey.

As this is going on round the entire circle it follows that there are wires starting everywhere from the rim and converging to a centre at the bottom, on which the buckets are always scudding through the air. They drop down and creep up not altogether noiselessly but with a gentle trembling sound which mixes itself pleasantly with the murmur from the voices below. And the wires seem to be the strings of some wonderful harp,—aërial or perhaps infernal,—from which the beholder expects that a louder twang will soon be heard. The wires are there always of course, but by some lights they are hardly visible. The mine is seen best in the afternoon and the visitor looking at it should stand with his back to the setting sun;—but as he so stands and so looks he will hardly be aware that

there is a wire at all if his visit be made, say on a Saturday afternoon, when the works are stopped and the mine is mute.

When the world below is busy there are about 3,500 Kafirs at work,—some small proportion upon the reef which has to be got into order so that it shall neither tumble in, nor impede the work, nor overlay the diamondiferous soil as it still does in some places; but by far the greater number are employed in digging. Their task is to pick up the earth and shovel it into the buckets and iron receptacles. Much of it is loosened for them by blasting which is done after the Kafirs have left the mine at 6 o'clock. You look down and see the swarm of black ants busy at every holē and corner with their picks moving and shovelling the loose blue soil.

But the most peculiar phase of the mine, as you gaze into its one large pit, is the subdivision into claims and portions. Could a person see the sight without having heard any word of explanation it would be impossible, I think, to conceive the meaning of all those straight cut narrow dikes, of those mud walls all at right angles to each other, of those square separate pits, and again of those square upstanding blocks, looking like houses without doors or windows. You can see that nothing on earth was ever less level than the bottom of the bowl,—and that the black ants in traversing it, as they are always doing, go up and down almost at every step, jumping here on to a narrow wall and skipping there across a deep dividing channel as though some diabolically ingenious architect had contrived a house with 500 rooms, not one of

which should be on the same floor, and to and from none of which should there be a pair of stairs or a door or a window. In addition to this it must be imagined that the architect had omitted the roof in order that the wires of the harp above described might be brought into every chamber. The house has been furnished with picks, shovels, planks, and a few barrels, populated with its black legions, and there it is for you to look at.

At first the bottom of the bowl seems small. You know the size of it,—that it is nine acres, enough to make a moderate field,—but it looks like no more than a bowl. Gradually it becomes enormously large as your eye dwells for a while on the energetic business going on in one part, and then travels away over an infinity of subdivided claims to the work in some other portion. It seems at last to be growing under you and that soon there will be no limit to the variety of partitions on which you have to look. You will of course be anxious to descend and if you be no better than a man there is nothing to prevent you. Should you be a lady I would advise you to stay where you are. The work of going up and down is hard, everything is dirty, and the place below is not nearly so interesting as it is above. One firm at the mine, Messrs. Baring Gould, Atkins, & Co. have gone to the expense of sinking a perpendicular shaft with a tunnel below from the shaft to the mine,—so as to avoid the use of the aërial tramway; and by Mr. Gould's kindness I descended through his shaft. Nevertheless there was some trouble in getting into the mine and when I was there the labour of clambering about from

one chamber to another in that marvellously broken house was considerable and was not lessened by the fact that the heat of the sun was about 140°. The division of the claims, however, became apparent to me and I could see how one was being worked, and another left without any present digging till the claim-owner's convenience should be suited. But there is a regulation compelling a man to work if the standing of his "blue" should become either prejudicial or dangerous to his neighbours. There is one shaft,—that belonging to the firm I have mentioned; and one tramway has been cut down by another firm through the reef and circumjacent soil so as to make an inclined plane up and down to the mine.

In working the mine the number of men employed differs very much from time to time. When I was there the mine was very full, and there were probably almost 4,000 men in it and as many more employed above on the stuff. When the "blue" has come up and been deposited in the great wooden boxes at the top it is then lowered by its own weight into carts, and carried off to the "ground" of the proprietor. Every diamond digger is obliged to have a space of ground somewhere round the town,—as near his whim as he can get it,—to which his stuff is carted and then laid out to crumble and decompose. This may occupy weeks, but the time depends on what may be the fall of rain. If there be no rain, it must be watered,—at a very considerable expense. It is then brought to the washing, and is first put into a round puddling trough where it is broken up and converted into mud by stationary rakes which work upon the stuff as the

trough goes round. The stones of course fall to the bottom, and as diamonds are the heaviest of stones they fall with the others. The mud is examined and thrown away,—and then the stones are washed, and rewashed, and sifted, and examined. The greater number of diamonds are found during this operation; —but the large gems and those therefore of by far the greatest value are generally discovered while the stuff is being knocked about and put into the buckets in the mine.

It need hardly be said that in such an operation as I have described the greatest care is necessary to prevent stealing and that no care will prevent it. The Kafirs are the great thieves,—to such an extent of superexcellence that white superintendence is spoken of as being the only safeguard. The honesty of the white man may perhaps be indifferent, but such as it is it has to be used at every point to prevent, as far as it may be prevented, the systematized stealing in which the Kafirs take an individual and national pride. The Kafirs are not only most willing but most astute thieves, feeling a glory in their theft and thinking that every stone stolen from a white man is a duty done to their Chief and their tribe. I think it may be taken as certain that no Kafir would feel the slightest pang of conscience at stealing a diamond, or that any disgrace would be held to attach to him among other Kafirs for such a performance. They come to the Fields instructed by their Chiefs to steal diamonds and they obey the orders like loyal subjects. Many of the Kafir Chiefs are said to have large quantities of diamonds which have been brought to them by their

men returning from the diggings;—but most of those which are stolen no doubt find their way into the hands of illicit dealers. I have been told that the thefts perpetrated by the Kafirs amount to 25 per cent. on the total amount found;—but this I do not believe.

The opportunities for stealing are of hourly occurrence and are of such a nature as to make prevention impossible. These men are sharpsighted as birds and know and see a diamond much quicker than a white man. They will pick up stones with their toes and secrete them even under the eyes of those who are watching them. I was told that a man will so hide a diamond in his mouth that no examination will force him to disclose it. They are punished when discovered with lashes and imprisonment,—in accordance with the law on the matter. No employer is now allowed to flog his man at his own pleasure. And the white men who buy diamonds from Kafirs are also punished when convicted, by fine and imprisonment for the simple offence of buying from a Kafir; but with flogging also if convicted of having instigated a Kafir to steal. Nevertheless a lucrative business of this nature is carried on, and the Kafirs know well where to dispose of their plunder though of course but for a small proportion of its value.

Ten shillings a week and their food were the regular wages here as elsewhere. This I found to be very fluctuating, but the money paid had rarely gone lower for any considerable number of men than the above-named rate. The lowest amount paid has been 7*s.* 6*d.* a week. Sometimes it had been as high as 20*s.* and

even 30*s*. a week. A good deal of the work is supplied by contract, certain middlemen undertaking to provide men with all expenses paid at £1 a week. When mealies have become dear from drought,—there being no grass for oxen on the route,—no money can be made in this way. Such was the case when I was in Griqualand West. It is stated by Mr. Oats, an engineer, in his evidence given to the Committee on the Griqualand West Annexation Bill, in June 1877—that the annual amount of wages paid at Kimberley had varied from £600,000 to £1,600,000 a year. Nearly the whole of this had gone into the hands of the Kafirs.

Perhaps the most interesting sight at the mine is the escaping of the men from their labour at six o'clock. Then, at the sound of some welcomed gong, they begin to swarm up the sides close at each other's heels apparently altogether indifferent as to whether there be a path or no. They come as flies come up a wall, only capering as flies never caper,—and shouting as they come. In endless strings, as ants follow each other, they move, passing along ways which seem to offer no hold to a human foot. Then it is that one can best observe their costume in which a jacket is never absent but of which a pair of trowsers rarely forms a portion. A soldier's red jacket or a soldier's blue jacket has more charms than any other vestment. They seem always to be good humoured, always well-behaved,—but then they are always thieves. And yet how grand a thing it is that so large a number of these men should have been brought in so short a space of time to the habit of receiving wages and to the capa

city of bargaining as to the wages for which they will work. I shall not, however, think it so grand a thing if any one addresses them as the free and independent electors of Kimberley before they have got trowsers to cover their nakedness.

I must add also that a visitor to Kimberley should if possible take an opportunity of looking down upon the mine by moonlight. It is a weird and wonderful sight, and may almost be called sublime in its peculiar strangeness.

CHAPTER XIX.

KIMBERLEY.

Having described the diamond mines in the Kimberley district I must say a word about the town of Kimberley to which the mines have given birth. The total population as given by a census taken in 1877 was 13,590, showing the town to be the second largest in South Africa. By joining to this Du Toit's Pan and Bultfontein which are in fact suburbs of Kimberley we get a total urban population of about 18,000. Of these nearly 10,000 are coloured, and something over 8,000 are Europeans. Among the Europeans two-fifths are females, and of course there is the ordinary population of children—with the coloured people the females are about 1 to 7. Of the adult male population two-thirds are of coloured races,—Kafirs for the most part,—and one-third is European. At present both the one and the other are a shifting people;—but the Kafirs shift much the quickest. Each man remains generally only six or eight months on the Fields and then returns home to his tribe. This mode of life, however, is already somewhat on the decrease, and as the love of making money grows, and as tribal reverence for the Chieftains dies out, the men will learn to remain more constantly at their work. Unless

the diamonds come to an end altogether,—which one cannot but always feel to be possible,—the place will become a large town with a settled Kafir population which will fall gradually into civilized ways of life. There is no other place in South Africa where this has been done, or for many years can be done to the same extent. I mention this here because it seems to be so essentially necessary to remember that South Africa is a land not of white but of black men, and that the progress to be most desired is that which will quickest induce the Kafir to put off his savagery and live after the manner of his white brethren.

Throughout the whole country which the English and the Dutch between them have occupied as their own, the Kafirs are the superiors in numbers in much greater proportion than that stated above in reference to the town of Kimberley;—but these numbers are to be found, not in towns, but out in their own hitherto untouched districts, where they live altogether after their old ways, where the Kafirs of to-day are as were the Kafirs of fifty years ago. And even with those who have come under our dominion and who live to some degree intermixed with us, the greater proportion still follow their old customs of which idleness and dependence on the work of women for what is absolutely necessary to existence, may be said to be the most prominent. The work of civilizing as it has been carried out by simple philanthropy or by religion is terribly slow. One is tempted sometimes to say that nothing is done by religion and very little by philanthropy. But love of money works very fast. In Griqualand West, especially in the Diamond Fields, and above all at Kimber-

ley, it is not only out in the wilds, by the river sides, on the veld, and in their own kraals, that the black men outnumber the white; but in the streets of the city also and in the workshops of the mine. And here they are brought together not by the spasmodic energy of missionaries or by the unalluring attraction of schools but by the certainty of earning wages. The seeker after diamonds is determined to have them because the making of his fortune depends upon them; and the Kafir himself is determined to come to Kimberley because he has learned the loveliness of 10*s.* a week paid regularly into his hand every Saturday night.

Who can doubt but that work is the great civilizer of the world,—work and the growing desire for those good things which work only will bring? If there be one who does he should come here to see how those dusky troops of labourers, who ten years since were living in the wildest state of unalloyed savagery, whose only occupation was the slaughter of each other in tribal wars, each of whom was the slave of his Chief, who were subject to the dominion of most brutalizing and cruel superstitions, have already put themselves on the path towards civilization. They are thieves no doubt;—that is they steal diamonds though not often other things. They are not Christians. They do not yet care much about breeches. They do not go to school. But they are orderly. They come to work at six in the morning and go away at six in the evening. They have an hour in the middle of the day, and know that they have to work during the other hours. They take their meals regularly and, what is the best of all,

they are learning to spend their money instead of carrying it back to their Chiefs.

Civilization can not come at once. The coming I fear under any circumstances must be slow. But this is the quickest way towards it that has yet been found. The simple teaching of religion has never brought large numbers of Natives to live in European habits; but I have no doubt that European habits will bring about religion. The black man when he lives with the white man and works under the white man's guidance will learn to believe really what the white man really believes himself. Surely we should not expect him to go faster. But the missionary has endeavoured to gratify his own soul by making here and there a model Christian before the pupil has been able to understand any of the purposes of Christianity. I have not myself seen the model Christian perfected; but when I have looked down into the Kimberley mine and seen three or four thousand of them at work,—although each of them would willingly have stolen a diamond if the occasion came,—I have felt that I was looking at three or four thousand growing Christians.

Because of this I regard Kimberley as one of the most interesting places on the face of the earth. I know no other spot on which the work of civilizing a Savage is being carried on with so signal a success. The Savages whom we have encountered in our great task of populating the world have for the most part eluded our grasp by perishing while we have been considering how we might best deal with them. Here, in South Africa, a healthy nation remains and assures us by its prolific tendency that when protected from

self-destruction by our fostering care it will spread and increase beneath our hands. But what was to be done with these people? Having found that they do not mean to die, by what means might we instruct them how to live? Teach them to sing hymns, and all will be well. That is one receipt. Turn them into slaves, and make them work. That is another receipt. Divide the land with them, and let them live after their own fashions;—only subject to some little control from us. That was a third. The hymns have done nothing. The slavery was of course impossible. And that division of land has been, perhaps not equally futile, but insufficient for the growing needs of the people;—insufficient also for our own needs. Though we abuse the Kafir we want his service, and we want more than our share of his land. But that which no effort of intelligence could produce has been brought about by circumstances. The Diamond Fields have been discovered and now there are ten thousand of these people receiving regular wages and quite capable of rushing to a magistrate for protection if they be paid a shilling short on Saturday night.

This the diamonds have done, and it is the great thing which they have done. We have fair reason to believe that other similar industries will arise. There are already copper mines at work in Namaqualand, on the western coast of South Africa, in which the Natives are employed, and lead mines in the Transvaal. There are gold fields in the Transvaal at which little is now being done, because the difficulties of working them are at present overwhelming. But as years roll quickly on these, too, will become hives of

coloured labour, and in this way Kimberleys will arise in various parts of the continent.

I cannot say that Kimberley is in other respects an alluring town;—perhaps as little so as any town that I have ever visited. There are places to which men are attracted by the desire of gain which seem to be so repulsive that no gain can compensate the miseries incidental to such an habitation. I have seen more than one such place and have wondered that under any inducement men should submit themselves, their wives and children to such an existence. I remember well my impressions on reaching Charles Dickens' Eden at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and my surprise that any human being should have pitched his tent in a place so unwholesome and so hideous. I have found Englishmen collected on the Musquito Coast, a wretched crew; and having been called on by untoward Fate and a cruel Government to remain a week at Suez have been driven to consider whether life would have been possible there for a month. During my sojourn at Kimberley, though I was the recipient of the kindest hospitality and met two or three whom I shall ever remember among the pleasant acquaintances of my life,—yet the place itself was distasteful to me in the extreme. When I was there the heat was very great, the thermometer registering 160° in the sun, and 97° in the shade. I was not absolutely ill, but I was so nearly ill that I was in fear the whole time. Perhaps having been in such personal discomfort, I am not a fair judge of the place. But an atmosphere composed of dust and flies cannot be pleasant,—of dust so thick that the sufferer fears to

remove it lest the raising of it may aggravate the evil, and of flies so numerous that one hardly dares to slaughter them by the ordinary means lest their dead bodies should be noisome. When a gust of wind would bring the dust in a cloud hiding everything, a cloud so thick that it would seem that the solid surface of the earth had risen diluted into the air, and when flies had rendered occupation altogether impossible, I would be told, when complaining, that I ought to be there, in December say, or February,—at some other time of the year than that then present,—if I really wanted to see what flies and dust could do. I sometimes thought that the people of Kimberley were proud of their flies and their dust.

And the meat was bad, the butter uneatable, vegetables a rarity,—supplied indeed at the table at which I sat but supplied at a great cost. Milk and potatoes were luxuries so costly that one sinned almost in using them. A man walking about with his pocket full of diamonds would not perhaps care for this; but even at Kimberley there are those who have fixed incomes,—an unfortunate Deputy Governor or the like,—to whom sugar at 2*s.* 6*d.* a pound and other equally necessary articles in the same proportion, must detract much from the honour and glory of the position. When I was there "transport," no doubt, was unusually high. Indeed, as I arrived, there were muttered threats that "transport" would be discontinued altogether unless rain would come. For the understanding of this it must be known that almost everything consumed at Kimberley has to be carried up from the coast, five hundred miles, by ox-waggons, and that the oxen have

to feed themselves on the grasses along the road. When there has been a period of drought there are no grasses, and when there are no grasses the oxen will die instead of making progress. Periods of drought are by no means uncommon in South Africa. When I was at Kimberley there had been a period of drought for many months. There had, indeed, been no rain to speak of for more than a year. As one consequence of this the grocers were charging 2*s.* 6*d.* a pound for brown sugar. Even the chance of such a state of things militates very much against the comfort of a residence.

I do not think that there is a tree to be seen within five miles of the town. When I was there I doubt whether there was a blade of grass within twenty miles, unless what might be found on the very marge of the low water of the Vaal river. Every thing was brown, as though the dusty dry uncovered ugly earth never knew the blessing of verdure. To ascertain that the roots of grass were remaining one had to search the ground. There is to be a park; and irrigation has been proposed so that the park may become green;—but the park had not as yet progressed beyond the customary brown. In all Kimberley and its surroundings there was nothing pretty to meet the eye;—except, indeed, women's faces which were as bright there as elsewhere. It was a matter of infinite regret to me that faces so bright should be made to look out on a world so ugly.

The town is built of corrugated iron. My general readers will probably not have seen many edifices so constructed. But even in England corrugated iron

churches have been erected, when the means necessary for stone buildings have been temporarily wanting; and I think I have seen the studios of photographers made of the same material. It is probably the most hideous that has yet come to man's hands;—but it is the most portable and therefore in many localities the cheapest,—in some localities the only material possible. It is difficult to conceive the existence of a town in which every plank used has had to be dragged five hundred miles by oxen; but such has been the case at Kimberley. Nor can bricks be made which will stand the weather because bricks require to be burned and cannot well be burned without fuel. Fuel at Kimberley is so expensive a luxury that two thoughts have to be given to the boiling of a kettle. Sun-burned bricks are used and form the walls of which the corrugated iron is the inside casing; but sun-burned bricks will not stand the weather and can only be used when they are cased. Lath and plaster for ceilings there is little or none. The rooms are generally covered with canvas which can be easily carried. But a canvas ceiling does not remain long clean, or even rectilinear. The invincible dust settles upon it and bulges it, and the stain of the dust comes through it. Wooden floors are absolutely necessary for comfort and cleanliness; but at Kimberley it will cost £40 to floor a moderate room. The consequence is that even people who are doing well with their diamonds live in comfortless houses, always meaning to pack up and run after this year, or next year, or perhaps the year after next. But if they have done ill with their diamonds they remain till they may do better; and if they have done

well then there falls upon them the Auri sacra fames. When £30,000 have been so easily heaped together why not have £60,000;—and when £60,000 why not £100,000? And then why spend money largely in this state of trial, in a condition which is not intended to be prolonged,—but which is prolonged from year to year by the desire for more? Why try to enjoy life here, this wretched life, when so soon there is a life coming which is to be so infinitely better? Such is often the theory of the enthusiastic Christian,—not however often carried out to its logical conclusions. At such a place as Kimberley the theory becomes more lively; but the good time is postponed till the capacity for enjoying it is too probably lost.

The town of Kimberley is chiefly notable for a large square,—as large perhaps as Russell Square. One or two of the inhabitants asked me whether I was not impressed by the grandeur of its dimensions so as to feel that there was something of sublimity attached to it! "I thought it very ugly at first," said one lady who had been brought out from England to make her residence among the diamonds;—but I have looked at it now till I have to own its magnificence." I could not but say that corrugated iron would never become magnificent in my eyes. In Kimberley there are two buildings with a storey above the ground, and one of these is in the square. This is its only magnificence. There is no pavement. The roadway is all dust and holes. There is a market place in the midst which certainly is not magnificent. Around are the corrugated iron shops of the ordinary dealers in provisions. An uglier place I do not know how to imagine. When

I was called upon to admire it, I was lost in wonder; but acknowledged that it was well that necessity should produce such results.

I think that none of the diamond dealers live in the square. The various diamond shops to which I was taken were near the mine, or in the streets leading down from the mine to the square. These were little counting-houses in which the dealers would sit, generally two together, loosely handling property worth many thousands of pounds. I was taken to them to see diamonds, and saw diamonds without stint. It seemed that one partner would buy while another would sort and pack. Parcel after parcel was opened for me with almost as little reserve as was exhibited when Lothair asked for pearls. Lothair was an expected purchaser; while the diamond dealer knew that nothing was to be made by me. I could not but think how easy it would be to put just one big one into my pocket. The dealers, probably, were careful that I did nothing of the kind. The stones were packed in paper parcels, each parcel containing perhaps from fifty to two hundred according to their size. Then four or five of these parcels would be fitted into a paper box,—which would again be enclosed in a paper envelope. Without other safeguard than this the parcels are registered and sent by post, to London, Paris, or Amsterdam as the case may be. By far the greater number go to London. The mails containing these diamonds then travel for six days and six nights on mail carts to Capetown,—for four-fifths of the way without any guard, and very frequently with no one on the mail cart except the black boy who drives it. The

cart travels day and night along desolate roads and is often many miles distant from the nearest habitation. Why the mails are not robbed I cannot tell. The diamond dealers say that the robber could not get away with his plunder, and would find no market for it were he to do so. They, however, secure themselves by some system of insurance. I cannot but think that the insurers, or underwriters, will some day find themselves subjected to a heavy loss. A great robbery might be effected by two persons, and the goods which would be so stolen are of all property the most portable. Thieves with a capital,—and thieves in these days do have capital,—might afford to wait, and diamonds in the rough can not be traced. I should have thought that property of such immense value would have payed for an armed escort. The gold in Australia, which is much less portable, is always accompanied by an escort.*

I was soon sick of looking at diamonds though the idea of holding ten or twenty thousand pounds lightly between my fingers did not quite lose its charm. I was however disgusted at the terms of reproach with which most of the diamonds were described by their owners. Many of them were "off colours," stones of a yellowish hue and therefore of comparatively little value, or stones with a flaw, stones which would split in the cutting, stones which could not be cut to any

* Since this was written a mail steamer with a large amount of these diamonds among the mails has gone to the bottom of the sea. The mails, and with the mails, the diamonds have been recovered; but in such a condition that they cannot be recognised and given up to the proper owners. They are lying at the General Post Office, and how to dispose of them nobody knows.

advantage. There were very many evil stones to one that was good, so that nature after all did not appear to have been as generous as she might have been. And these dealers when the stones are brought to them for purchase, have no certain standard of value by which to regulate their transactions with their customers. The man behind the counter will take the stones, one by one, examine them, weigh them, and then make his offer for the parcel. Dealing in horses is precarious work,—when there is often little to show whether an animal be worth £50, or £100, or £150. But with diamonds it must be much more so. A dealer offers £500 when the buyer has perhaps expected £2,000! And yet the dealer is probably nearest to the mark. The diamonds at any rate are bought and sold, and are sent away by post at the rate of about £2,000,000 in the year. In 1876 the registered export of diamonds from Kimberley amounted in value to £1,414,590, and reached 773 pounds avoirdupois in weight. But it is computed that not above three quarters of what are sent from the place are recorded in the accounts that are kept. There is no law to make such record necessary. Any one who has become legally possessed of a diamond may legally take it or send it away as he pleases.

The diamond dealers whom I saw were the honest men, who keep their heads well above water, and live in the odour of diamond sanctity, dealing only with licensed diggers and loving the law. But there are diamond dealers who buy from the Kafirs,—or from intermediate rogues who instigate the Kafirs to steal. These are regarded as the curse of the place, and, as

may be understood, their existence is most injurious to the interests of all who traffic honestly in this article. The law is very severe on them, imprisoning them, and subjecting them to lashes if in any case it can be proved that a delinquent has instigated a Kaffir to steal. One such dealer I saw in the Kimberley gaol, a good-looking young man who had to pass I think two years in durance among black thieves and white thieves because he had bought dishonestly. I pitied him because he was clean. But I ought to have pitied him the less because having been brought up to be clean he, nevertheless, had become a rogue.

Next to diamond dealing the selling of guns used to be the great trade in Kimberley, the purchasers being Kafirs who thus disposed of their surplus wages. But when I was there the trade seemed to have come to an end, the Kafirs, I trust, having found that they could do better with their money than buy guns,—which they seldom use with much precision when they have them. There was once a whole street devoted to this dealing in guns, but the gun shops had been converted to other purposes. Great complaint had been made against the Government of Griqualand West for permitting the unreserved sale of guns to the Kafirs, and attempts have been made by the two Republics—of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State—to stop the return of men when so armed. The guns were taken away from those who had not a pass, and such passes were rarely given. Now they may travel through the Transvaal with any number of guns, as the British authorities do not stop them. Why it is that the purchases are no longer made I

do not understand. Whether the trade should or should not have been stopped I am not prepared to say. We have not hesitated to prevent the possession of arms in Ireland when we have thought that the peace of the country might be endangered by them. I do not think that the peace of South Africa has been endangered by the guns which the Kafirs have owned, or that guns in the hands of Kafirs have been very fatal to us in the still existing disturbance. But yet the Kafirs are very numerous and the white men are comparatively but a handful! I would have a Kafir as free to shoot a buck as a white man. And yet I feel that the Kafir must be kept in subjection. The evil if it be an evil, has now been done, for guns are very numerous among the Kafirs.

There can hardly be a doubt that Kimberley and the diamond fields have been of great service to the black men who obtain work. No doubt they are thieves,—as regards the diamonds,—but their thievery will gradually be got under by the usual processes. To argue against providing work for a Kafir because a Kafir may steal is the same as to say that housemaids should not be taught to write lest they should learn to forge. That argument has been used, but does not now require refutation. And there can be as little doubt that the finding of diamonds has in a commercial point of view been the salvation of South Africa. The Orange Free State, of which "The Fields" at first formed a part, and which is closely adjacent to them, has been so strengthened by the trade thus created as to be now capable of a successful and permanent existence,—a condition of things which I think no

observer of South African affairs would have considered to be possible had not Kimberley with its eighteen thousand much-consuming mouths been established on its border. As regards the Cape Colony generally, if quite the same thing need not be said, it must be acknowledged that its present comparative success is due almost entirely to the diamonds, —or rather to the commercial prosperity caused by the consumption in which diamond finders and their satellites have been enabled to indulge.

What fortunes have been made in this pursuit no one can tell. If they have been great I have not heard of them. There can be no doubt that many have ruined themselves by fruitless labours, and that others who have suddenly enriched themselves have been unable to bear their prosperity with equanimity. The effect of a valuable diamond upon a digger who had been working perhaps a month for nothing was in the early days almost maddening. Now, as with gold in Australia, the pursuit has settled itself down to a fixed industry. Companies have been formed. Individuals are not suddenly enriched by the sudden finding of a stone. Dividends are divided monthly and there is something approaching to a fixed rate of finding from this claim or from that, from this side of the mine or from the other. There is less of excitement and consequently less of evil. Men are no longer prone to the gambler's condition of mind which induces an individual to think that he,—he especially,—will win in opposition to all established odds and chances, and prompts him to anticipate his winning by lavish expenditure,—to waste it when it does come by such

puerile resources as shoeing a horse with gold or drinking champagne out of a bucket. The searching for gold and diamonds has always had this danger attached to it,—that the money when it has come has too frequently not been endeared to the finder by hard continuous work. It has been "easy come and easy gone." This to some degree is still the case. There is at Kimberley much more of gambling, much more of champagne, much more of the rowdy exhilaration coming from sudden money, than at older towns of the same or much greater population, or of the same or much greater wealth.

The feeling engendered,—the constant recollection that a diamond may always be found,—is carried so far that the mind never rests from business. The diamond-seeker cannot get out of his task and take himself calmly to his literature at 4 P.M. or 5 or 6. This feeling runs through even to his wife and children, teaching them that dirt thrice turned may yet be turned a fourth time with some hope of profit. Consequently ladies, and children, do turn dirt instead of making pretty needle-work or wholesome mud pies. When I heard of so much a dozen being given to young bairns for the smallest specks of diamonds, specks which their young eyes might possibly discover, my heart was bitterly grieved. How shall a child shake off a stain which has been so early incurred? And when ladies have told me, as ladies did tell me,—pretty clever well-dressed women,—of hours so passed, of day after day spent in the turning of dust by their own fingers because there might still be diamonds among the dust, I thought that I could almost sooner

have seen my own wife or my own girl with a broom at a street crossing.

There is not so much of this now as there was, and as years roll on,—if the diamonds still be to be found,—there will be less and less. If the diamonds still be there in twenty years' time,—as to which I altogether decline to give my opinion,—a railway will have been carried on to Kimberley, and planks will have been carried up, and perhaps bricks from some more favoured locality, and possibly paving stones, so that the town shall be made to look less rowdy and less abominable. And pipes will be laid on from the Vaal river, and there will be water carts. And with the dust the flies will go into abeyance. And trees will have been planted. And fresh butter will be made. And there will be a library and men will have books. And houses will have become pleasant, so that a merchant may love to sit at home in his own verandah,—which he will then afford to have broad and cool and floored. And as the nice things come the nasty habits will sink. The ladies will live far away from the grit, and small diamonds will have become too common to make it worth the parents' while to endanger their children's eyes. Some mode of checking the Kafir thieves will perhaps have been found,—and the industry will have sunk into the usual grooves. Nothing, however, will tend so much to this as the lessening of the value of diamonds. The stone is at present so precious that a man's mind cannot bear to think that one should escape him.

THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ORANGE FREE STATE.—ITS EARLY HISTORY.

The history of the origin of the Orange Free State, as a certain district of South Africa is called, is one which when really written will not I think redound to the credit of England. This I say not intending to accuse any British statesman of injustice,—much less of dishonesty. In all that has been done by the Colonial Office in reference to the territory in question the attempt to do right has from first to last been only too anxious and painstaking. But as is generally the case when over anxiety exists in lieu of assured conviction, the right course has not been plainly seen, and the wrong thing has been done and done, perhaps, in a wrong manner.

Our system of government by Cabinets is peculiarly open to such mistakes in reference to Colonial matters. At the Foreign Office, as is well known, there is a prescribed course of things, and whether Lord Granville, or another noble Lord, be there, the advice given will probably be the same. At the Home Office the same course is followed, whether the gentleman be a Liberal or a Conservative, and if one dispenser of the Queen's prerogative be more prone than another to allow criminals to escape, the course of Government is not impeded by his proclivities. But in looking back at

the history of the Colonies during the last fifty years we see the idiosyncrasies of the individual ministers who have held the office of Secretary of State rather than a settled course of British action, and we are made to feel how suddenly the policy of one minister may be made to give way to the conscientious convictions of another. Hence there have come changes each of which may be evidence of dogged obstinacy in the mind of some much respected Statesman, but which seem to be proof of vacillation in the nation.

It would be thought that a colonizing nation like Great Britain should have a policy of colonization. The Americans of the United States have such a policy. They will not colonize at all beyond their own continent, so that all the citizens of their Republic may be brought into one homogeneous whole. The Spaniards and Dutch who have been great Colonists have a colonial policy,—which has ever consisted in getting what can be got for the mother country. Among ourselves, with all that we have done and all that we are doing, we do not yet know whether it is our intention to limit or to extend our colonial empire; we do not yet know whether we purpose to occupy other lands or to protect in their occupation those who now hold them; we do not yet know whether as a nation we wish our colonial dependants to remain always loyal to the British Crown, or whether we desire to see them start for themselves as independent realms. All we do know is that with that general philanthropy and honesty, without which a British Cabinet cannot now exist, we want to do good and to avoid doing evil. But when we look back, and, tak-

ing even three liberal Colonial Secretaries, see the difference of opinion on colonial matters of such men as Lord Glenelg, Lord Grey, and Lord Granville, we have to own that our colonial policy must vacillate.

Are we to extend or are we not to extend our colonial empire? That was a question on which some years ago it did seem that our Statesmen had come to a decision. The task we had taken upon us was thought to be already more than enough for our strength, and we would not stretch our hands any further. If it might be practicable to get rid of some of the least useful of our operations it would be well to do so. That dream of a settled purpose has, however, been rudely broken. The dreamers have never been able to act upon it as a policy. It will not be necessary to do more than name the Fiji Islands,—not the last but one of the last of our costly acquirements,—to show how unable the Colonial office at home has been to say, "so far will we go but no farther." Had the Colonial office recognised it as a policy that wherever Englishmen settle themselves in sufficient numbers to make a disturbance if they be not governed, then government must go after them,—then the Fiji Islands might have been accepted as a necessity. But there is no such policy even yet;—though the annexation of the Transvaal will go far to convince men that such must be our practice.

It is because of our vacillation in South Africa,—vacillation which has come from the varying convictions of varying Ministers and Governors,—that I say that the history of the Orange Free State will not be creditable to our discernment and statesmanship,

Much heavier accusations have been brought against our Colonial office in reference to the same territory by Dutch, American, and by English censors. It has been said that we have been treacherous, tyrannical, and dishonest. To none of these charges do I think that the Colonial office is fairly subject; and though I cannot acquit every Governor of craft,—or perhaps of tyranny,—I think that there has on the whole been an anxious desire on the part of the emissaries from Downing Street to do their duty to their country. But there has been a want of settled purpose as to the nature and extent of the duties which fell upon England when she became mistress of the Dutch settlement at the Cape of Good Hope.

There are some who think that we might have confined ourselves to Table Mountain and Simon's Bay, drawing a rampart across the isthmus which divides the Cape from the mainland,—so as to have kept only a station for the protection of our East India intercourse. But as the Dutch whom we took upon ourselves to govern had already gone far inland when we arrived, that would hardly have been possible, and a restriction so selfish would have been contrary to our instincts. Others would have limited our power at various boundaries,—especially towards the East, where were the Kafir tribes, an evident source of coming trouble, should we meddle with them. The Orange river as a northern boundary did seem to offer a well-defined geographical limit, which would still allow us enormous scope for agricultural and pastoral energy within its southern banks and give sufficient room for every immigrant of whatever nation, and for every

Africander who wished to live under British rule, to find a home within its borders.

But, as has been told before, the Dutch fled away across the Orange river as soon as they began to feel the nature of British rule. Then arose the question, which we have never yet been quite able to answer. When they went was it our duty to go after them,—not to hinder them from going but to govern them whither they went? Certainly not; we said, when they went only in such numbers as to cause us no disturbance by their removal. But how was it to be when they threatened, without any consent of ours, to erect a separate nationality on our borders? They tried it first in Natal, threatening us not only with the rivalry of their own proposed Republic, but with the hostile support of Holland. This was not to be allowed and we sent 250 men, very insufficiently, to put down the New Republic. We did, however, put it down at last.

But the Dutch were determined to go out from us. Our ways were not their ways. I am now speaking of a period nearly half a century back and of the following quarter of a century. Our philanthropy disgusted them, and was to their minds absolutely illogical,—not to be reconciled to that custom of our nation of landing here and there and taking the land away from the natives. The custom to them was good enough and seemed to be clearly the intention of God Almighty. It was the purpose of Providence that white men should use the land which was only wasted while in the possession of black men;—and, no doubt, the purpose of Providence also that black men should be

made to work. But that attempt to strike down the Native with the right hand and to salve the wound with the left was to the Dutchman simply hypocritical. "Catch the nigger and make him work." That was the Dutchman's idea. "Certainly;—if you can agree about wages and other such matters," said the British Authorities. "Wages,—with this Savage; with this something more but very little more than a monkey! Feed him, and perhaps baptize him; but at any rate get work out of him," said the Dutchman. Of course the Dutchman was disgusted. And then the slaves had been manumitted! I will not go into all that here; but I think it must be intelligible that the British philanthropical system of government was an hypocritical abomination to the Dutchman who knew very well that in spite of his philanthropy the Englishman still kept taking the land;—land upon land.

It was natural that the Dutchman should go across the Orange River, and natural too that the English governor should not quite know how to treat him when he had gone. But it would have been well if some certain policy of treatment could have been adopted. Many think that had we not interfered with him in Natal, had we never established what was called an Orange River Sovereignty subject to British rule, a Dutch-speaking nation would have been formed between our Cape Colony and the swarming native tribes, which would have been a protecting barrier for us, and have ensured the security of our Colony. I myself do not agree with this. I think that a Dutch Republic if strong enough for this, stretching from the

confluence of the Vaal and Orange rivers down to the shores of Natal, would have been a neighbour more difficult to deal with than Kafir tribes. But there would at any rate have been a policy. Or, when we had after much hesitation forbidden the Dutch to form a Republic in Natal, and had declared that country to be one among Her Majesty's possessions, we might have clung to the South African theory which was then promulgated. In that case we should have recognized the necessity of treating those wandering warlike patriarchs as British subjects, and have acknowledged to ourselves that whither they went thither we must go after them. This, too, would have been a policy. But this we have not done. At first we went after them. Then we abandoned them. And now that they are altogether out of our hands in the Free State we are hankering after them again. It is impossible not to see that the ideas as to Colonial extension entertained by the late Duke of Newcastle are altogether different from those held by Lord Carnarvon;—and that the Colonial office lacks traditions.

In some respects the history of the Orange Free State has been similar to that of the Transvaal. Its fate has been very different,—a difference which has resulted partly from the characters of the men employed, partly from their external circumstances in regard to the native tribes which have been near to them. Mr. Boshof and Mr. Brand have been very superior as Statesmen to Mr. Pretorius and Mr. Burgers, and the Basutos under Moshesh their Chief, —though they almost succeeded in destroying the

Orange Republic,—were at last less dangerous, at any rate very much less numerous, than Cetywayo and the Zulus.

The Dutch when they first crossed the Orange River asked whether they might go, and were then told that the law offered no impediment. "I am not aware," said Lieutenant Governor Stockenstrom in answer to a deputation which appealed to him on the subject, "of any law which prevents any of His Majesty's subjects from leaving his dominions and settling in another country; and such a law, if it did exist, would be tyrannical and oppressive." That was in 1835. It was in 1837 that the migration across the river really began, when many of the wanderers first found their way down to Natal. Some, however, settled directly across the Orange River, where however they soon fell into difficulties requiring government. When the Dutch declared themselves to be supreme,—in reference to the Natives rather than the British,—there came a British judge across the river, who happened then to be on circuit in the neighbourhood, and told them that they were all British subjects. But his assertion was very soon repudiated by the Governor, Sir George Napier,—for at that time the idea was prevalent at the Colonial office that England's hands should be stretched no further. This, however, did not stand long, and the next Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, found himself compelled by growing troubles to exercise authority across the rivers. He did not take possession of the country, but established a resident at the little town of Bloemfontein. The resident was to keep the peace between the Dutch and

the various tribes;—but had no commission to govern the country. The British had found it impossible to allow the Dutch to drive the Natives from their land, —and equally impossible to allow the Natives to slaughter the Dutch. But yet we were very loth to declare the country British territory.

It was in 1848 that Sir Harry Smith, who was then in Natal, whither he had gone intending if possible to conciliate the Dutch would-be Republicans in that country, at last found himself compelled to claim for the mother country sovereignty over the region between the Orange and the Vaal rivers, and this proclamation he had to support by arms. Pretorius, who had become the leader of the Dutch in Natal, and who on account of personal slights to himself was peculiarly hostile to the English, came over the Drakensburg mountains, and put himself at the head of his countrymen between the rivers. He gathered together an army,—a commando, as it was then called in South African language,—and coming near to Bloemfontein ordered Major Warden, the British Resident, to move himself off into the Cape Colony south of the river with all that he had about him of soldiers and officials. This the Major did, and then Pretorius prepared himself to encounter with his Boers the offended majesty of Great Britain in arms. The reader will perhaps remember that the Dutch had done the same thing in Natal,—and had at first been successful.

Then, on 29th August, 1848, was fought the battle of Boom Plats half-way between the Orange River and Bloemfontein. Sir Harry Smith, the Governor, had come himself with six or seven hundred English

soldiers and were joined by a small body of Griquas,—who were as a matter of course hostile to the Dutch. There were collected together about a thousand Dutch farmers all mounted. They were farmers, ready enough to fight, but not trained soldiers. More English were killed or wounded than Dutch. A dozen Dutchmen fell, and about four times that number of English. But the English beat the Dutch. This decided the fate of that territory for a short time,—and it became British under the name of the Orange River Sovereignty. Pretorius with his friends trekked away north, crossed the Vaal River, and there founded the Transvaal Republic,—as has been told elsewhere. A reward of £2,000 was offered for his apprehension;—an offer which might have been spared and which was happily made in vain.

Major Warden was reinstated as governing Resident, and the British power was supposed to be so well consolidated that many colonists who had hitherto remained contented on the south of the river now crossed it to occupy the lands which the followers of Pretorius had been compelled to desert. But the British were not very strong. The Basutos, a tribe of Natives who have now for some years lived in the odour of loyal sanctity and are supposed to be a pattern to all other Natives, harassed the Europeans continually. War had to be proclaimed against them. Basuto Land will be found in the map lying to the north of Kafraria, to the south-east of the Orange Free State, south-west of Natal, and north-east of the Cape Colony,—to which it is bound only by a narrow neck, and of which it now forms a part. How it became British shall be told

hereafter ;—but at the time of which I am now writing, about 1850, it was very Anti-British, and gave poor Major Warden and the Dutchmen who were living under his rule a great deal of trouble.

Then, in 1851, the Sovereignty was declared to be to all intents and purposes a separate Colony,—such as is the Transvaal at this moment. A Lieutenant Governor was appointed, who with the assistance of a council was empowered to make laws,—but with a proviso that such laws should not be binding upon Natives. To speak sooth British laws are not absolutely binding upon the Natives in any of the South African Colonies. In the Cape Colony or in Natal a Native may buy a wife,—or ten wives. There has always been the acknowledged impossibility of enforcing Africans to live at once after European habits. But here, in this new Colony which we had at last adopted, there was to be something peculiarly mild in our dealings with the black men. There was to be no interference with acts done within the limits of the jurisdiction of any native Chief. The Lieutenant Governor or Resident "was instructed to maintain the government of the native Chiefs over their people and lands in the utmost integrity."* It is odd enough that from this territory, on which the British Governor or British Colonial Secretary of the day was so peculiarly anxious to defend the Natives from any touch of European tyranny, all the native tribes have been abolished, and here alone in South Africa the European master is fettered by no native difficulty ;—is simply served by

* Mr. Theal's "History of South Africa," vol. ii. p. 147.

native servants. The native locations were to be peculiarly sacred;—but every Native has been scared away. The servants and workmen are foreigners who have come into the land in search of wages and food. The remarkable settlement at Thaba 'Ncho is no contradiction to this statement, as the territory of the Baralongs of which Thaba 'Ncho is the capital is not a portion of the Orange Free State, though it is surrounded by the Free State.

But with all our philanthropy we could not make things run smoothly in our new Colony. Moshesh and the Basutos would have grievances and would fight. The Governor of the Cape, who should have had no trouble with a little Colony which had a Governor of its own, and a Council, and instructions of a peculiarly philanthropic nature in regard to the Natives, was obliged to fight with these Basutos on behalf of the little Colony. This cost money,—of which the people in England heard the facts. It was really too much that after all that we had done we should be called upon to pay more money for an uncomfortable internal Province in South Africa which was not of the slightest use to us, which added no prestige to our name, and of which we had struggled hard to avoid the possession. There was nothing attractive about it. It was neither fertile nor pretty,—nor did it possess a precious metal of any kind as far as we knew. It was inhabited by Dutch who disliked us,—and by a most ungrateful horde of fighting Natives. Why,—why should we be compelled to go rushing up to the Equator, crossing river after river, in a simple endeavour to do good, when the very people whom we wanted to serve

continually quarrelled with us,—and made us pay through the nose for all their quarrels?

It seems to have been forgotten then,—it seems often to have been forgotten,—that the good people and the peaceable people have to pay for the bad people and the quarrelsome people. There would appear to be a hardship in this;—but if any one will look into it he will see that after all the good people and the peaceable have much the best of it, and that the very money which they are called upon to pay in this way is not altogether badly invested. They obtain the blessing of security and the feeling, not injurious to their peace of mind, of having obtained that security by their own exertions.

But the idea of paying money and getting nothing for it does create irritation. At home in England the new Colony was not regarded with favour. In 1853 we had quite enough of fighting in hand without having to fight the Basutos in defence of the Dutch, or the Dutch in defence of the Basutos. The Colonial Secretary of that time was also War minister and may well have had his hands full. It was decided that the Orange Free State should be abandoned. We had claimed the Dutch as our subjects when they attempted to start for themselves in Natal, and had subjugated them by force of arms. Then we had repudiated them in the nearer region across the Orange. Then again we had claimed them and had again subjugated them by force of arms. Now we again repudiated them. In 1854 we executed, and forced them to accept, a convention by which we handed over the Government of the country to them,—to be carried on

after their own fashion. But yet it was not to be carried on exactly as they pleased. There was to be no Slavery. They were to be an independent people, living under a Republic; but they were not to be allowed to force labour from the Natives. The Republic assented to a treaty containing this clause in regard to slavery.

In 1854 we got rid of our Orange River Sovereignty, Sir George Clerk having been sent over from England to make the transfer;—and we congratulated ourselves that we had now two independent Republics between us and the swarming hordes of the north. I cannot say how soon there came upon Downing Street a desire to resume the territory, but during the following troubles with the Basutos such a feeling must, one would say, have arisen. When the Diamond Fields were discovered it is manifest that the independence of the Orange Free State was very much in our way. When we were compelled by the run of circumstances to have dealings with native tribes which in 1854 seemed to us to be too remote from our borders to need thought, we must have regretted a certain clause in the convention by which,—we did not indeed bind ourselves to have no dealings with natives north of the Vaal river, but in which we declared that we had no "wish or intention" to enter into such treaties. No doubt that clause was intended to imply only that we had at that time no hidden notion of interference with the doings of the proposed Republic by arrangements with its native neighbours,—no notion of which the Republic was to be kept in the dark. To think the contrary would be to suppose that the occupants of

the Colonial Office at home were ignorant of language and destitute of honesty. But there soon came troubles from the clause which must have caused many regrets in the bosoms of Secretaries and under Secretaries. Now at any rate we are all sure that Downing Street must repent her liberality, and wish,—ah, so fruitlessly,—that Sir George Clerk had never been sent upon that expedition. With a Permissive South Africa Confederation Bill carried after infinite trouble, and an independent State in the middle of South Africa very little inclined to Confederation, the present holder of the Colonial seals* cannot admire much the peculiar virtue which in 1854 induced his predecessor to surrender the Orange territory to the Dutch in opposition to the wish of all the then inhabitants of the country.

For the surrender was not made to please the people of the country. Down in Natal the Dutch had wanted a Republic. Up in the Sovereignty, as it was then called, they also had wanted a Republic when old Pretorius was at their head. But since that time there had come troubles with the Basutos,—troubles which were by no means ended,—and the Dutch were now willing enough to put up with dependence and British protection. "We have come here only because you have undertaken to govern us and protect us," said those of the Dutch who had followed and not preceded us across the Orange. And it was impossible to contradict them. I do not think that anybody could now dispassionately inquire into the circumstances of South

* Lord Carnarvon was Colonial Secretary when this was written.

Africa without calling in question the wisdom of the Government at home in abandoning the control of the territory north of the Orange River.

But the Republic was established. For some years it had a most troubled life. Mr. Boshof was elected the first President, and retained that office till 1859. He seems to have been a man of firmness and wisdom, but to have found his neighbours the Basutos to be almost too much for him. In 1860 Mr. Pretorius became President of the Free State,—the son of the man who had been the first President of the Transvaal,—and the man himself who was President of the Transvaal before Mr. Burgers. But the difficulties were altogether beyond his power, and in 1863 he resigned. Then Mr. Brand was appointed, the gentleman who now holds the office and who will hold it probably, if he lives, for many years to come. His present condition, which is one of complete calm, is very much at variance with the early years of his Presidency. I should hardly interest my readers if I were to attempt to involve them in the details of this struggle. It was a matter of life and death to the young Republic in which national death seemed always to be more probable than national life. The State had no army and could depend only on the efforts of its burghers and volunteers. This war was maintained for four years, and the burghers and volunteers who were mostly married men could not long remain absent from home. And when a peace was made at the instance of the Governor of the Cape Colony and boundaries established to which Moshesh agreed, the sons of Moshesh broke out in another place, and every-

thing was as bad as before. All the available means of the Free State were spent. Blue-backs as they were called were printed, and the bankers issued little scraps of paper,—"good-fors," as they were called, representing minute sums of money. Trade there was none and the farmers had to fight the Basutos instead of cultivating their land. At that time the condition of the Free State was very bad indeed. I think I may say that its preservation was chiefly due to the firmness of Mr. Brand.

At length the Basutos were so crushed that they were driven to escape the wrath of their Dutch enemies by imploring the British to take them in as subjects. In March 1868 this was done,—by no means with the consent of the Free State which felt that it ought to dictate terms and to take whatever territory it might desire from its now conquered enemy and add such territory to its own. This was the more desirable as the land of the Basutos was peculiarly good and fit for cultivation,—whereas that of the Orange Free State was peculiarly bad, hardly admitting cultivation at all without the expensive process of irrigation. The English at last made a boundary line, to which the Free State submitted. By this a considerable portion of the old Basuto land was given up to them. This they have held ever since under the name of the Conquered Territory. Its capital is called Ladybrand, and its possession is the great pride of the Republic. In completing this story I must say that the Republic has been most unexpectedly able to redeem every inch of paper money which it created, and now, less than ten years after a war which quite exhausted and nearly de-

stroyed it, the Orange Free State stands unburdened by a penny of public debt. This condition has no doubt come chiefly from its good luck. Diamonds were found, and the Diamond Fields had to be reached through the Free State. Provisions of all sorts were required at the Diamond Fields, and thus a market was created for everything that could be produced. There came a sudden influx of prosperity which enabled the people to bear taxation,—and in this way the blue-backs were redeemed.

There were other troubles after 1869;—but the little State has floated through them all. Its chief subsequent trouble has been the main cause of its prosperity. The diamonds were found and the Republic claimed the territory on which they were being collected. On that subject I have spoken in a previous chapter. But it may be as well to point out that had that quarrel ended otherwise than it did, the English of the Diamond Fields would certainly have annexed the Dutch of the Free State, instead of allowing the Dutch of the Free State to annex them. To imagine that Kimberley with all its wealth would have allowed itself to be ruled by a Dutch Volksraad at the little town of Bloemfontein is to suppose that the tail can permanently wag the dog, instead of the dog wagging the tail. It was bitter enough for the Volksraad to abandon the idea of making laws for so rich and strong a population,—bitter, perhaps, for Mr. Brand to abandon the idea of governing them. But there can now, I think, be no doubt that it was better for the Free State that Griqualand West and Kimberley should be separated from it,—especially as

Mr. Brand was sent home to England by his parliament, where he probably acquired softer feelings than heretofore towards a nationality with which he had been so long contending, and where he was able to smooth everything by inducing the Secretary of State to pay £90,000 by way of compensation to his own Government.

Since Mr. Brand returned from London in 1876 nothing material has happened in the history of the Free State. In regard to all states it is said to be well that nothing material should happen to them. This must be peculiarly so with a Republic so small, and of which the success and the happiness must depend so entirely on its tranquillity. That it should have lived through the Basuto wars is astonishing. That it should not continue to live now that it is protected on all sides from the possibility of wars by the contiguity of British territory would be as astonishing. It seems to be expected by some politicians in England that now, in the days of her prosperity, the Republic will abandon her independence and ask to be received once more under the British ægis. I cannot conceive anything to be less probable, nor can I see any cause for such a step.

In this little sketch I have endeavoured to portray the Colonial Ministers at home as actuated by every virtue which should glow within the capacious bosom of a British Statesman. I am sure that I have attributed no sinister motive, no evil idea, no blindness to honesty, no aptitude for craft to any Secretary of State. There are I think no less than a dozen of them still living, all of whom the British public re-

gards as honourable men who have deserved well of their country. I can remember almost as many more of whom the same may be said, who are now at peace beyond the troubles of the Native Question. I will endeavour to catalogue the higher public virtues by which they have endeared themselves to their country, —only remarking that those virtues have not, each of them, held the same respective places in the bosoms of all of them. A sensitiveness to the greatness and glory of England,—what we may perhaps call the Rule Britannia feeling,—which cannot endure the idea that the British foot should ever go back an inch! Is it not national ardour such as this which recommends our Statesmen to our love? And then there has been that well-weighed economy which has been acquired in the closet and used in the House of Commons, without which no minister can really be true to his country. To levy what taxes be needed, but to take care that no more is spent than is needed;—is not that the first duty of a Cabinet minister? But it has been England's destiny to be the arbiter of the fate of hundreds of millions of dusky human beings,—black, but still brethren,—on distant shores. The Queen has a hundred coloured subjects to one that is white. It has been the peculiar duty of the Colonial Minister to look after and to defend the weakest of these dark-skinned brothers; and this has had to be done in the teeth of much obloquy! Can any virtue rank higher than the performance of so sacred a duty? And then of how much foresight have our ministers the need? How accurately must they read the lessons which history and experience should teach them if Great Britain is

to be saved from a repetition of the disgrace which she encountered before the American Colonies declared themselves independent? When we find a man who can look forward and say to himself,—"while we can hold these people, for their own content, to their own welfare, so long we will keep them; but not a moment longer for any selfish aggrandisement of our own;"—when we find a Statesman rising to that pitch, how fervently should we appreciate the greatness of the man, and how ready should we be to acknowledge that he has caught the real secret of Colonial administration.

These splendid qualities have so shone over our Colonial office that the sacred edifice is always bright with them. They scintillate on the brows of every Assistant Secretary, and sit as a coronet on the shining locks of all the clerks. But unfortunately they are always rotatory, so that no one virtue is ever long in the ascendant. Rule Britannia! and then the Dutch Member of Parliament has to walk out of his Volksaal and touch his hat to an English Governor. Downing Street and the Treasury have agreed to retrench! Then the Dutch Member of Parliament walks back again. We will at any rate protect the Native! Then the Boer's wife hides the little whip with which she is accustomed to maintain discipline over her apprenticed nigger children. Let these people go forth and govern themselves! Then the little whip comes out again. Among all these British virtues what is a bewildered Dutch Colonist to do? If one virtue would remain always in the ascendant,—though I might differ or another,—there would be an

intelligible policy. If they could be made to balance each other,—as private virtues do in private bosoms when the owners of those bosoms are possessed of judgment,—then the policy would assuredly be good. But while one virtue is ever in the ascendant, but never long there, the Dutch Colonist, and the English, are naturally bewildered by the rotation.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ORANGE FREE STATE.—PRESENT CONDITION.

Sir George Grey, who was at that time Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, writing to Lord John Russell on 17th November 1855,—Lord John then being Secretary of State for the Colonies,—expresses himself in the following glowing terms as to the region of which I am now writing. "The territory of the Orange Free State forms one of the finest pastoral countries I have ever seen. There is no district of country in Australia which I have visited which throughout so great an extent of territory affords so uniformly good a pastoral country." A short time previous to this, Sir George Clerk, when he was about to deliver the State up to the Government of the Dutch, declared,—or at any rate is popularly reported to have declared,—that the land was a "howling wilderness." I think that the one colonial authority was quite as far astray as the other. Sir George Grey had ever a way with him of contending for his point either by strong language or by strong action. He was at one time Governor of South Australia, but perhaps never travelled as far north as the Salt Bush country of that Colony. The Colony in his time was in its infancy and was not known as far north as the pastoral district in question. I do not know whether

Sir George ever visited the Riverina in New South Wales, or the Darling Downs in Queensland. Had he done so,—and had he then become as well acquainted with the pastoral properties of land as he has since,—he would hardly have ventured upon such an assertion. It will be only necessary for any investigator to look at the prices of Australian and South African wool to enable him to form an opinion on the subject. The average price in London of medium Australian wool in 1877 was 1s. 6d. a pound, and that of South African wool of the same class 1s. 1d. a pound.

But if Sir George Grey spoke too loudly in one direction Sir George Clerk spoke very much too loudly in the other. He was probably struck by the desolate and unalluring appearance of the lands to the north of the Orange. They are not picturesque. They are not well-timbered. They are not even well-watered. But it is a country in which men may earn easy bread by pastoral and agricultural pursuits; in which with a certain amount of care,—which has to show itself mainly in irrigation,—the choicest fruits of the earth can be plenteously produced; in which the earth never refuses her increase if she be asked for it with many tears. A howling wilderness certainly it is not. But Sir George Clerk when he described the country was anxious to excuse the conduct of Great Britain in getting rid of it, while Sir George Grey was probably desirous of showing how wrong Great Britain had been on the occasion.

The farmer in the Orange Free State is generally a Dutch Boer,—but by no means always so. During my

very short visit I came across various Englishmen who were holding or who had held land there,—Africanders perhaps, persons who had been born from British parents in the Cape Colony,—but altogether British as distinguished from Dutch. In the towns the shopkeepers are I think as generally English as the farmers are Dutch in the country. We hear of the Republic as an essentially Dutch country;—but I think that if a man about to live there had to choose the possession of but one of the two languages, English would be more serviceable to him of the two. In another twenty years it certainly will be so.

I travelled from the Diamond Fields to Bloemfontein and thence through Smithfield to the Orange River at Aliwal North. I also made a short excursion from Bloemfontein. In this way I did not see the best district of the country which is that which was taken from the Basutos,—where the town of Ladybrand now is,—which is good agricultural land, capable of being sown and reaped without artificial irrigation. The normal Dutch farmer of the Republic, such as I saw him, depends chiefly upon his flocks which are very small as compared with those in Australia,—three or four thousand sheep being a respectable pastoral undertaking for one man. He deals in agriculture also, not largely, but much more generally than his Australian brother. The Dutch patriarch makes his own bread from the wheat he has himself produced. The bread is not white, but it is so sweet that I am inclined to say I have never eaten better. And he sells his produce,—anything which he can row and does not eat himself. The Australian

woolgrower sells nothing but wool. The Dutch Boer will send peas twenty miles to market, and will sell a bundle of forage,—hay made out of unripened oats or barley,—to any one who will call at his place and ask for it.

A strong Boer will probably have thirty, forty or perhaps fifty acres of cultivated land round his house, including his garden. And he will assuredly have a dam for holding and husbanding his rain water. He would almost better be without a house than without a dam. It is the Boer's great object to save enough water to last him through any period of drought that may come;—an object which he generally attains as far as his sheep, and cattle, and himself are concerned;—but in which he occasionally fails in reference to his ground. I saw more than one dam nearly dry as I passed through the country, and heard it asserted more than once that half a day's rain would be worth a hundred pounds to the speaker.

The Boer's house consists of a large middle chamber in which the family live and eat and work,—but do not cook. There is not usually even a fireplace in the room. It is very seldom floored. I do not know that I ever saw a Boer's house floored in the Free State. As the planks would have had to be brought up four hundred miles by oxen, this is not wonderful. The Boer is contented with the natural hard earth as it has been made for him. The furniture of his room is good enough for all domestic purposes. There are probably two spacious tables, and settees along the walls of which the seats are made of ox-riems, and open cupboards in the corners filled not sparing

with crockery. And there is always a pile of books in a corner of the room,—among which there is never one not of a religious tendency. There is a large Dutch Bible, and generally half a dozen Dutch hymn-books, with a smaller Bible or two, and not improbably an English prayer-book and English hymn-book if any of the younger people are affecting the English language. The younger members of the family generally are learning English and seem to be very much better off in regard to education than are their relations in the Transvaal.

Opening out of the living room there are generally bedrooms to the right and left,—probably two at one end and one at the other,—of which the best will be surrendered to the use of any respectable stranger who may want such accommodation. It matters not who may be the normal occupant of the room. He or she, —or more probably they,—make way for the stranger, thinking no more of surrendering a bedroom than we do of giving up a chair. The bedroom is probably close and disagreeable, lacking fresh air, with dark suspicious corners of which the stranger would not on any account unravel the mysteries. Behind the centre chamber there is a kitchen to which the stranger does not probably penetrate. It will be understood that a Dutch Boer's house never has an upper storey.

The young men are large strapping youths, and well made though awkward in their gait. The girls can hardly be said to be good-looking though there is often a healthy bloom about them. One would be inclined to say that they marry and have children too young were it not that they have so many children, and after-

wards become such stout old matrons. Surely no people ever attended less to the fripperies and frivolities of dress. The old men wear strong loose brown clothes well bestained with work. The old women do the same. And so do the young men, and so do the young women. There seems to be extant among them no taste whatever for smartness. None at any rate is exhibited about their own homesteads. There are always coloured people about, living in adjacent huts, —very probably within the precincts of the same courtyard. For with the white children there are always to be seen black children playing. Nor does there seem to be any feeling of repugnance at such intercourse on the part of any one concerned. As such children grow up no doubt they are required to work, but I have never seen among the Dutch any instance of personal cruelty to a coloured person;—nor, during my travels in South Africa, did any story of such cruelty reach my ear.

In regard to the question of work, I found that in the Free State as in all the other provinces and districts of the country so much of the work as is done for wages is invariably done by coloured people. On a farm I have seen four young men working together, —as far as I could see on equal terms,—and two have been white and two black; but the white lads were the Boer's sons, while the others were his paid servants. Looking out of a window in a quiet dreary little town in the Free State I saw opposite to me two men engaged on the plastering of a wall. One was a Kafir and the other probably was a west coast Negro. Two or three passed by with loads on their shoulders.

They were Bechuanas or Bastard Hottentots. I strolled out of the village to a country house where a Fingo was gardener and a Bushman was working under him. Out in the street the two men who had driven the coach were loafing round it. They were Cape Boys as they are called,—a coloured people who came from St. Helena and have white blood in their veins. I had dined lately and had been waited upon by a Coolie. Away in the square I could see bales of wool being handled by three Basutos. A couple of Korannas were pretending to drive oxen through the street but were apparently going where the oxen led them. Then came another Hottentot with a yoke and pair of buckets on his shoulder. I had little else to do and watched the while that I was there;—but I did not see a single white man at work. I heard their voices,—some Dutch, though chiefly English; but the voices were the voices of masters and not of men. Then I walked round the place with the object of seeing, and nowhere could I find a white man working as a labourer. And yet the Orange Free State is supposed to be the one South African territory from which the black man has been expelled. The independent black man who owned the land has been expelled,—but the working black man has taken his place, allured by wages and diet.

The Dutch Boer does not love to pay wages,—does not love to spend money in any way. He prefers to keep what he has and to do what can be done by family labour. He will, however, generally have a couple of black men about his place, whose services he secures at the lowest possible rate. Every shilling so paid is

grudged. He has in his heart an idea that a nigger ought to be made to work without wages.

In the Free State as in the Transvaal I found every Boer with whom I came in contact, and every member of a Boer's family, to be courteous and kind. I never entered a house at which my hand was not grasped at going in and coming out. This may be a bore, when there are a dozen in family all shaking hands on both occasions; but it is conclusive evidence that the Boer is not a churl. He admits freedoms which in more civilised countries would be at once resented. If you are hungry or thirsty you say so, and hurry on the dinner or the cup of tea. You require to be called at four in the morning and suggest that there shall be hot coffee at that hour. And he is equally familiar. He asks your age, and is very anxious to know how many children you have and what is their condition in the world. He generally boasts that he has more than you have,—and, if you yourself be so far advanced in age, that he has had grandchildren at a younger age than you. "You won't have a baby born to you when you are 67 years old," an old Boer said to me exulting. When I expressed a hope that I might be saved from such a fate, he chuckled and shook his head, clearly expressing an opinion that I would fain have a dozen children if Juno and the other celestials concerned would only be so good to me.

I was never more convinced of anything than that those people, the Dutch Boers of the Free State, are contented with their present condition and do not desire to place themselves again under the dominion of England. The question is one of considerable im-

portance at the present moment as the permissive bill for the suggested Confederation of the South African districts has become law, and as that Confederation can hardly take place unless the Free State will accept it. The Free State is an isolated district in South Africa, now surrounded on all sides by British territory, by no means rich, not populous, in which the Dutch and English languages prevail perhaps equally, and also Dutch and English habits of life. It would appear therefore at first sight to be natural that the large English Colonies should swallow up and assimilate the little Dutch Republic. But a close view of the place and of the people,—and of the circumstances as they now exist and would exist under Dutch rule,—have tended to convince me that such a result is improbable for at any rate some years to come.

In the Orange Free State the Volksraad or Parliament is plenipotentiary,—more so if it be possible than our Parliament is with us because there is but one Chamber and because the President has no veto upon any decision to which that Chamber may come. The Volksraad is elected almost exclusively by the rural interest. There are 54 members, who are returned, one for each chief town in a district, and one for each Field-Cornetcy,—the Field-Cornetcies being the divisions into which the rural districts are divided for police and military purposes. Of these towns, such as they are, there are 13, and from them, if from any part of the State, would come a desire for English rule. But they, with the exception of the capital, can hardly be said to be more than rural villages. It is in the towns that the English language is taught and

spoken,—that English tradesmen live, and that English modes of life prevail. The visitor to Bloemfontein, the capital, will no doubt feel that Bloemfontein is more English than Dutch. But Bloemfontein returns but one member to the Volksraad. From the rural districts there are 41 members, all of whom are either Boers or have been returned by Boers. Were the question extended to the division even of the 13 town members I do not doubt but that the present state of things would be maintained,—so general is the feeling in favour of the independence of the Republic. But seeing that the question rests in truth with the country members, that the country is essentially a farmer's country, a country which for all purposes is in the hands of the Dutch Boers, it seems to me to be quite out of the question that the change should be voted by the legislature of the country.

An Englishman, or an Africander with an English name and an English tongue, is under the constitution as capable of being elected as a Dutchman. A very large proportion of the wealth of the country is in English hands. The large shopkeepers are generally English; and I think that I am right in saying that the Banks are supported by English, or at any rate, by Colonial capital. And yet, looking through the names of the present Volksraad, I find but two that are English,—and the owner of one of them I believe to be a Dutchman. How can it be possible that such a House should vote away its own independence? It is so impossible that there can be no other way of even bringing the question before the House than that of calling upon it for a unanimous assertion of its will in

answer to the demand, or request, or suggestion now made by Great Britain.

Nor can I conceive any reason why the Volksraad should consent to the proposed change. To a nationality labouring under debt, oppressed by external enemies, or unable to make the property of its citizens secure because of external disorders, the idea of annexing itself to a strong power might be acceptable. To have its debts paid, its frontiers defended, and its rebels controlled might be compensation for the loss of that self-rule which is as pleasant to communities as it is to individuals. Such I believe is felt to be the case by the most Dutch of the Dutch Boers in the Transvaal. But the Orange Free State does not owe a penny. Some years since it had been so impoverished by Basuto wars that it was reduced to the enforced use of paper money which sank to half its nominal value. Had England then talked of annexation the Boers might have listened to her offer. But the enormous trade produced by the sudden influx of population into the Diamond Fields created a wealth which has cured this evil. The bluebacks,—as the Orange Free State banknotes were called,—have been redeemed at par, and the Revenue of the country is amply sufficient for its modest wants. Enemies it has none, and from its position can have none,—unless it be England. Its own internal affairs are so quiet and easily regulated that it is hardly necessary to lock a door. No annexation could make a Boer more secure in the possession of his own land and his own chattels than he is at present.

There is one source of public wealth from which the

Orange Free State is at present debarred by the peculiarity of its position, and of which it would enjoy its share were it annexed to the Cape Colony or joined in some federation with it. On whatever produce from the world at large the Free State consumes, the Free State receives no Custom duties. The duties paid are levied by the Cape Colony, and are spent by it as a portion of its own revenues. The Free State has no seaboard and therefore no port. Her sugar, and tea, and whisky come to her through Capetown, or Port Elizabeth, or East London, and there the Custom duties are collected,—and retained. It will be admitted that to such extent as a country chooses to subject its people to an increased price of goods by the addition of Custom duties to the cost of production, to that extent the revenue of the consuming country should be enriched. If I, an individual in England, have to pay a shilling on the bottle of French wine which I drink, as an Englishman I am entitled to my share of the public advantage coming from that shilling. But the Republican of the Orange Free State pays the shilling while the Colonist of the Cape has the spending of it. I hope that we on the south side of the Orange River do not cling to this prey with any notion that by doing so we can keep a whip-hand over our little neighbour the Republic.

Two allegations are made in defence of the course pursued. It is said that the goods are brought to the ports of the Colony by Colonial merchants and are resold by them to the traders of the Orange Free State, so as to make it impossible for the Colony to know what is consumed within her own borders and what

beyond. Goods could not therefore be passed through in bond even if the Cape Government would permit it. They go in broken parcels, and any duties collected must therefore be collected at the ports whence the goods are distributed. But this little difficulty has been got over in the intercourse between Victoria and New South Wales. A considerable portion of the latter Colony is supplied with its seaborne goods from Melbourne, which is the Capital and seaport of Victoria. Victoria collects the duties on those goods, and, having computed their annual amount, pays a certain lump sum to New South Wales in lieu of the actual duties collected. Why should not the Cape Colony settle with the Orange Republic in the same way?

The other reason put forward for withholding the amount strikes me as being—almost mean. I have heard it put forward only in conversation, and I am bringing no charge against any Statesman in the Cape Colony by saying this. I trust that the argument has had no weight with any Statesman at the Cape. The Cape Colony makes the roads over which the goods are carried up to the Free State. She does do so,—and the railroads. But she collects toll on the former, and charges for carriage on the latter. And she enjoys all the money made by the continued traffic through her territory. And she levies the port duties, which no one begrudges her. I felt it to be a new thing to be informed that a country was so impoverished by being made the vehicle for traffic from the sea to the interior that it found itself compelled to reimburse itself by filching Custom Duties. England might

just as well claim the customs of the Cape Colony because she protects the seas over which the goods are carried.

But the Orange Free State can carry on her little business even without the aid of Custom Duties, and will certainly not be driven back into the arms of the mother who once repudiated her by the want of them. She can pay her modest way; and while she can do so the Boer of the Volksraad will certainly not be induced to give up the natural delight which he takes in ruling his own country. The Free State might send perhaps six members to the central Congress of a South African Federation, where they would be called upon to hear debates, which they would be unable to share or even to understand because spoken in a foreign language. They would be far from their farms and compelled to live in a manner altogether uncomfortable to them. Is it probable that for this privilege they will rob themselves of the honour and joy they now have in their own Parliament? In his own Parliament the Boer is close, phlegmatic, by no means eloquent, but very firm. The two parliamentary ideas most prominent in his mind are that he will vote away neither his independence nor his money. It is very hard to get from him a sanction for any increased expenditure. It would I think be impossible to get from him sanction for a measure which would put all control over expenditure out of his own hands. "We will guard as our choicest privilege that independence which Her Majesty some years since was pleased to bestow upon us." It is thus that the Boer declares himself,—somewhat sarcastically,—when he is asked whether he does

not wish to avail himself of the benefit of British citizenship.

Somewhat sarcastically;—for he is well aware that when England repudiated him,—declaring that she would have nothing to do with him across the Orange River, she did so with contempt and almost with aversion. And he is as well aware that England now wants to get him back again. The double consciousness is of a nature likely to beget sarcasm. "You thought nothing of me when I came here a poor wanderer, daring all dangers in order that I might escape from your weaknesses, your absurdities, your mock philanthropies,—when I shook off from the sole of my foot the dust of a country in which the black Savage was preferred to the white Colonist; but now, —now that I have established myself successfully,— you would fain have me back again so that your broad borders may be extended, and your widened circle made complete. But, by the Providence of God, after many difficulties we are well as we are;— and therefore we are able to decline your offers." That is the gist of what the Boer is saying when he tells us of the independence bestowed upon him by Her Majesty.

We could certainly annex the Republic by force,— as we have done the Transvaal. If we were to send a High Commissioner to Bloemfontein with thirty policemen and an order that the country should be given up to us, I do not know that President Brand and the Volksraad could do better than comply,— with such loudest remonstrance as they might make. "The Republic cannot fight Great Britain," President

Brand might say, as President Burgers said when he apologised for the easy surrender of his Republic. But there are things which a nation can not do and hold up its head, and this would be one of them. There could be no excuse for such spoliation. It is not easy to justify what we have done in the Transvaal. If there be any laws of right and wrong by which nations should govern themselves in their dealings with other nations it is hard to find the law in conformity with which that act was done. But for that act expediency can be pleaded. We have taken the Transvaal not that we might strengthen our own hands, not that we might round our own borders, not that we might thus be enabled to carry out the policy of our own Cabinet,—but because by doing so we have enabled Englishmen, Dutchmen, and natives to live one with another in comfort. There does seem to have been at any rate expedience to justify us in the Transvaal. But no such plea can be put forward in reference to the Free State. There a quiet people are being governed after their own fashion. There a modest people are contented with the fruition of their own moderate wealth. There a secure and well ordered people are able to live without fear. I cannot see any reason for annexing them;—or any other excuse beyond that spirit of spoliation which has so often armed the strong against the weak, but which England among the strong nations has surely repudiated.

The Legislature of the Orange Republic consists, as I have said, of a single House called the Volksraad, which is elected for four years, of which one half goes out at the end of every two years, so that the

change is not made all at once as with us, half the House being dissolved at the end of one period of two years, and half at the end of another. The members are paid 20*s*. a day while the House is sitting. The House elects its own Speaker, at the right hand of whom the President has a chair. This he may occupy or not as he pleases; but when he is not there it is expected that his place shall be filled by the Government Secretary. The President can speak when he likes but cannot vote. The House can, if it please, desire him to withdraw, but, I was informed, had never yet exercised its privilege in this respect.

The President is elected for a term of five years, and may, under the present Constitution, be re-elected for any number of terms. The present President has now nearly served his third term, and will no doubt be re-elected next year. But there is a bill now before the Volksraad by which the renewal of the President's term is to be confined to a single reappointment. One re-election only will be allowed. This change has received all the sanction which one Session can give it. The period of the term is also to be curtailed from five to four years. It is necessary however that such a change in the Constitution shall be passed by the House in three consecutive Sessions, and on each occasion by a three-fourth majority. It is understood also that the bill if passed will not debar the existing President from one re-election after the change. President Brand therefore will be enabled to serve for five terms, and should he live to do so will thus have been the Head of the Executive of the Free

State for a period of twenty-four years,—which is much longer than the average reign of hereditary monarchs. His last term will in this case have been shortened one year by the new law. It would be I think impossible to overrate the value of his services to the country which adopted him. He was a member of Assembly in the Cape Colony when he was elected, of which House his father was then Speaker. A better choice could hardly have been made. It is to his patience, his good sense, his exact appreciation of both the highness and the lowness of the place which he has been called on to occupy, that the Republic has owed its security. I have expressed an opinion as to the qualifications of President Burgers for a similar position. It is because President Brand has been exactly the reverse of President Burgers, that he is now trusted by the Volksraad and loved by the people. It would be hard to find a case in which a man has shewn himself better able to suit himself to peculiar duties than has been done by the President of this little Republic.

In the Free State the executive power is in the hands of the President, in which he is assisted by a Council of five, of whom two are official. There is now a bench of three judges who go circuit, and there is a magistrate or Landroost sitting in each of the thirteen districts, and deciding both civil and criminal cases to a certain extent. The religion and education of the State will both require a few words from me, but they will come better when I am speaking of Bloemfontein, the capital.

The Revenue of the country is something over

£100,000 a year, and the expenditure has for many years been kept within the Revenue. It has been very fluctuating, having sunk below £60,000 in 1859, when the war with the Basutos had crippled all the industries of the country, and had forced the burghers to spend their time in fighting instead of cultivating their lands and looking after their sheep. There is nothing, however, that the Boer hates so much as debt, and the Boer of the Volksraad has been very careful to free his country from that incubus.

Land in the Orange Free State is very cheap, an evil condition of things which has been produced by the large grants of land which were made to the original claimants. The average value throughout the State may now be fixed at about 5s. an acre. It is said that in the whole State there are between six and seven thousand farms.

CHAPTER XXII.

BLOEMFONTEIN.

BLOEMFONTEIN, the capital of the Orange Republic, is a pleasant little town in the very centre of the country which we speak of as South Africa, about a hundred miles north of the Orange River, four hundred north of Port Elizabeth whence it draws the chief part of its supplies, and six hundred and eighty north west of Capetown. It is something above a hundred miles from Kimberley, which is its nearest neighbour of any importance in point of size. It is about the same distance from Durban, the seaport of Natal, as it is from Port Elizabeth;—and again about the same distance from Pretoria the capital of the Transvaal. It may therefore be said to be a remote town offering but little temptations to its inhabitants to gad about to other markets. The smaller towns within the borders of the Republic are but villages containing at most not more than a few hundred inhabitants. I am told that Bloemfontein has three thousand; but no census has as yet been taken, and I do not know whether the number stated is intended to include or exclude the coloured population,—who as a rule do not live in Bloemfontein but at a neighbouring hamlet, devoted to the use of the natives, called Wray Hook. I found Bloemfontein a pleasant place,

but one requiring much labour and trouble both in reaching and leaving. For a hundred miles on one side and a hundred on the other I saw hardly a blade of grass or a tree. It stands isolated in the plain, —without any suburb except the native location which I have named,—with as clearly defined a boundary on each side as might be a town built with a pack of cards, or one of those fortified citadels with barred gates and portcullises which we used to see in picture books. After travelling through a country ugly, dusty and treeless for many weary hours the traveller at last reaches Bloemfontein and finds himself at rest from his joltings, with his bones not quite dislocated, in the quiet little Dutch capital, wondering at the fate which has led him to a spot on the world's surface, so far away, apparently so purposeless, and so unlike the cities which he has known.

I heard of no special industry at Bloemfontein. As far as I am aware nothing special is there manufactured. It is needful that a country should have a Capital, and therefore the Orange Free State has Bloemfontein. I was told that some original Boer named Bloem first settled there by the side of the stream in which water runs when there has been rain, and that hence has come the name. But the little town has thriven with a success peculiarly its own. Though it would seem to have no raison d'être just there where it stands,—though it has been encouraged and fostered by no peculiar fertility, adorned with no scenic beauty, enriched by no special gifts of water or of metals, even though the population has not grown beyond that of the suburb of some European town,

still it carries its metropolitan honours with a good air, and shocks no one by meanness, dirt, or poverty. It certainly is not very grand, but it is grand enough. If there be no luxury, everything is decent. The members of the Volksraad are not carried about in gorgeous equipages, but when they have walked slowly to their Chamber they behave themselves there with decorum. There is nothing pretentious in Bloemfontein,—nothing to raise a laugh at the idea that a town with so small a population should call itself a capital.

It is a town, white and red, built with plastered walls or of brick,—with a large oblong square in the centre; with four main streets running parallel to each other and with perhaps double that number of cross streets. The houses are generally but one storey high, though this is not so invariably the case as at Kimberley. I do not remember, however, that I was ever required to go up-stairs,—except at the schools. The supply of water is I am assured never-failing, though in dry weather it has to be drawn from tanks. A long drought had prevailed when I reached the place, and the bed of the rivulet had been dry for many days; but the supply of water seemed to be sufficient. Fuel is very scarce and consequently dear. This is of the less importance as but little is wanted except for the purpose of cooking.

At one extreme end of the town are the public buildings in which the Volksraad is held and the judges sit. Here also are the offices of the President and the Secretary. Indeed all public business is here carried on. The edifice has but the ground floor with a clock tower rising from the centre. It is long and

roomy and to my eye handsome in its white neatness. I have heard it laughed at and described as being like a railway station. It seems to be exactly that which such a Capital and such a Republic would require. The Volksraad was not sitting when I was there, and I therefore could only see the beautiful arm-chairs which have lately been imported at a considerable expense for the use of the Members;—£13 10s. a chair I think I was told! It is impossible to conceive that gentlemen who have been accommodated with such chairs should wilfully abandon any of the dignity attached to them. For a central parliament the chairs may be fitting, but would be altogether out of place in a small provincial congress. Except the churches and the schools there are not any public buildings of much note in Bloemfontein,—unless the comfortable residence of the President may be so called. This belongs to the State but is not attached to the House of Parliament.

Bloemfontein is becoming another Madeira, another Algiers, another Egypt in regard to English sufferers with weak chests and imperfect lungs. It seems to the ignorant as though the doctors were ever seeking in increased distance that relief for their patients which they cannot find in increased skill. But a dry climate is now supposed to be necessary and one that shall be temperate without great heat. This certainly will be found at Bloemfontein, and perhaps more equably so through the entire year than at any other known place. The objection to it is the expense arising from the distance and the great fatigue to patients from the long overland journey. Taking the

easiest mode of reaching the capital of the Free State the traveller must be kept going six weary days in a Cobb's coach, being an average of about thirteen hours a day upon the road. This is gradually and very slowly becoming lightened by the opening of bits of the railway from Port Elizabeth; but it will be some years probably before the coaching work can be done in less than five days. The road is very rough through the Catberg and Stromberg mountains,—so that he who has made the journey is apt to think that he has done something considerable. All this is so much against an invalid that I doubt whether they who are feeble should be sent here. There can I imagine be no doubt that the air of the place when reached is in the highest degree fit for weak lungs.

There is at present a difficulty felt by those who arrive suddenly at Bloemfontein in finding the accommodation they desire. The hotel at which I stayed is very good; but an hotel must of its nature be expensive and can hardly afford the quiet which is necessary for an invalid. Nor during my sojourn there did I once see a lady sitting at table. There is no reason why she should not do so, but the practice did not seem as yet to have become common. I am led by this to imagine that a house comfortably kept for the use of patients would well repay a medical speculator at Bloemfontein. It should not be called a sanatorium, and should if possible have the name of the doctor's wife on the brass plate on the door rather than that of the doctor. And the kitchen should be made to do more than the dispensary,—which should be kept a little out of sight. And there should be fiddles and

novels and plenty of ribbons. If possible three or four particularly healthy guests should be obtained to diminish the aspect of sickness which might otherwise make the place gloomy. If this could be done, and the coach journey somewhat lightened, then I think that the dry air of Bloemfontein might be made very useful to English sufferers.

In reference to the fatigue, tedium, and expense of the coach journey,—a seat to Bloemfontein from the Port Elizabeth railway costs £18, and half a crown a pound extra is charged for all luggage beyond a small bag,—it may be as well to say that in the treaty by which £90,000 have been given by Great Britain to the Free State to cover any damage she may have received as to the Diamond Fields, it is agreed that an extra sum of £15,000 shall be paid to the Free State if she shall have commenced a railway with the view of meeting the Colonial railway within a certain period. As no Dutchman will throw over a pecuniary advantage if it can be honestly obtained, a great effort will no doubt be made to secure this sum. It may be difficult to decide, when the time comes, what constitutes the commencement of a railway. It appears impossible that any portion of a line shall be opened in the Free State till the entire line shall have been completed from the sea to the borders of the State, as every thing necessary for the construction of a line, including wooden sleepers, must be conveyed overland. As the bulk so to be conveyed will necessarily be enormous it can only be carried up by the rail as the rail itself progresses. And there must be difficulty even in surveying the proposed line till it be known

actually at what point the colonial line will pass the Orange River or which of the colonial lines will first reach it. Nevertheless I feel assured that the Dutchman will get his £15,000. When an Englishman has once talked of paying and a Dutchman has been encouraged to think of receiving, the money will probably pass hands.

A railway completed to Bloemfontein would double the value of all property there, and would very soon double the population of the town. Everything there used, from a deal plank or a bar of iron down to a pair of socks or a pound of sugar, has now to be dragged four hundred miles by oxen at an average rate of £15 a ton. It is not only the sick and weakly who are prevented from seeking the succour of its climate by the hardness of the journey, but everything which the sick and weakly can require is doubled in price. If I might venture to give a little advice to the Volksraad I would counsel them to open the purse strings of the nation, even though the purse should be filled with borrowed money, so that there should be no delay on their part in joining themselves to the rest of the world. They should make their claim to the £15,000 clear and undoubted.

At present there is no telegraph to Bloemfontein, though the line of wires belonging to the Cape Colony passes through a portion of the State on its way to Kimberley,—so that there is a telegraph station at Fauresmith, a town belonging to the Republic. An extension to the capital is much wanted in order to bring it within the pale of modern civilization.

The schools at Bloemfontein are excellent, and are

peculiarly interesting as showing the great steps by which the English language is elbowing out the Dutch. This is so marked that though I see no necessity for a political Confederation in South Africa I think I do see that there will soon be a unity of language. I visited all the schools that are supported or assisted by Government, as I did also those which have been set on foot by English enterprise. In the former almost as fully as in the latter English seemed to be the medium of communication between scholar and teacher. In all the public schools the Head Teacher was either English or Scotch. The inspector of schools for the Republic is a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Brebner, who is giving himself heart and soul to the subject he has in hand, and is prospering admirably. Even in the infant school I found that English was the language of the great majority of the children. In the upper schools, both of the boys and girls, I went through the whole establishment, visiting the bedrooms of the pupils. As I did so I took the opportunity of looking at the private books of the boys and girls. The books which I took off the shelves were all without exception English. When I mentioned this to one of the teachers who was with me in the compartment used by a lad who had well provided himself with a little library, he made a search to show me that I was wrong, and convicted me by finding—a Dutch dictionary. I pointed out that the dictionary joined to the fact that the other books were English would seem to indicate that the boy was learning Dutch rather than reading it. I have no hesitation in saying that in these Dutch schools,—for Dutch they

are as being supported in a Dutch Republic by grants of Dutch money voted by an exclusively Dutch Volksraad,—English is the more important language of the two, and the one the best understood.

I say this rather in a desire to tell the truth than in a spirit of boasting. I do not know why I should wish that the use of my own tongue should supersede that of the native language in a foreign country. And the fact as I state it will go far with some thinkers to prove the arguments to have been ill-founded with which I have endeavoured to show that the Republic will retain her independence. Such persons will say that this preference for the English language will surely induce a preference for English Government. To such persons I would reply first that the English language was spoken in the United States when they revolted. And I would then explain that the schools of which I am speaking are all in the capital, which is undoubtedly an English town rather than Dutch. In the country, from whence come the Members of the Volksraad, the schools are probably much more Dutch, though by no means so Dutch as are the Members themselves. The same difference prevails in all things in which the urban feeling or the rural feeling is exhibited. Nothing can be more Dutch than the Volksraad. Many members, I was assured, cannot speak a word of English. The debates are all in Dutch. But the President was chosen from a British community, having been a member of the Cape House of Assembly, and the Government Secretary was imported from the same Colony,—and the Chief Justice. As I have said above the Inspector of schools is a Scotch-

man. The Boers of the Orange Free State have been too wise to look among themselves for occupants for these offices. But they believe themselves to be perfectly capable of serving their country as legislators. Nothing can be better than these public schools in Bloemfontein, giving another evidence of the great difference which existed in the internal arrangements of the two Republics. Large grants of public money have been made for the support of the Free State schools. In 1875, £18,000 was voted for this purpose, and in 1876 £10,000. Money is also set aside for a permanent educational fund which is to be continued till the amount in hand is £176,800. This it is thought will produce an income sufficient for the required purpose.

In church matters Bloemfontein has a footing which is peculiarly its own. The Dutch Reformed Church is the Church of the people. There are 18,—only 18,—congregations in the State, of which 16 receive Government support. The worshippers of the Free State must, it is feared, be called upon to travel long distances to their churches. As a rule those living in remote places, have themselves taken by their ox-wagons into the nearest town once in three months for the Nichtmaal,—that is for the celebration of the Lord's Supper; and on these occasions the journey there and back, together with a little holiday-making in the town, takes a week or ten days. In this there is nothing singular, as it is the custom of the Dutch in South Africa,—but the Anglican Church in Bloemfontein is peculiar. There is a Bishop of Bloemfontein, an English Bishop, consecrated I think with

the assistance of an English Archbishop, appointed at any rate with the general sanction and approval of the English Church. The arrangement has no doubt been beneficial and is regarded without disfavour by the ruling powers of the State in which it has been made;—but there is something singular in the position which we as a people have assumed. We first repudiate the country and then we take upon ourselves to appoint a high church dignitary whom we send out from England with a large accompaniment of minor ecclesiastics. In the United States they have bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church as well as of the Roman Catholic. But they are not Bishops of the Church of England. Here, in Bloemfontein, the Church is English, and prays for the Queen before the President,—for which latter it sometimes does pray and sometimes does not. I attended the Cathedral service twice and such was my experience.

The Bishop of Bloemfontein with his numerous staff gives to the town a special ecclesiastical hue. It is quite true that his presence and their presence adds to the importance of the place, and that their influence is exercised all for good. The clergymen as a set are peculiarly clerical. Were I to call them High Church it might be supposed that I was accusing them of a passion for ribbons. I did see a ribbon or two but not vehemently pronounced. There is a Home too, to which the girls' school is attached,—which has attracted various young ladies who have come as assistants to the good work. The Bishop too has attracted various young men in orders. There has I think been some gentle feeling of disappointment in serious cleri-

cal minds at Bloemfontein created by the natural conclusion brought about by this state of things. All the clerical young men, who were perhaps intended to be celibate, had when I was at Bloemfontein become engaged to all the clerical young ladies,—from whom also something of the same negative virtue may have been expected. There has, I think, been something of a shock! I was happy enough to meet some of the gentlemen and some of the ladies, and am not at all surprised at the happy result which has attended their joint expatriation.

The stranger looking at Bloemfontein, and forgetting for a while that it is the capital of a country or the seat of a Bishop, will behold a pretty quiet smiling village with willow trees all through it, lying in the plain,—with distinct boundaries, most pleasing to the eye. Though it lies in a plain still there are hills close to it,—a little hill on the east on which there is an old fort and a few worn-out guns which were brought there when the English occupied the country, and a higher one to the west which I used to mount when the sun was setting, because from the top I could look down upon the place and see the whole of it. The hill is rocky and somewhat steep and, with a mile of intervening ground, takes half an hour in the ascent. The view from it on an evening is peculiarly pleasing. The town is so quiet and seems to be so happy and contented, removed so far away from strife and want and disorder, that the beholder as he looks down upon it is tempted to think that the peace of such an abode is better than the excitement of a Paris, a London, or a New York. I will not say that the peace and

quiet can be discerned from the hill top, but he who sits there, knowing that the peace and quiet are lying beneath him, will think that he sees them.

Nor will I say that Bloemfontein is itself peculiarly beautiful. It has no rapid rivers running through it as has the capital of the Tyrol, no picturesqueness of hills to make it lovely as has Edinburgh, no glory of buildings such as belongs to Florence. It is not quaint as Nuremberg, romantic as Prague, or even embowered in foliage as are some of the Dutch villages in the western province of the Cape Colony. But it has a completeness and neatness which make it very pleasant to the eye. One knows that no one is over-hungry there, or over-worked. The work indeed is very light. Friday is a half-holyday for everybody. The banks close at one o'clock on Saturday. Three o'clock ends the day for all important business. I doubt whether any shop is open after six. At eight all the servants,—who of course are coloured people,—are at home at their own huts in Wray Hook. No coloured person is allowed to walk about Bloemfontein after eight. This, it may be said, is oppressive to them. But if they are expelled from the streets, so also are they relieved from their work. At Wray Hook they can walk about as much as they please,—or go to bed.

There is much in all this which is old-fashioned,—contrary to our ideas of civilization, contrary to our ideas of liberty. It would also be contrary to our ideas of comfort to have no one to wait upon us after eight o'clock. But there is a contentment and general prosperity about Bloemfontein which is apt to make a

dweller in busy cities think that though it might not quite suit himself, it would be very good for everybody else. And then there comes upon him a question of conscience as he asks himself whether it ought not to be very good for him also.

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